



우지호 현대판타지 장편소설

BIG LIFE

BOOK 01

U Ji Ho

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Big Life

(빅 라이프)

by

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Synopsis

Death, Depression, Poverty, Love issues – all things that a 27 year no-name writer faces.

Yet, with one fateful day, with one fateful supernatural event, when he gains the powers of a dead genius writer, everything changes – success after success comes to him.

Yet, his rival, love and writing rival, a famous writer, son of a international publishing corporation, will do anything in his influence to beat him into submission.

This is a story of a writer, who must succeed against all odds.

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Prologue

-Tikka! Tap! Click! Click!

The sound of a keyboard filled the narrow room. The clock on the wall showed midnight while the sky outside was painted black. Ha Jaegun took his hands away for a moment and pressed them onto his temples. He had been constantly typing since dawn. Not just one, but for two days straight; he had been working hard.

His neck, body, arms, and wrists were all strained to death. Jaegun already had gone to the bathroom ten times to cool himself with cold water, but his face was still flushed a bright red.

‘It’s so close... Just a bit a more.’

Returning to his computer, he pulled up his story’s information tab: a total of 124,331 characters. He only needed about 15,000 more characters to finish the last part of his two book series; the books with a contract.

At the latest, he had to turn it in by tomorrow morning. About 6 more hours to write..

‘In the past, I could type about three thousand words per hour.’

‘My stamina isn’t the issue,’ he thought.

He was only 27, he was not yet old enough to be able to call stamina the issue. The real problem laid elsewhere in his mind. ‘I want to write what I want to write.’ That was the main issue.

He couldn’t write about his own stories. Writing for money was the top priority. What else can you write when you have no food and no rent money? Nothing. Also, how could one write bestsellers?

Jaegun had no idea. He tried to fit the new trends and follow his editor’s orders, but it was hard. Even with all of his effort, it was still very difficult.

He looked around his pitiful one-room “house” while drinking coffee. With barely any furniture, it looked like a house that was recently moved into. He had bought all of his necessities at the lowest price possible. He had to boil water for it to be drinkable, and his refrigerator was letting out annoying clicks again.

‘Don’t give up! It’ll be fine! I worked really hard on this.’

He slapped himself to try to get a hold of himself. Thinking of his mother and sister, he had no time to waste.

-Tap! Tap! Click...!

He poured his coffee into his mouth and started to bash away at his keyboard again.

The white monitor reflected a gaunt face, tired of life.

Chapter 1 – No Money And No Recognition

(1)

-Beeeeep! Beeeeep!

The phone under his pillow greatly vibrated his body. Jaegun's two eyes burst open. He was anxiously waiting for his editor in chief's call; however, it wasn't the editor. It was his best friend, Park Jungjin.

“Heeeelllllooo...” He yawned.

“What's with you today?”

“Just woke up. The deadline is today.”

“Oh, that new contract.”

“Yeah, just got it done.”

“That's good. Come before 7:30. Remember? At Shinchon?”

His eyes burst open again at his words, “What do you mean? 7:30?”

“This idiot forgot again? You know the college reunion is today?”

“Aaaaahhhh.” Jaegun sighed. He had completely forgotten. Today was the day to meet his fellow literary college graduates. “What time is it right now?”

“Don’t even have a clock? You better hurry because it’s 5 right now. Woah. Hey, I have a meeting to go to. See you later.”

-Beep!

He took his aching body and went to the bathroom; he needed to hurry.

-Whoooshhh

“AAAAAHHHH IT’S FREAKING COLD!” The freezing water hit his body hard.

He had no choice; he had to save on his gas fees. Flailing like a fish, he hurriedly finished his shower. Picking out his best clothes, he quickly left home.

Heading to the bus stop, he checked the time. 15 minutes to get to the subway station, 40 minutes to ride the subway. He had some time.

‘It’s still the same.’

He arrived at the meeting place, a nostalgic pub. He remembered

when he had first visited this place. Cheap and delicious; the store owner was really nice as well.

-Tap!

Someone behind him tapped his shoulder.

Surprised, he looked back to see a smiling Jungjin.

“Hey man, don’t do that. My heart’s been weak recently.”

“What are you doing out here; not going in yet?”

“I was just... filled with nostalgia. I haven’t been here in ages.”

“Same; it’s been a while. Let’s go in.”

In the corner of the pub, there was a huge corner large enough to hold even 20 people. 18 people said they would come. Most of them were already there and exchanging conversations.

“Hey. Been a while, man.”

“You two, always sticking together since college. You dating now?”

People exchanged greetings.

Jaegun and Jongjin took their places and replied, “Hey, how is everyone? Your face is still the same, Hyojin.”

“Don’t make fun of me, I was thinking of getting a facelift because of my skin.”

“Silly you, not even 30 and thinking of nonsense. Don’t ruin your pretty face.”

“Same as always, I see. Speaking about pretty, come to me; I’ll take care of you today.”

She gestured with her hands for him to sit next to her. With a face, Jongjin came in the middle.

“Hey, hey, hey, don’t put all the attention on him. Look at this poor looking producer. This poor looking producer spent a week with a bloody nose trying to think of an idea that just got shoved in the trash can.”

“Ohhh you di~d,” she mocked. ”Come here too. Have a drink.”

Smiling, he went next to her with a cup.

Minah, the girl across from them, said with wide-eyes, “You guys are starting strong already. Aren’t you ready to be dating now? Don’t you think, Jaegun?”

“Yeah. Listening to them, I reckon so,” he replied seriously.

Immediately, Jongjin and Hyojin crinkled their faces and stared at each other. A smile formed on Jaegun’s lips.

-Clomp! Clomp!

A sound of shoes hitting the ground came up. Everyone looked towards the sound. A man in a suit waved confidently to the crowd; it was another graduate, Oh Myunghoon.

“Hey, come here.”

“How’s life.”

“How’s it been going.”

The reaction was different from when they had gotten here. There was more cheering, especially from the girls.

“It’s the successful guy! I see you’ve been rocking them fancy clothes.”

“What do you mean? It’s only the beginning.” He said stolidly and sat down straight across from Jaegun.

“Been awhile, hasn’t it.” he put his hand out.

“Yeah, yeah, it has been,” Jaegun replied awkwardly. He couldn’t be calm any more.

Not everyone becomes a writer when they graduate from literary college. As it was a job with great risk, people often went elsewhere to find jobs. They might go to a gaming company and write scenarios like Jongjin. In his college, there were barely any writers. In this reunion, there was two.

One was Jaegun, the other was the person right across from him, Myunghoon.

Myunghoon recently broke out and had achieved huge success with his three romance novels. One had even gotten a huge award. It was big enough to be considered to be adapted into a drama.

Myunghoon was famous among writers, and his salary was said to be in the millions already.

“What have you been doing recently?” Myunghoon asked.

It felt mocking. It felt mocking to be asked a question that he already knew the answer to. Reading his mind, Jongjin answered for him, “What do you think? Of course he’s been writing.”

“I see, still writing?” He put a strange emphasis on “still.”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m still writing. You want a drink?” he answered back with a false smile.

“Ah, thanks.”

“I’ve heard. You’ve been famous. Congrats.”

“Nah, it’s nothing. It’s only good enough for a drama consideration.”

Jaegun’s hands shook when he was pouring the drink. Trying to conceal it, he quickly poured the drink and put the bottle down.

“What are you writing?” Myunghoon asked.

“Me? I’ve been, I’ve been writing a martial arts novel for a contract right now.”

“Ah, martial arts? Does that even pay? Does it even give 1,000,000 Won for a book?”

Chapter 2 – No Money And No Recognition

(2)

“Even though the genre is already dead, good writers can still sell them.” Jaegun hurriedly said.

He didn’t want to talk about his life in front of his classmates. However, Myunghoon didn’t change the topic.

“No, this isn’t about other writers; this is about you. Do you think your writing would sell well?” he inquired.

“I’m not sure yet. I’ll know after it gets published.”

“Do you have an idea of how many copies will be printed? It’s not a pay per chapter, right? You’re going to have to write a book every day. No, even then you’re going to have trouble getting money.”

“...”

“A writer has to get money be a considered a writer. That’s why people make fun of poor writers.”

-SLAM!

Jongjin drank a cup and slammed it down on the table.

“Hey! Oh Myunghoon, I’ve been listening, and your words seem to have some hidden meaning to it.”

(TL: Oh is his last name)

“What? What hidden meaning?” he shook his head as if he was baffled. Jongjin’s eyes were radiating with anger.

“Don’t try to say you don’t know. I’m warning you before I drink; don’t ruin this good mood we have right now.” Jongjin seemingly growled at him.

Myunghoon’s personality didn’t change a bit from the college days. He still liked to show off and was still opportunistic. Girls had a hard time trying to figure him out.

Jongjin also knew why Myunghoon was attacking Jaegun today. He could vouch that it was because of an absent colleague, Lee Suhee.

“Okay, okay, I was just trying to check on a colleague. There’s no need for such emotion.” Myunghoon sarcastically finished his words.

Realizing the cold mood, Hyojin changed the topic.

“Is everyone here yet?”

“I think Suhee didn’t come yet.”

Jaegun’s ears perked up. Her beautiful smile showed up in his thoughts.

“Oh yeah, I should go call her.” Minah pulled her phone out but Myunghoon stopped her.

“There’s no point.”

“Why?”

“She had a meeting today so she had to work late.”

“How do you know that? You two dating?” Minah asked with her eyes wide open.

Myunghoon laughed out loud and shook his head. “No. You know the gaming company she works at? The Nexon Mobile Team.”

“So?”

“Apparently, there’s a racing game about to be released. It has a lot of romantic elements to it, so she begged me to write a scenario. What could I do? It was a colleague’s favor, so I accepted it.”

The girls' eyes stared at him like he was a bright and shiny diamond.

"That's amazing! Now you're also a game scenario writer as well?"

"How much money will they give you? Nexon is the nation's best. If a stubborn person like Suhee asked you, you really must be at the top."

Myunghoon leisurely sat on the sofa, enjoying all the attention that he was getting.

"Hahaha, I kind of feel a little bad now. She's not here because of me. I can't allow that. I'll do this, drink's on me. I'll buy everything; get whatever you guys want."

"Really? You're so cool, Myunghoon."

"Hey guys, the successful writer is buying us drinks. Everyone get ready."

In this loud atmosphere, Jaegun picked up the beer bottle. Before he could pour, a hand stopped him.

"Don't pour yourself drinks, you idiot."

"What's wrong with that?"

Jaegun and Jongjin touched drinks. As the cool beer poured down his throat, he secretly thanked Jongjin. He would not be able to survive this without him.

Jaegun and Jongjin split from the crowd after the party.

It was Jongjin's idea. They went into a quiet pub and poured drinks.

"It feels good drinking in a quiet place."

"Sorry."

"For what?"

"I know it's because you're thinking about me."

"Stop talking nonsense. It's all because of that Myunghoon fool."

"It's not wrong. A writer has to get money to be a writer."

"Hey, shut up. Dang it. When I see that fricking idiot laughing his mouth off, I feel disgusted. It's worse for you because of Lee Suhee."

Jaegun smiled bittersweetly.

Lee Suhee.

One of the girls who got the attention of all the boys. She even had a good personality that allowed her to be with the girls. Jaegun also had feelings for her.

During college, Myunghoon asked her out and got rejected. He didn't come to school for a week because of that incident.

Fast forward a few months later...

Approaching graduation, Suhee asked a person out. That person was Jaegun. It was because of his diligent writing.

Jaegun couldn't accept it.

The reason was obvious. He had no money. He was barely getting through college with part-time jobs and he didn't have the time and money for love.

Jaegun drank another cup while thinking of the memory.

It was disappointing, but he didn't regret it.

It wouldn't have mattered. He probably would have broken up with her already. He was just a poor writer who was worried about rent and saving gas.

-Beeeeep!

The phone vibrated Jongjin's body. As he looked at the picture, he felt disgusted.

“Wow.”

It was a message by Hyojin. In the picture, there was everyone, including Myunghoon and Mina. Everyone was smiling and lifting up a wine cup.

“Fricking wine.”

“Wine?”

“Myunghoon said he knew a good wine bar. He’s paying. Look at these women loving free stuff and chasing him around.”

Jongjin pushed the phone to Jaegun’s face. Jaegun poured a drink to his empty bottle and asked, “You have your mind on Hyojin, right?”

“Was it too obvious?” Jongjin agreed instantly. It must have been their close relationship.

Jaegun smiled and asked, “Since when?”

“Hmm. Like last time we met. In college, she was just okay. But now, she’s been getting better. She’s strong and energetic. I get pulled to those types.”

“Yeah, she does have that type of personality. Her face is pretty as well.”

“Who cares. Tell her to have fun with Myunghoon. Completely lost feeling right now. Drink up, drink up.”

-Beeeep!

Now it was Jaegun’s phone.

It was the editor in chief’s call. With a serious face, Jaegun told Jongjin, “I’ll be back after I get this call.”

“Come back quickly.”

Jaegun went out of the pub and answered the phone, “Hello?”

“Hello, Mr. Ha. I read your preview. Do you have time for a call?”

Chapter 3 – No Money And No Recognition

(3)

“Yes, yes, there is no problem. Go ahead and speak.”

The editor in chief faltered a bit and continued speaking.

-Actually, we’re worried about your current project.

“Is that so...”

-The theme of a peerless martial arts master being transported to a fantasy world is good, but focusing mostly on the fantasy plot is a little... And on top of that, it’s not as if the main character is some completely overpowered munchkin; the plot development should be about meeting stronger and stronger enemies and cultivating, but his occupation as a blacksmith is a little too boring.

Jaegun plugged his mouth to stop himself from gasping. As he turned his head and looked in front of him, he saw countless amounts of people showing a happy smile and walking past him. It seemed as if everyone was living a happy daily life except for him.

The words of the editor in chief continued.

-Mr. Ha, you always seem to be writing diligently. I know that, but because your writing focuses heavily on not leaving any holes in the plot, you lose out many opportunities to bring out more

entertainment in your stories.

“Yes...”

-If you insist on releasing your work like this, we can do it. However, your guaranteed compensation will be reduced by quite a bit and you shouldn't expect much sales either. Also, your work might get an early termination. Instead of paper books, publishing e-books seems to be the better option for you.

Jaegun plopped down to a squat as he felt the darkness clouding his eyes.

The editor in chief added on with absolute firmness.

-You probably won't be able to pass your previous performance, It might even be worse.

To say that I wouldn't be able to do better than previous times. Jaegun's heart seemed as if it would tear even though he knew the editor in chief was speaking with unbiased objectivism.

-Please think about it and contact me. There is still time left until the deadline so you have some breathing room.

“Yes, editor in chief. Thank you very much, I'll get back to you.”

Jaegun hid his hurt feelings and intentionally replied with a

vigorous voice and ended the call. Then, he opened a cigarette packet with a sigh and bit into it.

‘This is so shitty, really...!’

The previous work that the editor in chief was referring to was Jaegun’s fantasy novel that was published last year. In the end, the performance of that project was not really well received.

The series was finished with 5 books in total and the total amount of revenue that he received was less than [1,800,000 Won](#). You could say that each book brought in less than 360,000 Won. He had to spend a month of writing non-stop to complete a book so it was a shockingly low income.

(TL: 1,800,000 Won is roughly \$1800. Just take out 3 zeros in at the end for Won and you get dollars for future reference.)

It was said that because of the increase in popularity for e-books; the situation for authors became better, but that was a faraway land for Jaegun. The monthly income that Jaegun received from e-books were too embarrassing to even mention. There were many times when the income didn’t even go over 10,000 Won.

-Does that even pay? Does it even give 1,000,000 Won for a book?

The taunting face of Myunghoon lingered in his thoughts. Jaegun wrapped his head with both his hands while biting down on his cigarette. It seemed as if each book would not even produce

300,000 Won, let alone 1,000,000 Won. The guesses of the editor in chief were correct most of the time.

‘Should I quit now...’

He couldn’t live with an income of 300,000 Won per month. Including his current one room apartment’s rent plus various bills, there was no answer to be had.

He had only two choices to make. To get a part-time job in a convenience store like last year and continue writing, or to quit altogether.

His age was already 27. There was no money saved in his bank account; a depressing life. Unknowingly, streams of tears fell from his two eyes. He felt as if there would never be a time where he would be able to laugh again. Jaegun couldn’t even wipe the tears that fell from his face as he blankly stood still.

“Go home safely.”

Jaegun said as he got off the taxi. Jungjin in the backseat was passed out drunk.

“Yea, hiccup. Lesh talk t’morrow. Mishter Driver, drive away. hiccup”

The taxi drove off along with Jungjin’s slurred speech.

Jaegun put his hands in his pockets and lifelessly walked toward his home. He intentionally got off from a decently far away place from his home. It was because his one room apartment was a bad place for a car to drive to.

To the left of the lonely road was a small river and to the right was a gloomy mountain. The road that always had a lack of people was walked by Jaegun alone with a depressed mood.

‘Mm?’

In one moment, Jaegun’s footsteps suddenly stopped. Something unnatural came into his line of sight. He looked back at the road that he came from while second-guessing himself due to his drunken state.

His vision came to a focus in between the slopes of the hill. It was a place where someone’s gravestone lied. As if the bereaved family didn’t take care of it for a long time, weeds grew in spades and the grave gave off a ghastly aura.

However, the thing that caught Jaegun’s attention was something else. The tombstone that stood still was fallen to the ground.

‘Did somebody take it down on purpose?’

Maybe the sympathy was due to the alcoholic influence. He felt

sympathy for the owner of the desolate grave. On the other hand, he became curious. What kind of life must the owner have lived so the owner was abandoned by his family without a second glance. He saw the grave every day but it was his first time feeling this.

Whatever the case might have been, it was currently not important to Jaegun. As if he was drawn to the grave, he walked up the hills where there were no roads and approached the grave.

‘Wow, this... is bigger than I expected?’

The gravestone that seemed small from far away was considerably big. He pulled both his sleeves up and grabbed on to the gravestone.

-Grunt

As he exerted his strength and grunted, the fallen gravestone slowly came back up. Veins began to show on his blood-red face.

“Rurrggggh...!”

-Kroom!

The massive gravestone was restored to its previous state. Jaegun’s knees were supporting his hands as he gasped for breath.

“Haa! Ha! Ha! Blu, bluurrgh...!”

The sound of heaving came out after he exerted his strength after drinking alcohol. Jaegun threw up a mouthful of spit and then plugged his throat. If he threw up anymore, it seemed like everything he ate for dinner would come back up.

“Hheu... Hheu...”

Jaegun gathered his breath and looked down at the clothes he was wearing. Both his arms and hands were covered with dirt from the gravestone.

‘Dirt is already on me so whatever.’

Jaegun walked towards the grave and started pulling the weeds that grew too much. They were more grounded than they looked so it took quite a bit of strength. It would have been good if there was a weed cutter lying around, but of course, there was no such thing.

It was the moment when he roughly cleared up the front of the grave and turned around to walk away.

“Meee~oowww”

“Woah! God damn!”

Jaegun fell backwards onto his butt. A cat was sitting there with

its tail pointed upward. It was a kitten that had a short, deep-blue coat.

“What are you. You, you’re a house cat?”

Jaegun asked the cat. Around its neck was a red collar. On it, the Korean characters ‘Rika’ was inscribed.

“Rika? Your name is Rika?”

“Meow.”

“Why are you in a place like this? Did you lose your way?”

“Meow.”

The kitten looked up at Jaegun and continuously mewed. He felt as if the eye level of the kitten was high. As he looked down, the kitten was sitting on top of some box. It was a ramen box covered in duct tape.

“What is this now? This is weird.”

Maybe because this was a world where it was overflowing with bad news, scary thoughts came into his mind first. Jaegun swallowed a ball of spit, gathered courage and stretched out his hand toward the box. He steeled his resolve and decided that he would investigate it even more if it was related to a crime. The

kitten came down from the box and stood next to Jaegun.

“Mmm? A notebook?”

After locating the entrance of the box, Jaegun muttered with a stupefied expression. A notebook was inside the box. You could tell it was an old, worn-out notebook. Aside from the notebook, there was a fountain pen, a mug and a brown-rimmed pair of glasses neatly laid inside the box.

“These, do these items belong to your owner?”

“Meow, meow.”

As if the kitten understood, it raised its head and cried out. Jaegun carefully reached out his hand and scratched the kitten’s neck. The kitten must have liked the sensation of the first time meeting Jaegun’s hands and stuck closer to him.

It was at that moment.

“Wuh-What?!”

Chapter 4 – It’s An Incredible Gift (1)

Jaegun abruptly expanded his eyes and opened his mouth. The moment he touched the kitten, an indescribable sensation traveled through his arm and entered his body.

“Urgh... Wh-What? Did I drink too much?”

Even his head started aching. Jaegun wrapped one hand around his head and hollered.

“Arrgg, I must have over-drunk. I should rest now. You should come to my house for now too, but I would have to use 2 hands to bring the box...”

To Jaegun’s words, the kitten classily hopped on top of the box. Seeing this cute scene, Jaegun momentarily forgot his pain and let out a grin. As he lifted the box up, the kitten was already calmly waiting for him.

“Your name is Rika, right?”

“Meow.”

“There’s nothing to feed you except milk at my house, is that okay?”

“Meow.”

“As soon as I get up tomorrow, I’ll find your owner for you. I’m just a novel writer with nothing to do.”

“Meow. Meow.”

That night. Jaegun dreamt his first dream in a long time.

An old man in his 60s was there, warmly smiling at Jaegun. He approached Jaegun and laid down a piece of advice.

-Write the stories that you want to write, but you must remember to distinguish between what you want to write and writing to solely make money.

-Do not forget what you promised to yourself when you decided to pick up the pen. You must always keep in mind what you promised to yourself in the beginning.

“Urggghhhh...”

Jaegun rubbed his burning head from the hangover and woke up from his slumber.

“Meow.”

Rika, who was guarding him by his bedside all night, approached him while meowing. Jaegun fondled Rika who was rubbing against

his cheeks and stood up.

“You sleep well Rika? I should first take a walk around the neighborhood. And you, play with the toys while I start on my proj-...”

Jaegun couldn’t finish his sentence and closed his mouth. He stared penetratingly at Rika with a face void of tiredness. His two eyes were wildly shaking.

“Ri-Rika, I knew you already...?”

“Meow.”

Jaegun was in a state of extreme confusion. Memories of his daily life with Rika were flooding into his mind. What was the meaning of this when it was his first time meeting this kitten.

“Wh-What? What? Thi-This is?”

The new memories were not just about Rika. His entire body shuddered while he observed the memories one by one. The memory fragments didn’t make sense nor were they organized.

A scene of him taking a walk with Rika, a scene of him writing a story somewhere, a scene of a young, angry girl throwing a fit, etc... All of these scenes were running past his mind like the floating clouds outside.

A memory of a picture surfaced in Jaegun's mind. The figure in the picture made Jaegun recall his dream last night.

'The, the old man from the dream!'

He had completely forgotten about the contents of his dream until just now. The figure was that old man from his dreams who gave him various advices. The memories of the old man were, for some reason, transferred to Jaegun's mind.

Jaegun sprinted outside of his one-room apartment, wearing mismatching slippers. Behind the huffing Jaegun was Rika, quickly keeping up with him.

The place that Jaegun arrived at was the grave on the mountain. He looked at the gravestone while gasping for breath and he immediately froze.

-Suh Gunwoo (1952~2012)

"How could this be...!"

His teeth clattered as he fell down to the ground. The name of the old man that forcefully planted the memories into him was Suh Gunwoo. How could this possibly happen. The memories of another person, and a long-dead person at that, were planted inside his mind. Jaegun tried pinching his cheeks. He felt the pain for sure; it was not a dream.

“What? Th-This is?”

Another memory surfaced in his mind. It was none other than Suh Gunwoo’s street address.

“Pyeongchang-dong... Jongno District... Seoul...?”

Jaegun sounded out the address with his mouth. Pyeongchang-dong was in the same city he was in and it was not that far from where he was. It was a distance that he could go to in 40~50 minutes by riding the subway.

‘I definitely need to go there.’

First, Jaegun came back home and quickly washed his body. Inside a big, yellow backpack, he packed the items that he picked up yesterday: the laptop, fountain pen, a mug, and the glasses. After he was done, he held the kitten in his embrace.

“You come here too. This is probably your home.”

“Meow.”

Jaegun boarded the subway while holding Rika. He wanted to use a taxi because of the cat, but due to his financial situation, he had no choice but to use public transportation.

“Ah, what the hell is this. Bringing a cat inside the subway.”

“I have an allergy too, really.”

“I’m very sorry. I apologize. I’ll get off soon”

As he was profusely apologizing to the passengers, it was soon time to get off. Jaegun hugged Rika and quickly got off the subway.

‘Let’s see, the address is...’

The villas became numerous as he was nearing the address. All of a sudden, he stopped in front of a place in a narrow alleyway.

“Meow.”

Without warning, Rika jumped to the ground and took the lead. Jaegun tressed behind Rika through the twisting and turning alleway.

Suddenly, the duo stopped in front of a worn-down villa. Jaegun looked at the engraved address next to the entrance. It exactly matched the address from Suh Gunwoo’s memories.

“It was your house after all, you remembered well. Let’s go in quickly.”

Jaegun walked in front of the villa and pressed the doorbell of suite 201. After a long while, a man's voice came back through the intercom.

“Who is this?”

“Ah, yes. Excuse me, do you possibly know Suh Gunwoo?”

“... What is the problem?”

The man's voice turned dark in an instant. Jaegun cleared his voice with a cough and quickly replied.

“Actually, his grave is near my house. There was a laptop and various other items as well. I also found a cat and was wondering if these items were yours.”

“How did you find this place?”

“The address was written on a piece of paper inside the box. Um, I think it was something like a delivery sticker.”

Jaegun did not tell the truth. He could not tell the crazy story that he inherited the memories of Suh Gunwoo and he found this place like that.

“There was an address written somewhere? There is no way that would happen... Anyways I don't need those items so please go

back.”

The man still did not open the door and stubbornly talked through the intercom. Jaegun was enraptured by a peculiar mood. Jaegun was sure that the man abandoned these items in the grave from the way he was talking.

“Excuse me, but what is your relation with Mr. Suh Gunwoo?”

Jaegun asked through the intercom. He needed information. What was the identity of the old man named Suh Gunwoo, who came into his head without warning; he desperately wanted to get to the bottom of this.

-Slam!

The door suddenly opened with a deafening noise. In front of the startled Jaegun, who took a step back, was a man in his 30s. A red face and a strong alcoholic smell emanated from the man even though it was currently morning.

“What are you planning to do with information about my Father?”

“Fa-Father?”

Chapter 5 – It’s An Incredible Gift (2)

“That damned old man... Sorry, it looks like you wanted to do a good deed, but it’s all a waste. I purposefully put them over there.”

“Purposefully? I thought that these belonged to your dad? Aren’t the laptop and the glasses all of your dad’s treasures?”

“They’re all trash! Do whatever you want with them. Those are garbage that won’t sell anywhere.”

He tried to shut the door.

Jaegun hurriedly held on to the door that was about to close and continued.

“Wait, what about Rika then?

The man looked at me with surprised eyes.

“Wait, how do you know that cat’s name?”

“It’s on the collar. Isn’t this your cat? I don’t know about anything else, but you should at least keep her.”

The man smiled coldly and lifted his left hand. Only then, did Jaegun realize that his arm was in bandages.

“That damnable cat was the one who did this to me. I tried to bring her back, but this is what I got. That cat; leave her on the streets for all I care.”

“W-wait.”

Jaegun resolutely held on to the door and asked the death-glaring man:

“One more question; what was your father’s job?”

It was a question asked thinking about Seo Gunwoo from his dreams. The man lowered his head and sighed before he spat out.

”A writer.”

“Writer? A writer? He was a writer?”

“Yes! A writer! Now just leave me alone!”

-BLAM!

He shut the door. Rika was crying from the shock from his roughness.

‘To think that he was a writer...’

He supported himself on the rails; he had trouble standing. How could he have inherited the dead writer's memories?

“Meow. Meow.”

Jaegun looked at the crying Rika.

He suddenly remembered a theme from an occult book that he once read; a cat could be a bridge between the dead and the living.

“Rika, you know something, right?”

“Meow.”

Jaegun sank to his knees. He had actually waited for an answer from a cat. A cat. He felt as though he lost himself. Is this what a madman feels like?

Lost in thought, he arrived home.

‘What? How did I come back?’

He didn't remember leaving the subway; he didn't remember leaving the bus station; he didn't remember anything. Staggering as he walked, he stepped down the stairs to his room.

‘What could be in the labtop?’

He was very curious about the writer Seo Gunwoo. He only had some fragments of his memories, and he didn’t know very much about him. Before he even took his clothes off, he took out the laptop. When he plugged it in and pressed the power button, it thankfully booted.

‘Wow, this is really old.’

A hollow laugh came out of him as the labtop finished booting and came to the home screen.

The hard drive had only 256MB of RAM. On top of that, the memory space had 40 Gigs of storage. Also, it was running Windows 98. It was something that people would refuse to use for free.

‘There’s nothing in here.’

He couldn’t find any information about the writer. There was no search history, nor was there programs except the common writing one.

Jaegun opened his own computer and he connected it to the internet. Then, he searched up the name: Seo Gunwoo. There were way too many people. Jaegun put in Seo Gunwoo’s birth and death date. Still, nothing happened.

‘Did he use a pen name?’

It was a world where writers used a pen name instead of their real name. Even he used one himself.

Anyway, since there were no results for Se Gunwoo, that could only mean two things: either he used a writing name or he didn't have any released work.

-Wiiinnnngg!

The phone vibrated his entire body. On the phone's screen, it showed: Ha Jaeyn. It was his three-years-older sister.

Jaegun didn't pick up the called right away and hesitated. Due to her phone call, reality came rushing back to him. There was no good news to give to her. Even so, she would worry if he didn't pick up. She was one that still considered her 27 year old brother, a child. Jaegun finally picked up the phone with a sigh.

“Hey.”

-You picked up? I was just about to hang up because I thought you were sleeping.”

“Nah. I was awake.”

-Did you eat?”

“Of course.”

Jaegun suppressed his grumbling in his belly.

-What did you eat?”

“I ate stuff. Stop asking me. I’m not a child anymore.”

-Of course, little brother.”

“Hey, hey.”

His sister laughed across the phone. Then with a serious voice, she continued.

-You’re coming home tomorrow, right?”

“Yeah.”

-Good. At least come and see our dad. He’s getting up there in age.”

“Okay.”

“What’s with your weak voice? Did something happen?”

She asked worriedly.

Jaegun felt bad, but he just couldn't continue the conversation.

"Sorry, I'm just at a deadline right now. I can't talk; I'll see you later."

-Beep!

He cut off quickly. It was her sister who supported him writing every time. Therefore, she didn't call again.

'Sorry.'

Her sister liked to call herself "gold miss." However, he knew better. He knew that she didn't have time to date because of trying to keep up with her poor family.

'This isn't the time for this.'

Jaegun turned on the computer and opened the word program. In his eyes, the book he just wrote came up.

'What now...'

It didn't look like a book, but rather, a jumbled cluster of

sentences.

He scrolled up to the top; he was going to read it once more.

‘Hmm.’

Jaegun’s face started to grow paler as he read on.

He didn’t think it was perfect, but to think it had this many issues. Mistakes that he didn’t see yesterday seemed to come up.

‘At this point, this information is unnecessary. The readers will be bored here. Delete everything.’

‘This is a point where the main character learns a new skill and matures. This doesn’t have enough. It needs more detail.’

‘How could this girl slap the main character like this. Is she crazy? She needs to get on her knees and beg.’

-Tap! Tap! Taptap! Tap!

His ten fingers flew around the keyboard.

When was it; the last time when he was this motivated. He couldn’t even remember. A feeling that he didn’t have before urged his fingers on. It felt as if they had wings.

Chapter 6 – It’s An Incredible Gift (3)

1 hour... 2 hours... 3 hours... 4 hours...

Jaegun couldn’t feel the flow of time.

Sweat fell down his face. His ten fingers had grown red from the heat.

-Tap!

“Haaaaaa...”

Jaegun sighed as he typed the last line. As he looked around, it was already dark outside. There was a bright moon outside of the window.

“What? How? How long have I worked for?”

The clock read over 7.

He didn’t even remember when he started. Jaegun remembered his sister’s call and checked the call history. It showed about 11.

“8 hours...? What... Why am I... like this?”

He was completely in the zone to the point where he hadn’t

rested his fingers at all.

There was never a point in time before where he had put this much effort into writing. Really, he completely forgot about everything except for writing during that time.

‘This is fun! This book has changed so much after these edits.’

Jaegun exclaimed as he looked over the book. He had no basis for the confidence, but he was confident nevertheless. This was something that the producers would like. It was the first time he had this feeling.

Jaegun sent the book to the editors by email. After he had sent it, he heard Rika’s growling.

“Ah Rika, Rika. I’m sorry. You must be hungry?”

It wasn’t just Rika; Jaegun was also starving. He hadn’t ate anything at all today. As he was going to have to walk because he had some things to buy; he put on some clothes and left.

“It’s 45,000 Won”

“What? It is that expensive?”

On the pet store’s counter, Jaegun was surprised as he asked the clerk.

The clerk smiled and replied.

"For that amount of food, it is pretty cheap. It would be cheaper if you purchase it online, but there's not that big of a difference."

"It's... A bit more expensive than I thought."

"So are you going to buy it?"

"Yes. Yes. Here."

His hand shook as he gave the money to the clerk. What could you do if you were poor? Imagine how much food he could buy for 45,000 Won.

"See you again."

Jaegun left the store in a half-shocked state. Rika, who was in his arms, looked at him with her two, bright round eyes, it was as if she was asking 'what's wrong.'

"Is that a 'making fun of me' look?"

"Meow."

"I get it. What do you know? It's fine. My sister always used to

say, ‘don’t save money on food; live with plenty of food.’ Since you’re now family... family... Let’s go. Let’s go eat some ramen at home.”

Jaegun moved his body back home.

“I ran out of eggs. I should buy some on the way home. Put 2 eggs in the noodles and bam: a freakingly good meal. Adding rice on top of that would fill me up, don’t need anything else”

-Wiiinnnng!

His phone in his pocket vibrated. As he thought it would be from his best friend Jungjin or his sister, his eyes suddenly widened.

‘What’s the occasion calling this late?’

To think that he would get a call back as soon as he uploaded his updated story. ‘What for? This couldn’t be good’ he thought.

“He-Hello?”

-Mr. Ha. Did you revise this in one day?”

“What? Yeah, I did? Is there something wrong?” He trailed off at the end with a worried voice.

Was this going to be a talk about how it became worse? He thought it got better; however, if he was going to be criticized again, what would he do? With that thought, he clenched his eyes closed.

However—

The following words from the editor completely shook his mind.

-No, you should have wrote like this before!

“What?” Jaegun straightened his back with a bewildered face. The editor’s bright voice continued from the other side.

-Since you changed a few things and altered the flow several times, the story completely changed. I read it well.”

“You read it... well?”

-Yeah. I read it well. Really. Do you think I would say something that’s not true?”

“N-no, of course not.”

The editor wasn’t the type of person to lie. Since he knew the editor for 5 years, he knew he wouldn’t make things up. If he said it was good, it was good. At least, the editor thought it was good.

-There are a few minor errors and mistypes, but it's not serious. I'll leave it to the office. Fine?"

"Ye-yeah, that would be great for me."

-I'll send it tomorrow to the printing press it worked on. I'll try to get it published in 4 to 5 days. Oh and Mr. Ha? I don't know how to say this... but, do you need any money? Should I put in some additional money in the contract?"

"Contract? If you could do that, I would be really happy."

His voice perked up as he listened to some bright news. He was in the red after he bought that food. If he was a successful writer, he could get money whenever he wanted and more; however, Jaegun definitely not at that stage.

Jaegun's contract was one that didn't provide much as his writing didn't sell well.

-Okay. I've just deposited 500,000 Won. I'll send you the rest for books 1 and 2. It will go in tomorrow at 10 am."

"Thank you. Thank you so much, editor in chief"

-It's me who should thank you for this amazing writing. Thank you, Mr.Ha. I hope to see more writing from you. This is will be a hit"

“I hope so”

-Please trust my instincts. This will be a success. Then you've worked hard so give yourself a nice rest today.

“Yes, you should rest too editor.”

Jaegun was paralyzed after that phone call. With cat food in one hand and Rika in the other, he couldn't move at all.

‘My writing... my writing is good?’

5 years after his debut. Since then, all of his work had been dead or failed. He couldn't see “good” anywhere in the comments.

This was his first compliment.

It wasn't just any compliment either, it was a huge one.

From an editor who was known for being sharp and objective with his cruel comments, he had heard a compliment. There was no describing this feeling in his chest.

-Drop. Drop. Drop.

Tears fell from his two eyes.

As hot tears fell on her, Rika raised her head. As if to relieve him, she softly his chest.

“Rika... he said it was good...”

“Meow?”

“My writing is good... My writing... From an editor who rarely gives compliments... he said it was good... you have no idea what type of person that editor is... he said it was good...”

He couldn't stop the tears from his eyes. Jaegun dropped the cat food and hugged Rika with his two arms. Rika, as if to congratulate him, meowed cutely along.

The weather didn't feel cold any more.

Chapter 7 – There Is A Reaction

The next morning.

Jaegun let out a sigh of relief as he checked his bank account. 2,100,000 Won was deposited in his account.

‘I’m alive...’

Even though it was only the money from making books 1 and 2, he felt glad for the money he earned.

‘This is really a gift from the heavens.’

Today was his father’s birthday.

He was just about to go there empty-handed, but now, with the newly earned money, he could actually prepare a gift.

“Rika, I’m really sorry, but stay home today. My parents really don’t like animals, so it’s gonna be hard to take you; I’ll come back early.”

“Meow.”

Rika shook her head; it was as if she understood and hopped onto the bed. Jaegun quickly put on some clothes and left. It was a one hour journey by subway to go there.

‘It might be better giving cash’

Jaegun changed his mind about the present. It would be awkward if his father didn’t like the present. He hadn’t heard anything good come out of his dad’s mouth ever since he was little. Unlike his mother and sister, his dad was always cold to his son.

As Jaegun left the station, he put 300,000 Won into an envelope. He bought a cream cake as well. His dad wouldn’t eat it, but his sugar loving mom and sister would.

-Ding Dong~

Jaegun arrived at the villa and pressed the doorbell.

The door opened: “I didn’t expect you to arrive this soon. How did you come this early?”

Jaeyn looked at the clock that showed 2 and asked as if she was surprised. Jaegun smiled as he took off his shoes.

“What have you been doing?”

“Since it was a holiday, I was just resting.”

He could tell that was a lie as he looked towards the kitchen. On the table, there were many ingredients and dishes with boiling

soup. It was obvious that she has been busily preparing since this morning.

“Did you eat lunch yet? Nevermind, there is no way that you would have.”

“Where’s mom?”

“She went hiking with dad. It should be time for them to come back. Eat first.”

“Okay.”

Jaegun pulled out a chair and sat in front of the table.

Jaeyn made many dishes for her younger brother. She pulled out ham, eggs, beef, kimchi and also, the rice; everything that he liked.

“Thank you for the food.”

“Just eat. Tell me if you want more.”

The food was just as good as ever. The deep taste was something he had never savoured before in any restaurant. Jaegun sometimes told her to set up a restaurant. It wasn’t a joke, he was serious. His sister’s cooking skill was that good.

“Is it good?”

“Why ask something so obvious?”

“Even though you’re living alone, eat well.”

“Yeah, I got it.”

“It would be good if you come back home...”

“You know our dad doesn’t like me.”

“That’s why I can’t say it, you idiot.”

“Hey.”

“Hmm?”

Jaegun put down his spoon. He swallowed everything inside his mouth and spoke.

“I think everything’s going to work out for me soon.”

“Yeah? What happened?”

Jaegun lowered his eyes and smiled embarrassedly.

Jaeyn slapped his thighs and urged him to continue.

“Come on, stop holding me in suspense. Tell me quickly. Tell me~.”

“The editor said that my book was good.”

“Really? The editor that you spoke to me about on the phone? The one you said that was strict?”

“Yeah, he said it was good. he even gave me money a lot of money, and that’s why...”

He pulled out the envelope that contained 300,000 Won and handed it to Jaeyn.

“Here, a present. Since he’s not gonna take it from me, I think it would be the best if you gave it to him.”

“Yeah...”

Jaeyn took the envelope. As she felt the unexpectedly thick envelope and looked inside, she was shocked.

“How much is this? Wow, this is 300,000?!”

“Why are you surprised by only that much.”

“Hey, take some out, you only have to give dad 100,000 Won”

“Hey, don’t do that.”

“You have to take care of your life first. Don’t overdo it; there’s no need to be prideful towards me.”

Jaegun grabbed her arms and pressured it as he shook his head.

“I’m not being prideful. Just think about how I lived like a loser all these years. Do I have the right to be a miser at this moment?”

“Jaegun...”

“300,000 Won? That’s nothing. In a little while, 3,000,000, no 30,000,000 Won will be coming in. Just please don’t say anything and take it. I’m not burdened by this. I can at least give this much as a gift to dad.”

Jaeyn dropped her head. Jaegun was surprised and took her shoulders and lightly shook them as he spoke.

“You’re going to cry again. Don’t cry. If you cry, I’m leaving.”

“I’m not crying. It’s just some dust in my eyes.”

“You’re lying. Dust, what dust.”

Jaeyn lifted her head and bitterly smiled with a red nose.

“You’re handsome, my little brother.”

“Don’t talk to me like I’m a kid. You’re only three years older.”

“Only three years? Hey, that means I ate 3000 more meals than you. What are you talking about?”

“So that’s why you’re so fat these days.”

“Hey, are you teasing me? I’m exactly 50 kg. Come over here you little brat.”

“Hey, hey. I was joking. I can’t breathe.”

She put her two arms around his neck and squeezed Jaegun’s neck. At that moment, the doorbell rang ‘Ding Dong’.

“You’re saved by the bell.”

Jaeyn went to the door and opened it. Jaegun also stood up and watched the door. His dad and his mother were stepping in with their hiking attire.

“You came back.”

“Ooooohhh, you’re here early, my Jaegun.”

His mother took off her shoes and immediately came to hug him.

His dad stood behind her and slowly took off his shoes.

“Why are you so slim. You only eat ramen now, don’t you?”

“No, I’m eating well. Why are you so slim though?”

“This kid’s teasing his mom? I’ve put on a lot of weight these days. Honey, don’t you think Jaegun is teasing me? Right?”

His father didn’t respond. He took off his shoes and stepped onto to the living room with a stoic face, brushed past Jaegun and went into his room.

“Hoooh, that old man... Jaegun, you understand. He just had a drink.”

“I’m fine.”

“I’ll go and see to him. Go with your sister, son.”

His mother slapped him on the butt, and she followed his father into the room.

He could hear their voices from the room. Their volume slowly got louder and louder and eventually turned into shouts.

“Why are you acting like this, honey! Don’t you think about Jaegun’s feelings? Let’s take it easy today, okay?!”

“What would even come out of that bastard’s feelings? Who told him he could come here! I can’t stand his face! What? Writing? Ha, he can’t even provide for himself and he wants to write novels like others? There’s no need to feed a pathetic bastard like him so take him out quickly! Get him out! Go tell him to write his so-called poems and roleplay as a scholar!”

“You’re really!”

Jaegun slowly moved his footsteps to the front door. While Jaegun was putting on his shoes, Jaeyn behind him was about to implode with emotion and tears.

“Jaegun...”

She had no words to say to her brother.

He didn’t know his father would be like this on his birthday. Taking on a job of a writer had its consequences. From the moment he set out on that path, his father rejected him. His dad’s

fury still lasted until now. Today was a reality check.

“Give mom some comforting words. I’m leaving”

“I’m sorry. I’ll come over soon when I get a day off.”

“You don’t have to. I’ll call.”

Jaegun turned around and walked away from the house with Jaeyn’s teary eyes behind him. As he walked towards the subway station, his heart wasn’t only filled with sadness; it was now filled with determination. His walking grew more resolute and filled with strength.

‘Just you wait, father. I’ll be back.’

Jaegun gathered his will power and bit his lips.

In the past, when he was chewed out by his father, he abandoned his writing and looked for a bottle of soju. That was how much of a mental impact the insults had on him. However, today wasn’t the day for that. He started to see a glimpse of his future that had been fading out now. He quickened his footsteps; he needed to write the next martial arts novel for the contract.

Chapter 8 – There Is A Reaction

-Pat!

“Aragh, f***! This shit again!”

“Meow.”

Rika who was eating her cat feed meowed in surprise as she heard the profanity.

In front of the computer, Jaegun buried his face onto his two hands. The screen was now of a blue color, filled with error messages.

“It’s hasn’t been long since I fixed it and now it’s acting up again.”

He was complaining, but it was a computer that he had been using for a long time. He owned it since his college days, so it has been in use for about 7 years already.

“Damn it. At least I sent my project in before it busted.”

He had sent the third martial arts novel of the series to the publisher. He was about to write the fourth one before it crashed. It wasn’t the worst situation to be in, but he was in the dark on trying to write from now on.

“Is it time for me to buy a new PC?”

He thought it wasn’t a bad idea to buy a new computer now.

He still had about 1,500,000 Won left from his contract payment. He gave 300,000 Won to his dad and even after buying Rika’s cat food, and the living necessities left him this much.

‘No. Not yet. I can’t relax.’

Jaegun shook the thought out. He knew that money always seemed aplenty, but it always had a tendency to flow off.

The rent and the utility bills would take him under 1,000,000 Won. Without even thinking about the next month, was he going to buy an expensive computer? This was the mindset of someone who wanted to live for one day and die.

‘I should just go to a PC bang. I could cut my rent for a month and use it there.’

His head was filled with ideas for his novels. He had to write new these things down or else he thought that his mind might burst. Jaegun suddenly kicked his chair and shot up.

At that moment.

“Right! I have that!”

He glanced towards the corner of the room. The old and tattered laptop was in sight; however, there shouldn't be a big problem if he just used it to write.

‘It even has ‘Word’. It works fine, so why not use that?’’

He put his broken computer below his desk and replaced it with Seo Gunwoo's laptop. As he connected the power cord to the laptop and turned it on, it made a BEEP sound and the booting started..

‘You are, indeed, older than my 7 year old computer.’

-Winnnnnggg!

A phone call from the editor-in-chief came.

Jaegun double-clicked on Word from the desktop as he picked up the phone.

“Yes?”

“Yes, hello. How did you write 3 books in a day? Did you already write these?”

“Haha, no. That’s not it. The story just came to me.”

It wasn’t a lie. After he obtained the new memories, his writing has changed.

It wasn’t his choice, but everything changed. It gave him motivation and new thoughts. He could tell from his writing.

“Wow. Then this seriously wasn’t written before and was written in a week?”

She was really surprised.

Jaegun’s normal speed was about 1 book per one month.

“I skimmed it and book 3 was good too. There isn’t much to change there as well. Good work, Mr. Ha.”

“No. The compliments should go to you for checking my work.”

“Hahaha, no. But there’s a surprising piece of news.”

“Surprising?”

“You should hold onto your phone.”

With those words, Jaegun tightened his grip on the phone.

“What is it? Is it something bad?”

“It should be good. After all, there’s no writer that doesn’t like their books being copied”

“....?”

Jaegun couldn’t believe his ears.

My writing? Being lengthened in copy?

Jaegun couldn’t believe his ears. Across the phone, the editor was laughing.

“Are you listening? Mr. Ha? Mr. Ha?”

The editor asked even though she knew that he was listening.

Jaegun stood up and walked around until finally he sat down on to his chair.

“Yes. Yes. I’m here. I’m here.”

“The reception of your books was amazing. The stores loved it. Therefore, we decided to print 1000 of them.”

“What? How-how many? 1000?”

Jaegun’s legs shook as he listened to her, completely flabbergasted.

With the development of the internet and e-books, regular books were in distress. It was amazing that the book even got lengthed. It was impossible for that to be in the thousands.

“Are-are you joking somehow? Or are you pulling my leg?”

Jaegun knew that she wasn’t, but he had to ask. His two eyes were still in disarray.

“Do you really think I would joke with something like this? Congratulations, Mr. Ha. It was your perseverance coming through. You’ll soon be making money and your living will be much better.”

Jaegun signed a contract with each book at 8%.

A single book costs 8 dollars, so he got about 640 Won. For 1000 books, it was 640,000 Won. There was the 3.3 % tax to worry about, but he could still make a flat profit.

Contrary to the flabbergasted Jaegun who was unable to respond, the editor continued her cheerful talk.

“Then, keep on working. I’ll be waiting for your next episode. Don’t overdo yourself either. Ah, and let’s have lunch together some time.”

“Yes. Yes. Thank you. Thank you. Really, thank you.”

He headed straight for the fridge. He took out cold water and started gulping it down.

His chest was bursting. He needed to vent this feeling with someone, but Jaein and Jongjin were working right now.

So Jaegun picked up Rika and shouted, ”Did you hear that? I’m getting more books! And 1000 of them too!”

“Meow.”

“It’s now 3000 releases for one book! That’s about 1,900,000 Won for a book. This is crazy! Really! To think I could get about 2,000,000 Won for one book! Do you think this makes sense?”

“Meow. Meow.”

This was probably nothing to successful writers, but to Jaegun, who received almost nothing for 5 years, it was a success like nothing ever before.

“Yeah! To continue this feeling, I want to write book 4. I’ll write

book 4 in a week as well! Just you wait, by the next month, I'll be freaking rich and I'll buy you a cat tower or whatever that is!"

With immense happiness, Jaegun set off on writing on Se Gunwoo's laptop. He knew the general outline of book 4. He just needed to calmly write it down.

-Tap! Tap. Tapp! Taptap!

On the monitor screen, words were flying on the page.

'Now here, the main needs to get hit. And then he needs to retreat quietly... Hmm?"

While he was typing, Jaegun had a mysterious feeling.

'Something feels weird.'

Usually when he was typing, the mind went faster than his typing. However, today, it was the opposite. It felt like his typing was faster than his mind.

'Wait-wait-wait, what? What is this?'

He looked at the clock; only an hour had passed since he started. Yet, the document he was writing on read over 20 pages.

‘What? Is the file wrong? How much did I write?’

Jaegun suprisedly looked at the document information tab. Then, he took a heavy breath; his mind went numb. He lost his sense of feeling; as if he was free falling.

-Letters: 10798

‘Whaaat? I wrote about 10 thousand letters in an hour?’

Jaegun’s typing speed was not slow, it was about the same as the average writer. Yet, even in a good condition, his fastest was about 3500. To write at this rate, he needed to spend about at least 2 hours and a half.

‘This isn’t only about a good condition?’

This wasn’t writing or revising an old book. It was making a new one from scratch, and it was 10 thousand characters for one hour, he couldn’t believe it. It was out of human reach. His mind felt the numbness and shock again.

‘If I can write like this, I would be able to write about 1 book per day.’

The book he was writing was about 140,000 letters. Therefore, if he could write at the same speed, he could write a book in 14 hours.

‘Let’s do it.’

Chapter 9 – There Is A Reaction

Jaegun shook his tired hands and resolved his mind.

‘I’ll try to make a record with finishing a book in one day’

“Rika, you’re the witness. Check out how fast I type.”

“Meow. Meow.”

Jaegun shoved his face into the computer and started to write the novel. Rika secretly slipped out of the her house and moved under the bed. In that position, she looked at Jaegun typing the book.

.....

“I’m so tired.”

6:30 in the afternoon.

Jongjin, who just finished overtime, was wearing slippers. The dungeon project was not looking to an end. The private testing was right ahead. Until the deadline, overtime was going to be his closest friend.

“Manager Lee, would you want a cup of coffee?”

Jongjin asked passing by. Manager Lee was one of those people in this loud office that didn't fit well with him.

"Assistant Manager Park, Sorry. I want to finish reading this book before overtime starts. Go ahead and have a drink."

Manager Lee responded with his head down. In his hands, he had a book.

Jonjin stepped forward and asked.

"What's that book you're reading so intently?"

"All I read is martial arts. But seriously, this is pretty entertaining."

"Martial Arts?"

Jongjin's two eyes shined bright. Obviously, his best friend's job came to mind.

Manager Lee continued.

"This writer's previous works was... what should I say? Syntax and order had the basics, but the story was awfully boring. There was useless information everywhere. So I read about 2 or 3 books and just threw it away. And then he hasn't released anything for a while but it seems like he studied a lot. I can't stop reading."

Jongjin couldn't stop his curiosity and looked at the book cover. And then his eyes widened. The book name was Martial Rankings. The author's name was Pyung Cheon Yu.

"What? Wha, what?"

"What? Did you read this before? Do you know this writer?"

"N-no. It's just... yes. I just thought it looked like something I read before. The name seems similar."

Jongjin answered quickly.

Manager Lee just shook his head and went back to reading.

"Well, all martial arts books have similar titles and have that feeling."

"Haha, that's right. Anyway, Manager Lee, I'll just go get that cup of coffee and come back."

"Go ahead."

Jongjin left the office in a hurry.

As soon as he pressed the elevator button, he pulled out his

phone and called Jaegun. The only person who used Pyung Cheon Yu as a pen name was his best friend.

“Hello?”

Jaegun quickly picked up the phone.

In an elevator all by himself, Jongjin asked.

“Hey, do you know anyone who uses the same pen name as you?”

“What is this random question about?”

“Speak up, man. Is there anyone else who uses Pyung Cheon Yu?”

“Don’t think so. No. There isn’t. At least to my knowledge.”

“Then is your new book called Martial Rankings?”

“Dude, are you so busy that you couldn’t even read my book?”

“Sorry, but I was so occupied that I couldn’t read. I called because my Manager in the office is reading the crap out of your book.”

“Really?”

Jaegun's reply was full of happiness.

Jongjin, as a friend, felt his happiness and quickly continued his words.

"Hey, this isn't to make you feel good. That Manager, he's a complete genre reading. He reads a lot and he's also awfully stubborn. Because he read most things he should have. A person like that says your book is fun; He says he can't stop reading. He even denied my offer to drink coffee."

"Dang. That feels good."

"How's the book? Is it printing well?"

"Don't be surprised. I got it printed. A 1000 copies."

Jongjin was so surprised that he bent his waist and hit the back of the elevator and moaned.

"Aoohhhh...? Seriously! In this small amount of time, you freaking got a 1000 copies printed? Isn't this a success omen?! Aren't your days of suffering gonna end?! Are you going to buy a house and stuff like that?!"

"Don't get too excited. Buying a house isn't a few coins."

"Yeah ok. Getting too excited and later it could be weird. Hey, I

was just feeling happy. I'm just spitting out words now. Hey, awesome job, Jaegun. I feel freaking good.”

“Just you wait, I’ll finish the series and I’ll get you a feast.”

“I’m gonna eat the plates clean. Finish the series and call me.”

“Thanks. You have fun, too.”

Beep!

The phone shut off.

Jaegun, who was busy typing before he picked up the phone, put down the phone smiling and sat down.

Jongjin’s phone call was thankful. His words helped him and it served as a purpose for him to stop and take a break.

‘There actually is people who says it’s fun.’

It was Jaegun who felt weird.

It was a long time ago that Jaegun threw out his habit of searching his own books online. It was because of all the critics.

Is this a book,etc, aren’t you sorry to the trees, etc. All these

comments made him so depressed that it made him harder to write books. It was better to not see them.

‘Let’s endure it.’

He wanted to see the comments on the new book, but Jaegun pushed down that feeling. Even if he checked, he was going to check after he finished the series to comfort his mind.

Beep!

“Hello.”

“Hello, sir. This is writer Ha Jaegun, right?”

“... who is this?”

“Oh sorry. You don’t know me? This is Hetae Media’s Ma Jonggu. Hahaha, I’m not sure how you’ve been living.

Jaegun’s hand which were holding the phone shook. Without realizing it, he was biting too hard and his teeth were making his lips bleed. It was an uncontrollable reaction.

Hetae Media.

It was the company that released his debut work 5 years ago.

It was the company that gave him so much suffering and sadness.

It was a memory that he wanted to forget. It was the reason why he deleted their phone number.

The other person's calm voice continued.

"I couldn't ask how you were for a couple of years. There was a lot of things going on. Today's market issues, me doing work meant for the above people..."

"What is it."

Jaegun cut him off.

"I'm busy writing my book. If you have anything to say, you should just say it."

"Ah yes. You are writing, right? I was having fun reading it."

The other person mentioned Jaegun's new project.

From Jaegun's lip, a small laugh came out. Jongjin's overreaction wasn't too overreacted, he thought. His book was getting up there. No message for a couple of years and now these hyenas come smelling and calling.

“It was really fun. The story is clear and straightforward. A marvelous work. I always knew you were going to make a blast some day. Hahaha.”

‘This bitch.’ an ugly facial expression came onto Jaegun’s face.

This was the person who didn’t even consider him a writer and humiliated him when his statistics were low. Now the same person was spitting out compliments.

“Like I said last time, I want to say some greetings. Do you still live in Suwon? I can come and serve you some dinner...”

“No. I’m fine.”

Jaegun completely cut him off and rejected him. It was obvious. He was going to buy expensive food and slip a contract in the talk. He didn’t even remotely think to sign with Hetae Media.

“I’m eating well without missing any meals. I don’t think you have any other things to talk about so I’ll cut off.”

“Writer Ha? W, wait. No. Writer Ha, please don’t cut off and listen to me for a lit... !

Beep!

Jaegun ignored the other's fast talking and cut off the phone. A call came back just 10 seconds. Jaegun just blocked the phone number.

The world became completely quiet.

Chapter 10 – There Is A Reaction

“Hoooo.”

A sigh came out of his lips.

Jaegun put his head back and looked up at the ceiling. Rika came over and hopped on Jaegun’s knees.

“Humans seem to easily change depending on the situation.”

Jaegun murmured as he touched Rika’s neck. Hetae Media’s general managers’ call was still in his mind and it made his stomach sick.

His debut in Hetae Media didn’t have good results. But it wasn’t completely on the floor either. It was just average-ish.

Jaegun was relieved and wanted to write till 7 books as he planned. However, that small dream came to a close when he was writing his 3rd book. Jaegun could still remember the depressing night a few years ago, when that message from the management came.

“Writer Ha, Since the results aren’t good, let’s end it at 4 books.’

A death sentence like judgment for a writer.

It was the end of the series with an early ending.

The paper copies, unlike the electronic books, cost money. Thus, the less popular books are forced to end earlier. The printers don't care if the ending is good or not. As it is just a 'project that became a bomb.'

At that time, Jaegun forgot his pride and tried to hang on to the general manager.

'I need to write until the 5th book to finish the story. Just please let me write to the 5th.'

But the general manager's response was ice cold.

'You know the market enough so why are you like this? Our publishers are small. We need to produce more popular work to eat and live. If we produce till the 5th book for your series, we won't be able to pay the next month's employees. I understand your feelings but let's try again next time. I have a meeting so I'll cut off."

It seemed as though that phone call was back in his ears.

The hand scratching Rika's tightened up. Rika then put her face on Jaegun's chest and rubbed. As time went by, Jaegun calmed down.

"Thanks, Rika. I'm better now, I don't feel anything."

“Meow.”

“I’ve now met a great editor. I’ve now started to write a selling book now. The poor past is now over. The person whose sad at the past is not me.

Jaegun, regaining his strength, went to the front of the computer and sat down.

When he looked at the clock, it was 6 pm. He started just after noon so he’s been working for 6 hours.

“Wow, Rika. I’ve been working for 6 hours and wrote about half a book.”

When he checked the document info, it was over 65,000 letters. At this rate, he could be able to finish writing a book in 7-8 hours.

“My neck hurts and I’m tired. I’ll get some coffee as a break.”

Jaegun pressed on his hurting waist. His hands hurt after writing for 6 hours while typing at a speed of 10,000 letters per hour. He went to the sink and took out the instant stick coffee and turned on the coffee pot’s button on.

“Dang it, I didn’t do the dishes.”

Jaegun was lazily going to do the dishes until he noticed a gray mug. It was one of Se Gunwoo's things. Since it was a cup, he washed it, but he never used it before.

“Now I see it, the cup is actually pretty good. OK. One more.”

Jaegun put another stick into the mug and poured some hot water to the brink. A strong aroma rose up. A smell stronger than usual came through his nose.

“Hmmm. That's good. Not jealous of the professional coffees.”

Jaegun, as a break, watched the internet news and slowly drank his hot coffee.

Even though it was instant coffee, it seemed better than usual. He happily drank everything on the mug .

“Huh?”

Putting down the mug cup, Jaegun looked down to his body and shook his head.

Energy was flowing through him. Just a while ago, his body was heavy like wet cotton and it hurt, but now he felt refreshed like he'd just got a rest.

“Hm? Is it the caffeine?”

Jaegun put down the mug in the sink confused. He didn't notice the white marks left on the bottom of the gray mug.

"Ha, well now my condition is amazing. Let's finish it by 2 am."

Jaegun started to hit the keyboard again.

The words on the screen filled as fast as light. The one cup of coffee from Se Gun Woo's mug gave him the new energy.

"Editor, Are you busy?"

Starbooks publisher's office.

Editor Gwon Tewon was just back from a trip and was checking the writer's book schedules. Employee Jung Somii was just coming to her.

"Ah. Somii, yes, it's fine. Go ahead."

Tewon moved his gaze from the monitor to Somii and answered. He was the kind of person who was never condescending to any underlings. Somii who was a new employee for about 6 months laughed meekly and continued.

"It's about the, Martial Rankings, by Writer Ha."

“Yes. What about Writer Ha?”

“He finished all 10 book of the series and sent them. So I was wondering what I should do with this.”

“WHattt?!”

Tewon unawaresly stood up.

“He really sent all 10 books of the series? Seriously?”

“Yes. I’ve checked it. He finished from the 4th book to the 10th and sent 7 books of content to us.”

“Wow. I can’t believe this. What happened? How long has it been since he sent us the 3rd book and now he finished the 10th book? How could this be?”

Tewon shook his head and sat back down.

It has only been 10 days since he has gotten the 3rd book.

The Jaegun Tewon knew was a writer who finished a book in about a month. It was surprising that that Jaegun sent the 3rd book in a week.

But now, sending 7 books in 10 days, it had to be books that he'd written earlier and saved.

"Did you read some of the books?"

"Yes. Not all of them, but I'm now on the 8th book."

"You read a lot. How did you feel?"

Somii put her two hands on her chest and said with a small but confident voice.

"I thought it was fine. The story is clear and the plot twist is good. I have to see about the story, but until now I don't see any holes in it."

"Really? Did something happen to Writer Ha this year?"

"It must be a year of success for him."

"Yes. Anyway I get it. I'll check it and reply back so you can just leave it."

"Yes. Thank you."

Somii returned back to her seat.

Tewon alone, he put his chin on the desk and went into his thoughts.

Jaegun's books have been getting good reviews. After the 4th book was printed, the plan was to increase the print by a 1000 copies. Now it was going to be 4000 copies per book.

Usually after a book goes out, it takes about 1 month until the next one is released.

It was to help the writer, but it was also to help the readers adjust themselves on the time period after the books are released on the market.

But that was during the time when books were printed only in paper copy.

Now the electronic market existed. If the series was already over, wouldn't it be better to print them all and then put them on the internet? That could be the shortcut to greater success.

'What would the original writer be thinking of right now.'

Tewon pulled out his phone. And then on the long list of contacts, he pulled out Ha Jaegun's and pushed the call button. After a brief beep, Jaegun picked up the phone.

"Yes, Editor."

“Writer Ha. You wrote this before, right? How did you finish till the 10th book in only 10 days?”

“Haha, how was the book? It has to be good.”

“The Publisher’s employee said that it was fun. But I didn’t get to read it yet, but it must be good. Oh and Writer Ha.”

Tewon stopped for a second and check his afternoon schedule.

Since he got the final book of the series, it was time to make the contract for the next work.

If Jaegun somehow signed with another publisher, that was bad news. Now Jaegun, in the editor’s opinion, became a writer that could not be let gone.

“Are you good for dinner today? I only said that I wanted to meet you a couple of times, but I haven’t seen you in a while.”

Chapter 11 – I Am Generous

“Today?”

“Yes, do you have any plans today?”

“Hmmm...”

Jaegun’s reply didn’t come right after.

On the other side of the phone came a repeating unknown buzzing sound.

Tewon became nervous.

He worked a long time as an editor, he had that ‘feeling.’ Now it seemed that feeling was coming to him now. It might be that writer called Jaegun was already...

“Sorry.”

Jaegun’s voice returned with the signal.

“I must have pushed a wrong button with my ear. You wanted to meet today, right?”

“Yes, Writer, are you ok?”

“Of course. I’m fine. I’ve finished writing the series and I’m free. Where do you want to meet? The same place?”

“I’ll go close to where you live.”

“No. There’s nothing to eat here. It’s not far so I’ll go to Guloo Station and see you there. How about 7?”

“Yes, Writer. That seems fine. Ah, also...”

Tewon slurred his words and moved his glance to editor’s office.

Somii was already putting her face on the screen and was typing fast on the keyboard. She was already ordering Jaegun’s books in a list.

She was always doing more before even being told to do so. She knew how to do her job, and so, she never got intimidated when facing an overload of work.

With both his eyes on Somii’s laudable self, he replied back on his phone.

“If it’s fine Writer Ha, could your head editor also come as well?”

It was good for the head editor to meet with the writer. Especially with a writer like Jaegun who seemed to be close to success. Tewon

wanted Somii to get more opportunities and experience as a editor.

Jaegun didn't stop and accepted the offer.

"That's good for me. We can see each other's faces and exchange greetings."

"Yes, Writer. I'll see you at 7.

"OK. Thank you.

Tewon stretched as he cut off the phone.

After he finished that call, he felt refreshed. He felt that his 'feeling' was getting worse as time went on. Jaegun didn't change. He was the same diligent hardworking nice guy.

"Representative."

Tewon, surprised, stood up. A man with half hair about in his 60s was walking in with his hands clasped behind his back. It was StarBooks representative Park Jeguk.

"Hey hey. Don't stand up. Just sit down."

Jeguk pushed Tewon's shoulder and made him sit down. And he pulled a chair on the side and asked passing by.

“Is there anything good going on?”

“Nothing changed except Martial Rankings.”

“The freaking market is terrible.”

Jeguk scratched his neck and complained. Looking at Tewon’s schedule, he continued his question.

“Is that book selling well right now?”

“The reviews are good. From book 4, there’s going to be more copies. If the reactions are good, there might be more.”

“Hmm. That’s good. I just wish he could write faster. We have to finish printing in paper to release it electronically and suck the juice out. People these days don’t even read paper books. They use their phones.”

“The world is changing after all.”

“No, Editor, How about we slow the book down and start the electronic service quickly?”

“Speaking of, I needed to tell you something. I’ve got the last book of the series.”

“What? When?”

“He sent it yesterday. Somii skimmed it, but it didn’t seem like there was anything wrong with it.”

“He sent 10 books already? Wait, but he wants to end it in only 10 books? You said the reviews are good? Isn’t this a series that we can push over 20 plus books?”

A publisher wants to pull a successful series as long as it can. Tewon shook his head and answered.

“We were going to meet today during dinner. We can start discussing the contract for later. I’ll ask him if he has any intention of stretching the series.”

“Ah. Yes. Good job.”

Jeguk tapped his shoulder and stood up.

“Give him some expensive food, 300 or 400 dollars doesn’t matter so just swipe it. Give him some specials. You eat as well. And persuade him well. You need to lock him up.”

“Haha. Yes.”

“We need to lock this writer up. At a time like this, we found a

selling writer, this is good news. We can't miss this money line. Hmm."

Jeguk walked out with his hands clasped on his back, the same way he walked in the office.

Tewon gazed at Jeguk's back with a complex expression on his face. It has been 9 years since he joined StarBooks, the representative was old and unmarried when he joined; but now he was a dad of two children. A lot of things have changed.

"Somii, You and I are going to leave together today, so please finish the work by 6:30."

"Yes, editor."

Somii's energized voice came back.

Tewon downloaded the book from the company's mailbox and started reading it. Even though he was in a position of an editor and had to treat a book like a job, he turned into a reader and immersed himself into the novel.

'I should get ready to leave now.'

It was 6 and Jaegun started to get ready to leave.

Beep!

The phone rang on his pocket as he was putting on his shoes. When he checked the phone number, Jaegun's face tightened.

Hetae Media's Assistant Manager Park Gyungsoo

'What is it?'

Jaegun couldn't answer the phone right away and was stuck in his thoughts.

Even though he deleted Ma Jonggu's phone number, there was a reason why he didn't delete Park Gyungsoo's.

Even though he didn't have much power, he was a person who tried to help out Jaegun as much as possible in the company.

'Are they planning to use Gyungsoo to try and get a contract out of me? If then, they are completely mistaking the game.'

Out of Jaegun, a laugh came out. Business is business. Gyungsoo's niceness was a different problem.

Jaegun picked up the phone.

"Assistant Manager Park?"

“Ah. You had my phone number. Hello. Hello. Writer Ha. Anything happened?”

It was the same rushed and nervous voice.

Jaegun felt the same sorry feeling and answered.

“Nothing else happened. You’re doing fine?”

“Yes. I’ve been doing fine. Hahaha. Yes. I’ve been doing fine.”

Jaegun’s eyes were on the clock on the wall’s minute hand. If he didn’t leave right now, he was going to be late so he was going to have to talk while walking.

“Did general manager Ma tell you to get a contract signed?”

Jaegun closed the door and walked through the hall.

He didn’t want to beat around the bush. Gyungsoo was the type of person who was careful with every writer he spoke with. He also had a weak hearing. It was better to talk straight away.

“Ahhh. That is... I wanted to ask how you’ve been doing and with that purpose...”

“I’m sorry to you, assistant manager, but I have no mind to sign

with Hetae Media. No, since this is business, there is no reason to be sorry to you. Right? I have no bad feelings with you, assistant manager.”

With Jaegun’s sure tone, Gyungsoo’s voice became more rushed.

“That is, Writer Ha, the general manager said he would listen to any conditions at all. He said he wanted to give you the best conditions. Seriously. Can’t you listen just once?

“Assistant manager, I’m not sure if you understa...”

Jaegun’s stopped mid sentence.

Just 10 steps away was a car. And next to that car, there was Gyungsoo in a crouching position holding a phone.

“Ah... Writer Ha.”

Gyungsoo, noticing Jaegun, put down his phone and laughed awkwardly. Of course, Jaegun couldn’t laugh. The only people who knew where he lived out of Suwon’s people were the employee’s of StarBooks. Did his personal information get exposed or something.

Chapter 12 – I Am Generous

Gyungsoo quickly ran up.

Jaegun, until he came up his nose, stood there. It was true that this unexpected meeting was uncomfortable and baffling.

“He...llo.”

“How did you know?”

“Yes? Ah...”

Gyungsoo read the discomfort in Jaegun’s face and stopped for a second. However he knew that this wasn’t a matter to be hidden so he quickly explained.

“The general manager told me to get over here... I was looking for the exact place and you just appeared.....”

Jaegun closed his mouth and was speechless. He didn’t feel like he needed to ask how he found out.

This line of job is small. A person who worked here works over there. A person who worked over there works over here. And then here and there and over there, people start to know each other. Perhaps general manager Ma had contacts in StarBooks.

Hetae Media knew that Jaegun wouldn't like yet they still found his address and sent a person here. Jaegun was sorting out the perfect response for this discomfort in his head.

“Writer Ha, if it's before dinner time, you should come with me...”

“I have a meeting.”

“Ah. Yes then talking while standing here is bad so we should go to a nearby cafe...”

“No. I will simply speak right here. What I want is a contract requirement.”

“Con, contract requirement?”

Gyungsoo's face revealed his fear.

This was the first time that he saw this confident and self-confirmed Jaegun. The old Jaegun wasn't like this. As they were a writer and an editor, they had different jobs, but he was like him, a powerless man.

Jaegun put up his hands and folded his fingers one by one and continued his words.

“11% royalties from 3000 copies, extra 1%, from 4000 copies, extra

1% from 5000 copies and so on. Also a contract span of two years. Electronic books should be 7 to 3. Of course the 7 is me. Send this to general manager Ma.”

“Wr-writer Ha? This, this is...”

Gyungsoo turned pale and couldn’t continue his words. This wasn’t impossible. The deal that Jaegun just proposed was a deal that A type famous writers could negotiate.

“I’m busy so I’ll assume you heard me and I’ll go first.”

“W-writer Ha. Wait a second. Excuse me.”

“Don’t follow me!”

As Jaegun looked back with a furious face, Gyungsoo stopped following and froze in place.

“Don’t follow me, and do not come to my house without my consent or there’ll be no contract. And give me the answer today by text.”

Jaegun spoke hardly and furiously turned around . Gyungsoo with his shivering body could only watch Jaegun’s figure move farther away.

“...I’m sorry. Gyungsoo-Seonbae**”

Jaegun wasn't too happy about this. However, it was the only option. As long as Gyungsoo was an employee of Hetae Media, he couldn't do anything else. So he chose this path to just completely cut them off.

When he couldn't see Jaegun anymore. Gyungsoo finally got control of himself and called his superior. The other accepted the call before the first bell stopped ringing.

“What? It ended already?”

“That is, general manager, he says he'll sign if we accept his demands.”

“Demands. What does he want?”

Gyungsoo said Jaegun's demands one by one. The other voice's breathing across the phone started getting heavier.

“This mad man, first time since his debut he's selling 1000 copies and what!?” Does this guy think he's on the level of other top writers? Is this guy going crazy because people are saying he's gaining popularity?”

Gyungsoo held his phone away from his ear and wrinkled his face. He waited until the screams were over and asked.

“What should I do now, general manager.”

“Do what?”

“Are you going crazy, assistant manager? Don’t speak nonsense and go meet that ‘My Husband is a Werewolf’ writer. Throw that Ha Jaegun guy away.”

Beep!

Phone shut off as soon as the he stopped.

Gyungsoo looked down at the floor and sighed. Skepticism filled him like a flood. Is this the dream that he had since his school days?

“Are you sure with this? The representative said to buy you expensive things.”

“I wanted to eat meat. I don’t want to go far away and I’m fine right here.”

StarBooks Tewon and Jaegun met at a popular meat restaurant sitting across each other. The employee girl came over to take orders.

“What do you want?”

“Can I have the beef rib eye serving for three first.”

Tewon didn't hesitate and bought the expensive meal that costs 30 dollars per serving. Jaegun was surprised, but he knew that the meal bought to a writer was always paid with the company card so he kept quiet.

“Before I speak, I have something to say.”

Tewon smiled and opened his mouth.

“Your book is getting printed a thousand copies more.”

“Then.... it means that one book is getting about 4000 copies?”

“Yes. Estimate about 2500 dollars. It means you're getting about 2500 dollars each month. Of course only from the paper books.”

Jaegun's smile was earnest. He didn't need to hide his feeling in front of Tewon.

Now like other employees, he had a stable cash flow of money coming in. He didn't need to worry about the gas fees or wash in cold water like fish flopping around. Life changes in a moment like this.

“If the reviews are good, then we might sell about 5000 copies per book.”

“I wish that could happen.”

“And because of that, Writer Ha, Do you have any intentions of lengthening the series?

Jaegun put down his cup and met Tewon’s gaze.

“You want me to write more of the series?”

“Yes. I’ve read until the 10th book and there’s a fight that starts in the 8th book. If we can lengthen the story from the 8th book to the 10th book, we can write about to 15 books. Other than that, the plot might break and ruin the series.”

Tewon wasn’t a editor that only looked for the gain of the company.

He wanted the ratio that also didn’t ruin the project. This was why he had a lot of popularity among writers. Jaegun also felt that too.

“How is it? If we can go till 15 books, the book may increase in popularity and we might go over 5000 books and maybe up to 6000. Your royalties will also increase by that much as well.”

“But I thought I finished the story pretty cleanly...”

Jaegun slurred his words and moved his head sideways.

A young girl was coming through the door and entering the restaurant.

With a 160 cm height, a small body and two large eyes, she had a cute impression. Jaegun felt the entire restaurant getting brighter.

“Somii, here!”

Tewon held up his hand and shouted.

The cute girl that Jaegun saw smiled, put her shoes in the cabinet, and walked over. And then, to Jaegun, she bent her waist 90 degrees and greeted him without caring about the other customers.

“Hello, Writer Ha, I am StarBooks’ employee Jung Somii. I’m late because I was parking.”

Like her face, she had a clean and happy voice.

Jaegun, with his eyes on her white socks below her shorts, awkwardly nodded to her. The cat inscribed on her sock looked like Rika. He felt good.

Chapter 13 – I Am Generous

“I should have already mentioned her during that phone call. She is the head editor for your project, Writer Ha. Sit down, Miss.”

Somii sat down next to Tewon. She reached for the cup and poured some water. Jaegun said.

“You must be tired after reading over my lacking books.”

“What are you talking about. The book is so entertaining that work doesn’t seem like work.”

“Thanks for the made up words.”

Somii wrinkled her face as if she was suffering unfairness..

“I’m serious, Mister. I’m not used to the martial arts genre, but I read your books well.”

Jaegun shyly laughed and shook his head.

It’s common for writers to get praise from the editors.

It’s more of an encouragement to help the suffering writers than a compliment.

In the past when Jaegun didn't sell well, he let the compliments slip through his ear. However, with this new book in the market, it felt different now. Somii's complements as an editor were finally reaching his heart.

Everyone's cups were full of soju, and with Somii's skillful hands, the meat was roasting well.

Common talks about daily life went back and forth across the table. When the second bottle of soju was being opened, Tewon spoke.

“Writer Ha, about the suggestion I mentioned earlier...”

Jaegun, with meat in his mouth, shook his head.

His eyes were stuck on the grill and he was deep in thought. Tewon waited calmly without intervening or adding.

“I'm sorry, but I can't lengthen the book.”

“I see...”

“I feel like I completely finished the series in 10 books. Of course, if I lengthen the series, I would get more profit, but to the perspective of the readers, I feel like that would be hard.”

Tewon's disappointment was on his face.

Unexperienced at these kind of talks, Somii sat tight mouthed. Her two ears were perked up trying to make sense of the atmosphere.

“If Writer Ha says so, I guess there’s nothing else to say. OK. Actually, it’s pretty good just the way it is.”

“But...”

Tewon, wondering what he was going to say, opened his eyes wide and held out the cup with two hands. Jaegun poured soju and continued.

“I will contract the next work right now.”

“A sequel contract?”

Jaegun laughed and replied back with a mischievous tone.

“Why are you so surprised? I thought you were going to mention first about making a sequel contract.”

“N, No. It would be great if you could do that. But with the end of the series, you must be tired and in need of some rest...”

Jaegun shook his head and cut him off.

“I’m fine. When I have momentum, I should pull it with me. I’ll send the synopsis tomorrow. And I’ll finish about 5 books before a week.”

Tewon almost spit out the drink in his mouth.

“5 books in a week?! Do you think that would be possible?”

“Actually I have some in reserve. I think I can do it.”

It was a lie.

He didn’t have a word of reserve. It was just that he had the skill of writing 10,000 words per hour now. So he was ranting about it.

“The problem is to make the rough copy good for you, but I’ll try as much as I did for Martial Rankings.”

“I believe in your writing skills. I think you have the feeling now so the sequel would be good as well.”

Jaegun drank a sip of water with a calm expression.

It was time to bring up the hard topics.

Now he was a ‘selling writer’ so it was time to bring up his worth.

Tewon was a humanly good editor who helped Jaegun from the nameless days till now. So it was harder for Jaegun to bring up the topic.

“Writer Ha, what are you thinking so hard about?”

Jaegun firmly lifted his head . With the mental attitude to talk not to editor Tewon, but to the entire Starbooks, he opened his mouth.

“Now I want to edit the contract details.”

“Ah. Yes. Of course, writer. We can’t have the same contract as last time, of course.”

“I didn’t completely make a big success yet so I have no mind to reach for unreachable conditions. Just with 9 percent royalties with a bonus over 3000 copies and...”

Suddenly Tewon took out sheets of paper from the bag. And he pulled out a contract and gave it to Jaegun.

“Would you look at this for a moment?”

“... A contract?”

“I prepared this because I thought I would be contracting for a

sequel with you. Please look through the contents. “

Jaegun shaking his puzzled head opened the contract. As he turned the pages, the feeling of surprise was getting added. In the contract were conditions better than what Jaegun secretly wanted.

“Editor, this...?”

Jaegun couldn't continue.

Basically with 10 percent royalties and 1 percent added every time 1000 copies were printed after the basic 3000 copies. The settlement ratio for the electronic books were also 6 and 4, Jaegun with 6.

Jaegun's contract way's were basically paper books.

Paper books have larger cost and there are larger risks of loss.

The publishers obviously make contracts with the electronic market in their mind. Therefore, without being a great writer, it's hard to get over 5. To Jaegun who only got one good writing, it was an unconventional condition.

“Editor? Did you prepare this earlier?”

“I thought we needed to do at least that much as a starter. Rather, I'm sorry that we could only do that much. If you blast this

new work as well, then I'll try and fry the representative to get a higher condition.”

Jaegun's heart was pounding and he could only shake his head.

He was so happy to this editor's patronizing mind that cared for him so much.

“Now, I think all the important things have been taken care of so let's concentrate and eat?”

“Yes. Of course. Eat. You too, Miss.”

“Eat and get strength, writer.”

The three people lifted their cups.

The surroundings got louder as more people came in. Even with the loudness, inside Jaegun's mind was the makings of the sequel. It was quickly taking form.

....

‘No. What is this?’

Hetae Media's main editorial department.

Assistant manager Park Gyungsoo was looking at his monitor at his spot.

Filled on the screen was the comments on StarBooks' writer Pyung Cheon Yu's new work 'Martial Rankings.'

Man in 20s: When is the 3rd book coming out.

Woman in 30s: It's really fun.

Man in 40s frequent visitor: Absolutely getting the 3rd book.

Man in 10s student visitor: my friends at school don't read anything except the Martial Ranking series.

We overfilled the volume of the first book so we couldn't get the book. Sadness.

Gyungsoo's face felt more pale because of the light from the monitor.

Gyungsoo couldn't believe it.

It has been only 8 days since he met Jaegun. But now he was on the sequel and it was starting to grow more popular than the previous work.

It was just then.

"WHERE IS GENERAL MANAGER MA?!"

The representative with rage came in to the editorial office.

Gyungsoo went pale and stood up shaking.

“Ah, I don’t think he’s in work yet...”

“Does that man know what time is it and he’s still not showing his face? Does he think he can be late just because he’s the general manager?! Call him and tell him to run! Tell him to come to my room as soon as he’s here.”

“Yes, representative.”

The representative went back furiously.

Gyungsoo plopped down on to his seat. It was terrifying just thinking of how bad manager Ma was going to get chewed after missing a hit writer.

Chapter 14 – I Am Generous

General Manager Ma Jonggu got the call and came after an hour.

He was covered in sweat because he was meeting with a writer for a contract.

As soon as Manager Ma went into the office, screams loud enough that the entire room could hear the noise. ‘You know you’ve done, so you fix it!’ came before the ‘ACKKK!', scream.

Then, the office door opened and Manager Ma came out. Limping because he was kicked in the shin, he gloomily went up to Gyungsu and said.

“Call with your phone.”

“What? W-where?”

“Ha Jaegun! Call Ha Jaegun! He blocked my phone you idiot!.”

Manager Ma shouted as he crashed his fist on to the desk

Surprised by the outburst, Gyungsu hurriedly took out his phone. Manager Ma was crouching with his hands behind his head, right before him.

At the same time.

Jaegun rang the doorbell of his parent's house. He could hear his sister Jaeyn's voice.

“Who is i... is it Jaegun?”

Recognizing Jaegun from the interphone, Jaeyn opened the door. Jaegun smiled and entered the house.

“What is it? I got no call either”

“Nothing, just it's your day off as well.”

“Funny, that's why you asked my days off yesterday? What wind blew today? You never came when I sang for you to come.”

Jaegun answered back with a laugh.

He lived like a no name writer that struggled to keep his body healthy. He was embarrassed to even show his face to his family and so that's why he refused her invitations.

However, now it was different.

Because of Martial Rankings and the sequel, the reviews were good. Now feeling the moment, he decided to visit his family. It was to give his mom a present and to alert his situation.

“Where are mom and dad?”

“Mom is in the barber, dad is at morning shift since yesterday.

Jaegun’s dad lost his job three years ago at the rescue workplace. Since then, he’s been working as a security guard at a condominium. It was a hard job with changing shift times but he never missed work other than the holidays.

“Have you eaten breakfast?”

“Yeah, it’s late, ah, wait, a call.”

Pulled out his phone, Jaegun’s eye twitched.

It was Gyungsu of Hetae Media.

Knowing what this was about, Jaegun having a small smile took the call.

“Hello.”

“Writer Ha, Hello. This is Hetae Media’s Gyungsu.”

“Yes. What is it?”

Jaegun said coldly. As he expected, Gyungsuh spit out a string of words.

“Ah, yes, this is about the contract I’ve mentioned. I’ll have to meet you and see you and talk about the contract but I think we can make your agreements. If today is good, we would like to see you.”

“I’ve mentioned that day. I wanted an answer on that day. But now it’s already been a week.”

“Th,thaat. That is because of the meetings and the internal situations we had here so we needed some time.”

“I don’t care what internal meetings Hetae Media had. The important thing is that I got no reply. So I’ll cut off if you have nothing else to say.”

The voice on the other side changed as Jaegun was going to cut off.

“Writer Ha, This is General Manager Ma Jonggu. I’m sorry that we couldn’t give you a call right away. Please give us one more chance to redeem ourselves. I’ll try not to disappoint you. Please don’t cut off. Yes? I’m begging you, sir.”

Manager Ma, afraid of Jaegun cutting off, spit out the words fast. Jaegun looked up at the ceiling and thought. It was true that he felt bad that they were begging to him this badly.

“Hello? Sir? Sir?”

“I’m thinking.”

“S-sorry. I can wait.”

Jaegun ignored Jaeyn’s look of what is it and closed his eyes. Manager’s Ma uneven breathing could be heard across the phone.

“OK. I’ll see.”

Jaegun opened his mouth reaching a decision.

“I’ll believe in your words of not disappointing me, General Manager Ma.”

“Th-Thank you. Thank you. Sir. Really thank you. When should I go? I’ll go and visit you.”

“I’m at my Suwon home. I’ll be up there by 4-5 so about...”

Manager Ma quickly cut him off.

“If you’re in Suwon, it’s that place with your family? Then I’ll go over there. I can get there by an hour.”

It was the address that he made a contract with his debut work. Jaegun, somewhat surprised, looked at the wall clock and nodded his head.

“Then I’ll do that. I’ll wait.”

“Yes, sir. I’ll be right over.”

Jaegun put his phone away in his pocket. He pulled out a bottle of milk from the fridge. Jaeyn, who was waiting, asked.

“What is it? Publisher? Listening to it, it seemed they were begging to you?”

“They’re asking for a sequel contract.”

“...sequel?”

Jaeyn just asked that and swallowed her other words.

It might be that if she continued, she might breach her brother’s sensitive parts.

It was a pain but Jaeyn knew. Her brother wasn’t a writer that a publisher would be begging this much for. He wasn’t that popular of a writer. So she was more curious about that phone call.

“I’ll go to a cafe and come back later. They should come in about an hour from Seoul.”

But Jaegun predictions were wrong.

It was about 30 minutes before the bell rang. As he looked at the interphone, it was Manager’s Ma and Gyungsu’s faces. They must have ignored all the signals coming here.

“I’ll be in the room then.”

“Sorry. I’ll be quick.”

“No it’s fine. Take it slow.”

Jaeyn went into her room and Jaegun opened the door.

“Ah. Hello, sir.”

In Manager’s Ma and Gyungsu’s hands were an expensive beef ribs set and a ginseng set. Manager Ma lifted it up and said.

“I’m sorry we came unexpectedly so we couldn’t have time to select a proper gift. I hope they will be good for you.”

“Thank you. I’ll take them.”

Jaegun was surprised.

He never had gotten such an expensive gift even on holidays.

The best was just a tuna set and a ham set that employees got.

In middle of receiving such a gift, Jaegun felt it again. His value has gone way up.

“Come in.”

Jaegun went sideways and told them to come in. since they came to the house, there was no point going to a cafe. It was better to just talk in his room. Manager Ma and Gyungsuh took off their boots and came in.

Chapter 15 – I Am Generous

“Should I get you a cup of coffee?”

“No, I drank some already. I’m fine.”

The three people sat on cushions in Jaegun’s room. In the bleak room that was vacant for so long, Jaegun first said.

“I’ll forget everything that doesn’t have anything to do with business. I won’t say any words.”

“Ahah, Yes...”

Manager Ma Jonggu could only put down his head because he felt a bit guilty. He knew it himself. It was the truth that he was harsh on the past no-name writer Jaegun. He could have done better to him, but he didn’t.

“You know the conditions that I gave to Gyungsuh, right? I’ll start from there.”

“That is, sir, the paper books conditions are fine, but the electronic book conditions are a bit... yes. Couldn’t you lengthen the contract length or give us more on the ratio? Couldn’t something like that occur?”

Jonggu was saying this, practically begging.

Even though he wasn't the type to act like a baby, Jaegun looked around and let out a sight as if he was frustrated. Just with this, Jonggu and Gyungsu became afraid and shook.

"Then let's do this."

Jaegun, even though he thought of this earlier, said like he just thought of it now.

"I'll only take 10 percent for the paper books. I don't need guaranteed circulation, and I'll take 1 percent starting from 4000 copies. But I'll keep the 2 year contract with the 7 and 3 ratio for the electronic books.

Jonggu's face showed his complicated thoughts. Jaegun added as if he was being generous.

"I'm being generous."

"Ah, Yes. Sir... but..."

It was awkward for Jonggu to contract like this.

There was no way to see how many paper books were going to sell and the market wasn't good as well. There was no guarantee that Jaegun's books were going to be a string of successes. It was his honest thoughts that he wanted to take more on the electronic

side of the business.

Just then, Jaegun held up his index finger and continued.

“If you listen to my personal request, I can maybe allow the contract year to increase to 3 years. Or maybe I can give you 1 more on the electronic settlement ratio.

“Personal request?”

Jaegun held up his middle finger and his ring finger as well and opened three fingers.

“Enter in 30,000 dollars in first.”

Jonggu opened his mouth wide enough to show his uvula.

There was no way to know what Jaegun was going to write, how many books he was going to write; there was absolutely no information on his new works. And with that, an input of 30,000 dollars, that was a huge amount.

“Wr-writer Ha...”

Instead of the flabbergasted Jonggu, Gyungsuh spoke up.

“This might be a bad question, but if you sign with us, how

many books are you gonna write for the series.”

“At least 10 books.”

Gyungsuh nodded his head and did the calculations.

The cost for a 10 book series is about 24,000 dollars if it's 3000 copies per book. To not have any losses, there constantly needs to be at least 3000 copies selling or Jaegun had to increase the series length. There was no guarantee that even 3000 copies would be sold either.

‘If we contract and make a loss...’

The thing that was left was the electronic platform.

If there was a loss, the only way to make it up was like electronic books. Hetae Media went into the electronic market a bit late. To make a profit for the company, they needed some more time to grow.

“Hmm...”

Jonggu was deep in thought pressing on his nose.

It was Jonggu's way of just throwing out writers who didn't result in money. Therefore, that was why he was afraid. He was afraid if Jaegun was going to throw out Hetae Media the same way.

“10 books... Please, you need to write no matter what until the 10th book.”

“I said it with my mouth. If the project needs more because of pacing, I would write more.”

Jonggu felt somewhat relieved but one part of his mind was still hesitant. Jaegun pulled out his phone, checked it, and showed it to Jonggu.

“Would you look at this?”

Jonggu and Gyungsu’s eyes both went to the phone screen. It contained Starbooks’ Somii’s message.

The Modern Rankings is printing 2000 more copies. The Martial Rankings is also probably printing a thousand more copies. Now it’s 4000 copies and 5000 copies. Total of 9000 copies! This is good news so I thought to tell you as soon as the news was released. Good work today as well.

“Hmmm...”

From Jonggu’s mouth came a strange chime. Jaegun ignored it and continued.

“My value as a writer is rising by the minute. There might not be a contract condition like this any more.”

“I-I’ll give it to you!”

Jonggu said with a determined face and pulled out his phone.

“Can I give a call to the General Manager?”

“You can do that. I’ll be out for a second to get some coffee and to give you some room.”

Jaegun left his room and closed the door. Jaeyn, who was leaning against the wall, became surprised and straightened up.

“What are you doing?”

“I-I was getting some water and I was checking.... Jaegun, I just heard something but 30,000 dollars? Am I hearing that right? The book you’re writing goes for much money?!”

“I was going to give some money to mom, about 3000 dollars and it’s just one zero behind it. It’s nothing.”

He was thinking before the contract. He was going to give all the money of the contract for the not so good living household. Jaeyn became excited.

“Not-not that much, with that much money, you can cover your entire rent fees...”

Jaegun with a bright face poured himself coffee.

The hot steaming water melted the coffee mix. Jaegun blew on the hot coffee a few times and drank a few sips. And before he drank all of it, the 30,000 dollars were deposited into his account.

“I’ve done it, sir.”

To Jonggu who just left the room, Jaegun nodded.

“I’ve checked it, by the SMS notifications. Thank you.”

Jaeyn couldn’t close her open mouth. Seriously, did 30,000 dollars of an amount just get deposited? To just a no-name writer like her brother?

Jaeyn wanted to ask her brother about his work or his writer. She didn’t want to give any pressure on her all ready tired brother. Also, she was really hurt from reading all the terrible comments on his books, so she didn’t bother with that either anymore. Therefore, she didn’t know that her brother had just broke the bank with his previous releases.

“I hope you will do good, sir.”

At the front of the door, Jaegun and Jonggu shook hands.

There were smiles, not person to person, but from business to business.

“Thank you. I’ll try to send you about 5 books in a week.”

You don’t have to be a friend, but don’t be an enemy.

Jaegun, with the teachings of his father, sent off Jonggu and Gyungsu with a smile. In his mind was already the making of a series that he was going to send to Hetae Media.

....

“Team Leader, Aren’t you going to have lunch?”

“Go ahead. I bought a sandwich to eat while reading.”

Game company NEXON mobile team office.

Team Leader Lee Suhee fixed her long hair reaching to the shoulder in a bun. Then with one hand, she ate a sandwich and started reading a book on her knees.

‘Hahaha, funny.’

The book that she was reading was called the ‘Pegelon’s Magician’, a fantasy type book. It was also Pyung Cheon Yu’s new

book. She finished reading his previous series and was just starting on the first book of ‘Pegelon’s Magician.’

Suhee knew who Pyung Cheon Yu was. From his debut book that failed miserably to his newest books, everything he made was on her bookshelf. Pyung Cheon Yu was the only man who, in her 27 years, made her open her heart.

“Sob, sob.”

Suhee turned her head to the random crying noise. The youngest employee Hyemi was coming to her seat rubbing her tears away.

“Hyemi, what’s wrong? What happened?”

Suhee comforted her and asked. Hyemi wiping her tears with a tissue cried.

“Sob, I’m sorry, team leader. But I really can’t work with Writer Oh. It’s so hard..”

Suhee opened her eyes wide.

It was already the 4th time that Myunghoon caused a problem, now it wasn’t a problem that was going to be fixed with nice words.

“Where is Writer Oh right now?!”

Chapter 16 – Is This Canned Food

“In the resting room... Sob.”

Suhee immediately left and went to the resting room.

Myunghoon was on the hammock. He was shaking the chair and leniently relaxing while drinking coffee. As Suhee approached, Myunghoon lifted his head and said like he was enjoying himself.

“Hey, hey, Lee Suhee. What’s up? You didn’t go get lunch?”

“I think I told you not to call me that in office?”

Suhee looked around the empty resting place and said irritated. Myunghoon got up and made a saluting gesture and answered.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. Team Leader, Lee, Su, Hee.”

Out of her mouth came huge sigh. It was a personality that couldn’t be fixed. There was no change from her college days to now. Combined with the stress of frequent overtimes and with this, her irritation exploded.

“What’s wrong right now!?”

Suhee cut right to the point?

Myunghoon laughed and sat down. He shook the A4 paper that was ripped in his hands. It was the character design that Hyemi designed.

“That woman call Hyemi, you said she was a food and nutrition major in college? I could tell from her working. Isn’t it better to tell her that she should quit Nexon and work at a high school restaurant as a nutrition master?”

“Tell me what the issue is.”

Suhee swallowed her anger and said. Myunghoon laughed and shook the paper in his hand roughly and answered.

“Issue? Yeah, it’s an issue that she can only design something like this. From the food type to the setting, there’s nothing I like. 20 year woman from a gas station is working part time and she meet a racer man? And falls in love? There’s a limit to this inducement. With a design as low as this, asking me to write a scenario...!”

Myunghoon shook his hand again and threw the paper randomly. The paper piece hung in the air for a second then fell onto the floor.

“It’s going to be hard to work if it’s going to be this way.”

“Then get me a design that’s good enough.”

Myunghoon twitched his foot and replied. Suhee's eyes became colder by the second.

“Isn’t the problem your personality, not the design?”

“Whoa, is the team leader attacking my person?”

“...let’s stop.”

Suhee went on her knees and picked up the pieces of paper that Myunghoon spread on the floor.

“Hyemi is an employee that I like. Without any concern to her major, she works hard and unlike someone, her personality isn’t messed up.

Myunghoon’s face, which was holding a smile the whole time, hardened. She met his eyes and continued.

“Attacking personalities? Who was the one that said about nutrition majors and quitting to go to a nutrition company? How can you forget something you said 30 seconds ago and say crazy outbursts? And from a prideful WR, IT, ER. “

“Let’s stop, Suhee. It’s about to get bad.”

Myunghoon’s face was getting red. Suhee laughed through her nose and turned up the conditions a notch.

“Finish the draft by 3 days. There’s a schedule so we can’t be waiting like this.”

“I can’t write anything with a trash design like this even with 30 days.”

“Then if you can’t do it, I’ll look for a different writer.”

Myunghoon widened both his eyes. Just for a second and he put his head to the ceiling and laughed hard. Suhee was looking at him with a confident smile on her face.

“You’re gonna look for another writer? In 3 days, he has to write 3 character scenarios and 10 guests and you think you’re gonna find something like that? It’s gonna take at least a day just to get used to the entire story”

“There could be if I look.”

“Work is one thing, but how are you gonna find them? How are you gonna find a writer with skill like me in 3 days, recruit him, and give him the job? Ha, Team Leader Lee Suhee, I didn’t think you were a young woman who doesn’t know the world too well.”

“If you said enough, I’ll be out.”

Lee Suhee turned around and left. Myunghoon gazed at her back

with hard eyes. If this wasn't the office and was his house, the mug in his hand would already be thrown away and broken.

Suhee coming back to her seat, took out her phone and looked up her phone number list. She found Park Jongjin and his profile. Suhee took a breath and pressed the call button

“Hey, Lee Suhee? What's going on? Calling me?”

“It's been a while, you've been well?”

After asking Jongjin his well being, she reached out across her desk for a book. The end of her white and thin five fingers were on the writer Pyung Cheon Yu's name.

“You've done a good job. Take this on the way out.”

“Ah, You knew that I like this drink. Call me if something is wrong.

“Yes, yes, have a safe trip.”

The delivery man left.

Jaegun looked down at Rika on her bed. Behind him was an air conditioner of the best quality.

Jaegun pointed to the air conditioner.

“Look at that Rika, that’s called an air conditioner, it’s cool right?”

“... Meow?”

“It’s July and the heat is about to come soon, but I have no concern. There is no need to have a cold shower every 30 minutes like last year. Why is that? Hehe, you’re curious? If you’re curious, I’ll tell you. It’s because of the air conditioner.”

“Meow? Meow?”

Rika with a confused face shook her head sideways and cried. Jaegun couldn’t stand her cute gestures and hugged her.

“I have no worries anymore. This must be like that saying about success at the end of hardship. Now I can write about books I want to write now.”

With the Martial Rankings and the Modern Rankings , the monthly money was about 5000 dollars. The Pegelon’s Magician released on Hetae Media was getting good reviews and was already printing 1500 copies. Therefore, Jonggu got to keep his general manager job.

Beep!

A call came from Jaeyn. Jaegun put Rika down and answered the phone laying down.

“Yes, sister.”

“Are you busy? Mom says she’s gonna make you a fish dinner today.”

“I’ve ate duck stew just yesterday. What’s with another fish stew today.”

“A writer has to keep his stamina. It’s not like you’re doing any other exercises or anything.”

Jaegun was suffering from constant dinner invites from his sister and mother. The house environment was so much better because of the 30,000 dollars he had given to solve the problem of the rent.

“Don’t be like that, Jaegun. Come back home, yeah? There’s no reason to be in that one room anymore.

Jaegun without answering changed his gaze. The relationship between his father and him was still pretty bad. Even though he was getting good results, he got no response from him much less an encouragement.

And there was an important problem first.

Jaegun didn't want to leave this one room. To be exact, he didn't want to be away from this room. He didn't know it, but it was the place where a writer had just changed his life.

“A call's coming in, I'll call back.”

“Do it quickly.”

Jaegun cut off the phone from her sister and took the new call.

“What's up?”

“Did you get a call?”

“What is this randomness? What call?”

“Ah, no call yet, looked in a hurry though, it's just that Suhee called and she asked your phone number and where you lived, and I told her. Fine?”

“Suhee...? What for?”

“I don't know, It felt like she wanted to ask you a favor, isn't it that? That, when we had that meeting with everyone, Myunghoon said. He was writing a scenario with Suhee at Nexon. She might be tired with putting up with him and might be asking you.

“No way.”

“Get some pride, man. You’re selling well. Anyway, call me at night, I don’t have much time left at lunchtime. I need to get some cigs and brush.

“OK. I got it.”

Jaegun lay down on the bed and looked up at the ceiling in disbelief.

Lee Suhee...

In the college days where the future looked dim, his first love, who he had to let go of because he had nothing. He had no idea why she was looking for him now.

Beep!

Jaegun, surprised at the vibrations of the phone, sat up. A phone number that was not registered was showing up at the screen. An engine sound was getting louder across the main road outside his window.

Chapter 17 – Is This Canned Food

Jaegun took the call with a nervous voice.

“Hello?”

“Is this Jaegun?”

The voice was familiar in his brain and it created a picture in his mind. He could see the woman with a beautiful smile right in front of him.

“It’s Suhee, Lee Suhee, I’m sorry I called you so unexpectedly. Are you doing well?”

The car engine sound stopped.

Jaegun walked towards the window. Across the street, there was a cloud like white car in front of him. It was a few meters long, but he could tell who the driver was.

“Hello? Jaegun?”

“I’m listening. Sorry. I’ve been fine. And you?”

“Yeah. I’m good. Fine.”

After the times that they were apart, it felt like elementary school speaking class.

“I asked Jongjin for the number.”

“Yes, I see.”

“I’m sorry I couldn’t come to the meeting with the all the graduates. I hear you’re still writing books. Good work.”

“Nah. It’s just I have nothing else I can do.”

“Are you busy? If you’re not, can I see you for a second?”

Jaegun was about to say yes but Suhee spit out a few more words.

“I’ll be real. I contacted you because of work. I’m in a hurry so I came near your house.”

Jaegun smiled at this.

She didn’t change at all. She was always the straightforward style who didn’t soften words.

“Sorry. Did you feel bad?”

“No. You see the end of the road and the 4th floor on the orange

building.”

“4th floor, yes, I see it, are you there.”

“Yes, 2nd floor... wait.”

Jaegun was terrified when he looked at the mirror. Because of the air conditioner, he didn’t have time to clean up.

His hair was spiked like a porcupine and he hadn’t shaved so his beard was growing.

“Suhee, I’m sorry but could you wait in front of my house for 5 minutes. I’ll be there.”

“Take your time.”

Jaegun ran into the bathroom.

As soon as he shaved, he rubbed his hair with his left hand and brushed his teeth with the right. When he was drying himself, it was perfectly 5 minutes.

“You cleaned?”

Suhee smiled at the front of the parking lot.

Jaegun, on the top of the stairs, dusted off his hair.

“You haven’t changed. How many years have it been?”

“I don’t remember. Come in.”

“Thanks.”

Suhee went with Jaegun in to the one room.

Jaegun asked. Suhee who was standing in the middle of the room.

“If it’s hot, should I close the windows and turn on the air conditioner?”

“No, I’m fine. Wow, you raise a cat?”

Suhee found Rika who was under the cat tower and went with a surprised face.

Rika looked at Suhee’s face, closed both her eyes and yawned.

“So cute... what’s her name?”

“Rika.”

Suhee carefully touched Rika's neck. Rika didn't reject her and accepted her touch. Still looking at her surroundings, she said.

"I can tell your personality just by looking at your room."

"Personality?"

"You only need the things you need to live. It's like looking at your bag during college."

Suhee matched Jaegun's glance and laughed. Jaegun also laughed. His heart pounded. The room felt more lively just with Suhee's presence.

"Yes... what's the work?"

"Ah, I forgot."

Suhee moved her hand that was rubbing Rika and took out some papers from her bag.

"This is the game that our company is developing. It's a racing game with some dating. I need a writer that could write a scenario with these girl characters."

"Hmmm."

Jaegun carefully read the papers that Suhee gave him.

Suhee was so nervous that her throat was dry. She was nervous that he would laugh at her like Myunghoon did.

“Ha.”

At a point, Jaegun laughed.

Suhee went pale and asked.

“Why.... laugh?”

“It’s funny.”

“What is ?”

Jaegun, with his eyes on the paper, answered while laughing.

“It is. It’s funny that a girl working at a gas station meets a racer and falls in love. It’s an idea that could easily happen. It’s good because it’s possible. It’s relatable to the public.”

“I see...”

From Suhee came a sigh of relief. Jaegun’s laugh was a positive one.

“This next character Cha Selin is also pretty good. Of course, a girl working at a construction site isn’t likely in real life. But this is a game. If you can just save the details of the construction site, you can be persuasive enough. Hey, this is pretty good. Did you make this?”

Asking that, Jaegun was still looking at the paper.

Suhee fell in deep thought as she looked at Jaegun. There was no difference from the past Jaegun and this Jaegun. The two were overlapping.

The past was like this too.

He had no other thoughts when he was reading.

He poured hot water into ramen and started reading a book, and most likely he would eat the ramen after the water had cooled.

“I’ve finished reading it.”

Jaegun turned his head.

Suhee swallowed once and asked.

“How is it? Can you do it?”

Jaegun wanted to ask “Why me” but he stopped.

The important thing was that Suhee acknowledged that he was a writer and a human. So he made a decision and nodded his head.

“I’ll try. I’ve done work at gas stations and construction sites. I’ll be able to write something funny

Suhee’s face brightened up at that sound.

“Thanks. The contract isn’t bad. After it’s released and gets 150%, there’s incentive and ...”

“It’s fine.”

Jaegun laughed and stopped her.

“I know you’ll take care of me.”

“Ok...”

“When do I need to do it by?”

“That’s the problem, Could you do it in 3 days? I didn’t show it to you yet, but you need to understand the story about the game, and it is a bit time limited.”

“3 days, I’ll do it.”

Jaegun answered confidently.

He had the power to write 10,000 letters in an hour. In two days, the only work he needed to do was to send the Modern Ranking’s 6th book to StarBooks. He wasn’t too busy.

“I’ll hurry.”

“Thanks. I should go then. I have a lot of work to do.”

Suhee took her bag and stood up. There was so many things that they needed to discuss, but it would have to wait. She rubbed Rika once more and went to the front door and wore her shoes.

“I’m fine whenever, so give me a call. And let’s eat dinner sometime.”

“Ok, Be safe.”

Jaegun sent her away and sat in front of the notebook. Rika jumped up on his legs and took his place.

“Suhee is pretty, right?”

“Meow...!”

“That was sharp. OK. You’re the prettiest and Suhee is next in line. Fine?”

Rika acted all cute rubbing his head.

3 hours later...

Suhee pulled out her phone. She was resting in the living room with some coffee when a message came.

“I’ve sent Oh Sumin and Cha Selin’s character scenarios. Check it and message me.”

Suhee opened her eyes wide and looked at the clock. It’s only been 3 hours but the scenario drafts were already in? It was not possible.

“That’s weird. Did I explain something weird to him? Did he write something weird?”

She had no hope or expectation of receiving it in one day. She was thinking at least one day if he was fast. Suhee quickly walked to her computer.

“I can’t believe...!”

Suhee was shocked when she opened the document. She sat with her mouth open.

It was a 32,000 letter scenario draft. There was almost no typing errors and Jaegun's writing was short and concise showing the two character's stories well.

Suhee calmed herself and read through the draft from beginning to end. Then she printed it for all the employees.

"This is the Oh Sumin and Cha Selin's character scenario. Read it and give me some comments."

The employees all looked flabbergasted.

They had been used to Myunghoon's extreme personality and his working style. A person like that who had just left the company in a fury today calmed himself down and finished a scenario?

"Wow, This is fun."

The first employee that spoke up was Hemii, who was a fast reader.

"The character is really in depth. The back story is good too."

Later another employee said

“The scenario, I think, took in mind the quest coins as well. The cases are all really unique, and they fit right in.”

“Did Writer Oh get something weird? I didn’t know he could write so well. He could have done this earlier and not have made so many employees miserable.

Suhee didn’t answer and only smiled. It was confirmed. It was not her biased opinion on his writing.

At that moment, Myunghoon called. She thought ‘he’ll never be a gentleman’ as she picked up the call.

“Hello.”

“I think I was a bit furious. I changed the scenario for Oh Sumin. Changed her job to a family restaurant, I sent it to your mail so check it over. It was hard for me work to such low standards. If you can’t say yes to this, I have no other words. Find another writer.

Was it the moment?

Myunghoon’s voice sounded a lot more arrogant than usual today for Suhee.

It didn't take long to make a decision. Suhee hardened her mind and asked.

“Could you tell me your bank account number?”

“Bank account number? Haha, what's that? I don't need any contract money. I don't live that life. Just read the draft.”

“No, I wanted to give you your final payment.”

“Final... payment?”

Myung Hoon's voice lost its laughing tone.

Suhee searched up the next character that she was going to send to Jaegun and continued.

“Nexon is going to revoke its contract with Writer Oh Myunghoon. I have to give you your money because of the contract. Even if it's for coming to this company even though you're not a proper employee and causing toils on everyone.”

“Su, Suhee? What are you talking...”

“I'm busy, let's cut off. Send me the number by text.”

Beep!

Suhees put down her phone. She turned her phone over when the call came again. The employees that had found their energy in a long time moved quickly to find their respective work to do.

Chapter 18 – Is This Canned Food

“What is this nonsense...?!”

Myunghoon with a shocked face murmured. Suhee’s name was blinking on the phone screen.

‘Why is she going so hard?’

Myunghoon was shocked.

He knew that Suhee was not the type of girl to make jokes.

Myunghoon looked like a person who lost his country for a while and looked towards the ceiling. Then he called Suhee again.

‘No answer? Seriously?’

The ringing echoed for a second and cut off.

He called again, but the result was the same.

Myunghoon grabbed his phone tightly and clasped his teeth together.

‘She got a new writer? No, no way. Dang it, I think I must have insulted her too much this time.’

Myunghoon was going to make her frustrated for a while and give her the scenario. He had finished the scenario draft days ago, but he purposely waited to get people frustrated.

It was simple why he did this.

Suhee didn't look at him with awe.

He wrote a paper that was considered to be turned into a drama and he had experiences with writing awards, but Suhee's eyes looking at his still looked the same. There was no difference from now and 7 years ago.

‘Dang it!’

With some thought, Myunghoon pressed another button and called another person. After a few seconds, Nexon's marketing team Manager Lee answered.

“Yeah, I wanted call you.”

“What's up, man? What just freaking happened?”

Manager Lee was Myunghoon's high school friend.

It was because of Lee's recommendation that he got to work here. The statement that Suhee begged him to work here was all just a

hoax.

“Suhee just revoked my contract. Did something happen with the creating team?”

“That is... I think they got a new writer.”

Myunghoon’s two eyes widened to the max.

A new writer? In just one day? In such a short time?

“Who, who? Who is it?!”

Myunghoon asked as if he was screaming. It wasn’t just about the writer, it was the fact that Suhee gave up on him and selected another writer that made him furious.

“I don’t know. They went to talk with my team leader. I’ll tell you when I know. I’m sorry but I have to go a meeting.

The call ended but Myunghoon couldn’t put down the phone from his ear.

His gaze went to a mirror on the desk. He felt like he wanted to destroy the face that looked back at him.

“AAAAAHHHHH!!”

Myunghoon screamed and shoved the mirror sideways.

Crash!

The mirror shattered into pieces and fell on the floor. The butler who was nearby heard this and ran over to him.

“Sir, sir. Are you ok?”

Myunghoon gave no answer.

The butler called the maids to clean up the mess and carefully asked Myunghoon.

“Uh, there was a call from the representative. He told you to finish the work by today 10 pm.

“I know.”

“And there is a meeting that starts at 7 about the woman’s new work. She said that since this is the first time that she got the main role, she wanted you to com...”

Myunghoon widened his eyes and yelled.

“I know! I’m going! Am I a child?! I’ll go take a cab or a bus, but

I'll go! Stop reminding me!"

"I'm, I'm sorry, sir."

The maids who finished cleaning up and the butler both ran away.

Myunghoon crumpled on to the sofa and breathed loudly. Why was it so hard to get the one girl that he wanted.

...

Writer Ha, the representative gave me some mussels to give to you. This is an animal and I'll be late because of some business, so can I drop it off myself?"

It was StarBooks' Somii.

Jaegun put down the package he got from Starbooks and replied.

"Then I'll be glad. As long as you're not coming here just for this, I'm fine."

"No, it's fine. I'll give you a call ^^."

Jaegun smiled. He could imagine Somii's healthy and cheerful smile.

There is a person that just takes away your stress when you meet them. Now Somii was becoming that person to Jaegun.

“Then, let me get the new laptop out? Rika, come over her.”

“Meow?.”

Rika jumped off from the window where she was sitting. Jaegun explained as he opened the book.

“This is a whopping 1800 dollar laptop. It was hard writing with the old one. First, the screen was too small, if I get stuck writing, I need to search up things on the internet and that one took about 20 seconds just to load a page.”

A silver, shining laptop showed its existence from the box. It was a 17 inch display, way bigger than Se Gunwoo’s laptop. Jaegun was smiling as he connected the adapter and turned it on.

“Did you see that Rika? It takes less than 5 seconds to boot. This is new technology, Just blink once and the main screen is up.”

“Meow?”

“It was 1800 dollars but it’s fine. I’ll be able to cover it if I just write for one day. Now it’s a new beginning with a new laptop.

Jaegun download the Word on the screen and opened the script from Suhee. It was a quest about a Oh Sumin, a girl in the game.

“Ah, maybe it’s because I haven’t wrote in so long. I’m feeling really bad.”

For the first in a long time, he had trouble thinking.

It was the scene that the main character and Oh Sumin were first meeting. It was a scene from the girl’s perspective, but he couldn’t get that feeling. It was hard to think.

Jaegun started by writing the dialogue that he thought of and started murmuring.

“Hm, Ahh, I’m sorry. Ah, really handsome man? Are you hurt? Wow is this your car? Your car is really good. I sort of hurt my leg when I got hit, wah, could you drive me to my house? Ahhhhhh,, Nooooooo. That’s not it.”

He deleted what he wrote frustrated.

Maybe it was because he hadn’t wrote a dating novel, but it was really hard to write. This wasn’t a problem that could be fixed by Se Gunwoo’s skill. It was a problem of feeling.

So he changed his mind to something he could do. He moved the dialogue to the end, and started writing with the setting of the quest.

Tap! Tap! Tappapap!

It was about 2 hours of typing

‘What is this, this...?’

Jaegun shook his head and lifted his hands from the keyboard.

It felt weird. There was no problem from the words form the keyboard. But it felt that the hands couldn't keep up with the mind.

‘It’s been about 2 hours, but i could only write this much?’

Jaegun checked the information tab. He had only written about 5000 letterers. Seeing that, his face hardened.

‘What’s wrong...?!’

The hands that wrote about 10,000 letters per hour didn’t feel right. It was because of this skill that he told her that he would send the draft by this evening.

‘Maybe it’s because of a new style that I’m not used to writing. Let me keep writing.’

Jaegun with patience started to write again.

But it hasn't been 30 minutes until Jaegun with a pale face leaned against his chair. He knew even without checking the information tab, he had lost the power of writing 10,000 letters per hour.

‘What is it, this...?’

With this, he had no confirmation that he could finish this by 3 pm. at this speed. Jaegun suddenly felt fear because of his thoughts.

‘Did I... did I lose my power?!’

Not writing the girl dialogue to not writing 10,000 letters per hour, maybe it was because he lost Se Gunwoo's power. Jaegun shivered at the thought. It was a nightmare thinking of going back to his past self.

Beep!

“Ha!”

Jaegun felt the vibrations of his phone. The phone screen read Somii's name.

“He, hello.”

“Hey, I’m at your house, You’re probably busy I’m sorry.”

“No,no, it’s fine. Come in. I’ll open the door.”

“Yes.”

Somii’s voice was bright without knowing Jaegun’s concern. Jaegun dragged himself to the front door and opened. Somii was struggling to carry the styrofoam StarBooks box across the hallway.

Jaegun hurriedly went and took the box.

“I’m sorry. I should have gotten it.”

“No it’s fine. It wasn’t that heavy. Then thanks, sir.”

Somii did a 90 degree bend and turned around. Jaegun quickly talked to her.

“Come in. I’ll give you a cup of coffee.”

“No, it’s fine. You’re busy...”

“I just can’t leave you going like this. Don’t refuse and just come in.”

Jaegun asked again. There was the feeling of getting his energy back by talking to Somii. If he was alone for anytime longer, he felt like he was going to feel depressed.

“Then excuse me.”

Somii took off her shoes and went up.

At that moment.

Somii and Jaegun didn't see Rika's two ears lighting up. One eye held Jaegun, and one eye held Somii, both were reflected in her eyes.

Chapter 19 – Is This Canned Food

“Here, sit down on this mat.”

“Ah, thank you.”

She put the mat on the ground and sat with her knees up in the air. Jaegun said because she was still carrying a heavy bag on her back.

“Just sit comfortably and take off your bag.”

“Ah, yes yes.”

“Do you want cold coffee?”

“Yes, I want it please.”

Rika came up to Somii. Somii, just then realized her existence and sat pretzel and smiled.

“Hey, you’re really cute, what’s your name?”

“Rika.”

“Ahm, the name’s Rika? Ahah, so cute, cute, ah, I didn’t mean to talk down to you, I was just talking to Rika...”

“I know.”

Jaegun laughed.

Somii, with a smile, rubbed Rika. Then she just went up to Somii’s leg, laid down, and acted all cute swinging her legs around.

‘She’s following her a lot.’

Jaegun poured a cup of coffee and with a surprised look, he gazed at Rika. Rika was following Somii more than Suhee. Like they knew each other before.

“Here.”

“Thank you.”

Jaegun gave the cup of cold coffee to Somii and went back to his laptop and sat down.

Maybe it was because of Somii’s visit, Jaegun felt a bit better and more comfortable looking at his screen.

‘It’s not my powers that have disappeared.

Jaegun confirmed by looking at the words he had just written.

What felt like Se Gunwoo's skills still lingered in his brain. He could tell by looking at his writing.

Then the reason that he couldn't write the girl's dialogue?

he concluded that it was because he lacked the female emotion.

“Sir... did you also not have any dating experience?!”

Jaegun felt an bad feeling and was asking Sun Gunwoo in his mind.

To think it was so hard to write from a girl perspective. If he knew this would happen, he would have practiced writing romance novels

Jaegun left out a sigh filled with regret while his eyes fell to the floor. Now that he lost the power to write 10,000 words per second, it was a double failure.

“Meow.”

“Rika, where you going?”

Rika left Somii's legs and went back into her house.

Comfortably sitting, in Rika's both eyes, Jaegun's and Somii's figure were becoming clearer.

“What?!”

Jaegun cupped his palm and widened his eyes.

A feeling that wasn't his was permeating through his brain.

That feeling went through like a power line and went through the heart.

“This, this...?!”

“...Sir,? What happened? Is it a headache?”

“No, no, wait.”

Jaegun put one hand to his forehead and with the other stopped Somii. Somii was about to stand up. She sat back down.

‘What? What is this happy and uplifting feeling? These aren't my emotions, this isn't what I feel.’

If it was a color, it was soft pink

If it was a season, it was late spring coming into summer,

The female emotions and feeling were coming clearer into one part of his head.

“Meow.”

Jaegun turned around because of Rika’s cry.

Then Jaegun’s front face muscle convoluted.

He felt that Somii’s emotions were coming into him through Rika. It was a mysterious event that couldn’t be replicated.

‘Then... is this Somii’s mind?’

Jaegun’s chest beat fast

His heart rate was different from usual. It was running fast and lightly like a rubber ball.

Was it the feeling that Somii got when she looked at Rika. In front of a unexplainable event, Jaegun half conscious didn’t know how to move.

“Sir... Are you sure you’re okay? It is a headache, right? If you don’t have any medicine, I could ...”

“No, I’m fine.”

Straightening his posture, Jaegun went back to his notebook.

There was a reason to test this out now. He began to write the dialogue for Oh Sumin, the girl character that he couldn’t write anything for.

‘How could this be!’

After he written one line, a feeling came to him.

The dialogue was just coming to him like a noodle getting ripped. The embarrassment when he wasn’t feeling the character disappeared and was gone.

“Somii, I’m sorry but what is your age?”

Jaegun kept his gaze on the screen and asked.

With this random question, Somii was confused, but she answered right away.

“Ah, I’m now 22.”

“You started working as soon as you graduated.”

“Yes, that is true. Before I graduated, I sent an application and I was lucky.”

Jaegun with fire in his eyes typed the keyboard

The dialogue for Oh Sumin filled the screen fast.

Instead of typing words, it felt like he was mining gold from a goldmine called Somii. The work that Jaegun was doing was just revealing the expensive gold in a beautiful way,

Somii was the best model as she had just graduated from college just last year. The two girl's age were even similar. The game character Oh Sumin was fastly getting filled with Editor Jung Somii's emotions.

“Hoh...”

Jaegun's ears twitched

It was small, but Somii's sigh was heard by his ears.

He slightly turned around. Somii was raising her knees and was rubbing her legs.

Just then Jaegun realized. The hot air was filling the one room. Somii's bare legs under her shorts were being covered in sweat.

“Ah, I’m sorry, I forgot”

Jaegun stood up like he was bounced and activated the air conditioner. Somii answered back to Jaegun who was just closing the windows.

“No, No. Writer, I’m not hot. There’s no reason for you to turn the air conditioner for me. And I was just back to go anyway.”

Jaegun, in the middle of closing the windows, turned around with a blank stare.

Somii was carrying the bag that she put down on her back again.

“You’re, leaving?”

“Yes, you’re working so I’m sorry I was bothering you for so long. Thank you for the coffee

Somii bent her waist and apologized. Instead of bothering, she had no idea that she was saving one writer.

“Can I use the sink? I’ll clean the cup and leave.”

“H,hey, excuse me, Somii.”

Jaegun was so urgent that words didn’t even come out.

He couldn't let Somii just leave. He had to keep Somii there until at least he finished the quest lines for Oh Sumin.

"It's fine, I'll clean it."

"It's not about the cup."

"Yes? Then...?"

Somii with her back on the sink looked at Jaegun.

Jaegun was far back, scratching his head and thinking of what words he wanted to say.

Beep!

The phone in his pocket rang.

It was a message from Suhee.

It was a question about the how the work was going, but Jaegun knew that hidden meaning of that message. The small message contained the urgency that Suhee was feeling.

Jaegun put away the phone in his pocket and looked at Somii.

Somii was waiting for an answer with her eyes wide open.

A word that he had just thought of turned into a sentence and left through Jaegun's mouth.

"Somii, I'm sorry but could you get canned food me."

Chapter 20 – Is This Canned Food

“Canned Food?”

Somii frowned and warily squinted at Jaegun.

The random remark from Jaegun made no sense.

“Do you not know the term. The writer’s canned food...”

Jaegun slurred his words and asked with his eyes.

After staring blankly and meeting each other glances, Somii could think of the term “canned food” from a dinner spot

“Are you talking about... that canned food?”

Even a newcomer employee like Somii knew what canned food meant.

Canned food was a term that meant caging a writer in a specific place and forcing him to write.

It was basically squeezing words out of writers who were struggling to write and their deadline was up ahead.

Either they were lazy and liked playing around, they were having

too much thoughts about their project, or their mentality is floored because they are suffering from bad reviews. It wasn't one or two so it was hard to figure out.

Jaegun, before his debut, laughed when he heard that term. He didn't feel that since it was a work that all people do, they wouldn't completely force someone to write like that.

But it was real.

It was during his 2nd series.

Jaegun was struggling because of the lack of sales so he was holding on to the 3rd book in the series for 2 months. And during that time, he got a call from the still head editor at that time, Tewon.

"Writer Ha, the writing isn't going well, right? The weather is good so you should have lunch with me to change your mood. Wear something comfortable.

Tewon said in his usual tender tone of voice.

It was weird that he asked for comfortable clothes, but Jaegun brushed it off and went to the meeting place. And as soon as he got on Tewon's car, he got dragged to the publisher's office and ate lunch with fried rice.

"Have a smoke on the roof."

They were Tewon's words to Jaegun who finished eating. He wasn't telling him to go home. He was telling him to smoke and come back.

Feeling weird, Jaegun's eyes slowly saw the office corner's scenery.

It was a rectangular shaped room with a thin and long dimension.

In the room was a computer, a table, and a small bed. The walls were half glass so the outside could see the inside.

Called the canned food jail.

It was the moment that he saw the reality.

Jaegun lived there for a week since that day.

The 3 meals of each day was solved by the editors that delivered food. After the employee's left, he went to the public restroom, locked it, connected a hose, and took a shower there.

When he wasn't eating or sleeping, he invested everything into writing. Since the only method of escape was through finishing his work, he put all his effort into it.

Then Jaegun realized.

Words could be written if they were squeezed hard enough.

He couldn't stand the employee's glances without writing anything. When he couldn't think of anything, he recited the national anthem from 1st verse to the 4th and stood strong. Therefore, Jaegun could finish it in just a week and went home dejected.

"I have to write something fast right now. There's no writer who would ask canned food, so this may be weird, but when you're around, it feels like I can think and write better."

Jaegun blocked Somii and laid out his words.

The only excuse he could think of was this.

He was sharing her emotions through Rika. If she leaves, then he can't finish Oh Sumin's dialogue perfectly.

"Do you understand?"

"Ye-? Yes, writer.... I understand."

Somii confusedly bit her lips.

Jaegun continued as his heart was burning with urgency.

“I won’t ask you to stay long. Just please stay until your remaining time. I feel like I need a editor next to me so I can write fast.”

“But with your Ranking series, that seems fast enough.”

“That was actually written before.”

Jaegun cut her off.

Somii hesitant looked at her feet. Then she checked her phone and looked up.

“About 2 hours to 3 hours...”

“Really?”

Jaegun opened his wifes wide. It was way longer than he expected. Somii nodded her head awkwardly smiling .

“I have time because I finished my work early. I don’t need to return to my office after I finish, so I was thinking to go to a cafe and edit there.”

“Do it here, the wifi is great.”

“Can I do that?”

“Of course, use the desk here, there’s coke, juice and cookies in the refrigerator so take them as you want.

Jaegun quickly set up a workplace for Somii.

Somii modestly sat in front of the desk and opened her bag. She had her laptop everywhere so she could work anytime.

‘A very strange person.’

Somii thought as she took out her notebook.

Asking for canned food to an editor who came to give a present.

It wasn’t long since she started her job as an editor, but a writer like this was a first. And it looked like there wouldn’t be another one.

But strangely a laugh came.

A man like Jaegun who randomly asked for canned food didn’t bother her at all. The room that she had never seen looked like a comfortable space that she had been to many times before.

Tap! Tap! Taptaptap! Tap!

Jaegun was already concentrating and typing.

With the energetic typing, Somii also started her editing work with new found energy.

‘Yeah, this is good, the first conservation is done. Next is at the convenience store date.

Jaegun with Somii’s help wrote Oh Sumin’s dialogue.

He had lost the power to write 10,000 words per hour, but this moment was inspiring. He wrote continuously kept filling the screen.

Beep! Beep!

Jaegun’s phone that was on the bed vibrated.

It was between the bed, and Jaegun was concentrating on his work, thus he didn’t hear it.

“There, Writer.”

It was after 2 hours, Somii said.

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Editor Tewon sent a message. There’s a StarBooks writer meeting next week, Writer Ha has to come this time.”

“Writer metting... sure.”

Jaegun didn’t think long before he accepted. His two eyes were stuck on the screen.

In the past, Tewon asked him to go to writer meetings. But he never answered. Because he was a writer that didn’t sell well. When he thought that he would be between the selling writers, He just started drinking again and again, he didn’t want to attend at all.

“Tell him I’m totally going.”

Jaegun added.

Now the situation was completely different. Now he was a dark horse and a new selling writer, so there was no reason to not attend.

“Wow, I’m hungry, Somii, do you want to eat?”

Jaegun asked as he turned around in his chair. He didn’t eat anything from morning so he was starving.

“Ah, I am a bit hungry. Should I order something from the chinese restaurant?”

“That is convenient, but I never ordered before...”

“I’ll search it up, hm, there’s a lot of them, what’s should I order.”

“I’ll take the black bean noodles, you can order something expensive. I’m buying.”

“OK. I’ll get something very expensive.”

Somii, smiling, called the restaurant. The expensive thing that she ordered was the black bean noodles, same as Jaegun. After she said the address, she cut off.

“It’ll take about 10 minutes.”

“The chinese restaurants are fast.”

Jaegun answered and stood up to pour coffee.

It was about 1 minute since he turned on the coffee pot and boil the water. As he was pouring the boiling water, the doorbell rang.

“This is so fast? Do they make these before?”

Jaegun went to the door and opened the door. But the person who was in front of the door wasn't the deliveryman with the metal bag.

Chapter 21 – Is This Canned Food

“Ah? Suhee.”

Suhee whose back was facing the sun laughed awkwardly. In her hands was a pack of sushi.

“I called but you didn’t answer,”

“Ah, really? I was working so I must have not seen.

“I was going to a place for work so I was passing by, I felt like you didn’t eat yet.

Suhee slurred her words and lifted the bag. Jaegun felt awkward. He could only think of the black bean noodles that Somii and he ordered.

“Ah?”

Suhee glanced downward. Pink sneakers that weren’t there before were laid orderly there. It was a small size so it was obvious that it was a girl’s.

“You have a guest at your house.”

At that moment that she said that.

Somii appeared in the back of Jaegun. The two girls who didn't know each other couldn't greet or say anything so they stood there close mouthed.

Jaegun explained to both sides.

"Ah, this is my publisher's editor Jung Somii, and Somii, this is my college friend Lee Suhee. She's the team leader at a game company and the game scenario I'm writing is from her as well."

"Ah, hello, I'm Jung Somii."

"...Hello."

Unlike Somii who greeted with a full bow, Suhee just slightly nodded her head.

"Come in."

"Hm."

Suhee took off her shoes and went in.

There were two desks and two notebooks. One was Jaegun's and one was Somii's. Looking at the feeling of the room, it felt like they were in there for a long time.

‘Strange.’

Suhee didn’t understand.

Jaegun was writing the game scenario that she had given him. It was a work that she had no relationship with Somii so why are they together. Unlike the editor-writer relationship, it felt to her that it was more of a girl-boy relationship.

“Sit here.”

Jaegun took out the legs of a folding table and said.

“Actually we ordered two bowls of black bean noodles.”

“Ah, really? Then I might have bought this for no reason.”

“No, it’s fine. I eat sushi well. Also one bowl is probably not enough. Do you want anything? I can call and add one.”

“No I’m fine. I already ate.”

Suhee lied. The sushi was also for 2 because she was going to eat with Jaegun. Now she didn’t feel like she wanted to eat with a girl that she had never met before.

“How’s work?”

“Ah, It’s going well. Only need about 2 more hours until the Oh Sumin quests are done. Since I have a editor’s eyes, the progress is going great.

Jaegun smiled as he glanced towards Somii. Suhee looked at the awkwardly smiling Somii and continued.

“Are you waiting for Jaegun’s finished work?”

“No, I already got Writer Ha’s works.”

“Then why...?”

Instead of Somii who couldn’t answer very well, Jaegun answered.

“I asked her to give me canned food.”

“Canned food?”

“Yeah. I’m a person that writes better with an editor, so I grabbed Somii who was planning to leave after delivering a gift.

“I see.”

Suhee nodded her head acting unemotional and straightened her legs. The bad feeling didn't disappear but it was awkward for her to ask further so she switched the topic.

“Next week is Professor Han Hesun’s birthday, you know?”

“Ah, it’s already next week, I know.”

Han Hesun was the professor that taught modern novels in college. Jaegun with many other student admired her. She was a great teacher that gave it all to teach the students.

When students went with their own works outside office hours, she never rejected them. She guided them word by word with passion. So that was why many students even though they graduated still visited her.

“Are you coming? It’s Saturday night.”

“Hm, Saturday?”

“You liked her. Let’s go together. Call Jongjin, too.”

“Ok, I know, let’s go.”

Jaegun answered willingly. Then Somii who was next to him asked in a quiet voice.

“Saturday night?”

“Yes? Why?”

“It’s only... the writer’s meeting is on Saturday night.”

“Ah, really?”

Jaegun was nonplussed. The meeting that he declared that he was definitely going to go was on the same day.

Suhee’s two eyes narrowed and were showing her light. But she came back to her normal calm expression and said smoothly looking at Jaegun.

“The writer’s meeting is from the publisher right? If it’s not a meeting that’s urgent then let’s go together, professor’s birthday is one day a year.

Before Jaegun could answer, Somii answered.

“The writer’s meeting doesn’t happen that often either. And StarBooks really wants Writer Ha Jaegun to attend. He’s writing very good books so the place will shine if Writer Ha goes.”

It was Somii with a careful tone but she said everything that she wanted to say.

Suhee tilted her head to one side.

“There’s not just one or two people from the publisher. Is there a problem that Jaegun can’t attend?”

“That’s not the reason. The other writers would also definitely want to see Writer Ha. As I said, he is writing great books right now.”

“But Jaegun should choose right? I asked first too.”

“Oh, you didn’t know. He already agreed to go to the writer’s meeting before you came.”

The two girls were having a conversation smiling at each other. But with their glances and their eyes, Jaegun could feel the heat from their conversation.

‘What is this? Did Somii also get a bit angry?’

Somii’s emotions coming from Rika became rougher.

The bright spring blurred and it was turning to a gloomy place about to storm thunder.

Ring!

The delivery man's ringing looked to Jaegun as a savior's ringing. He bounced up, took his wallet, and went to the front door.

"It's two black bean noodles right?"

"Yes, here."

Jaegun handed over the money and brought the noodles to the table. In the mood between Suhee and Somii, who were both looking at each other, felt very cold.

"Somii, eat. Suhee, won't you eat a bit?"

"I'm really full. Don't mind me and eat."

Until the meal was over, no one spoke, Suhee was looking outside the window sipping coffee.

'Ah, I feel like I'm gonna have a bad stomachache.'

He stood up after he ate the sushi and the noodles. It didn't feel like eating too much was the only reason for a stomachache.

"Thanks for the food. Now I'll be going."

Somii was getting up as she finished eating.

Jaegun couldn't hold her any longer. To put the bowls outside as well, he brought her to the front door.

"Thanks for today."

"I just did my job today next to you. Thanks for the meal. I'll see you again, sir."

"Bye."

Jaegun left Somii and went back to his room. Suhee was still looking out the window touching her coffee cup.

'I can't connect with Suhee.'

For some reason, no emotion could be felt from Suhee. The thought came that maybe it was because Rika was rejecting her.

'There's no other way. I don't have much time so I'll have to write like I was writing before.'

Jaegun sat back down and put his two hands on the notebook.

He was about to start, when he was curious about Suhee and turned around and asked.

“Are you ok? No need to go to the company?”

“I’m the team leader. There’s no need to be in the company forever. I have no meetings as well.”

Suhee with a slight smile continued.

“I’ll help you do canned food as well.”

“What?”

“I’ll be with you until you finish the game scenario. You said that was personality type? I’ll say again, I am in a hurry.”

“Ah, Hm... ok.”

“You don’t like it?”

“No, no, that’s not it”

“How long will it take?”

“Hm, about 3 more hours.”

Rika went up to Jaegun’s knees and crouched.

Jaegun caressed Rika's neck. His glance that he just randomly threw around was being stuck on Se Gunwoo's old laptop.

'...Maybe?'

A thought passed through Jaegun's brain like lightning.

It was the urgency to finish this scenario by today that made him not think about that.

He had thought that Se Gunwoo's powers had just went through him with his body. But now, he had felt something new with Rika: the power to share emotions.

Therefore, he hadn't thought of that. Maybe the power to write 10,000 words was stuck in that laptop of his?

'Maybe the machine has that power? It's possible. The things that happened to me all made no sense.'

Jaegun pushed his new laptop away and turned on Se Gunwoo's laptop. Suhee asked puzzled.

"Why change? It looks very old."

"It thought that maybe a laptop that feels right to the hands might be better.'

Jaegun said and moved the file to Se Gunwoo's laptop and opened it. And he started with Suhee watching him.

Tapapapap! Tap Taptaptap! Tapapapapapapapap!

'This is it!'

The finger couldn't even be seen moving across the keyboard.

He could tell by typing. It was because of the computer that he was able to type so fast. It was different from the power that came through his head.

"Incredible...! Jaegun, were you always this fast?!"

Suhee was completely baffled with her mouth opened.

It was creating something from his head not something that was already written. But it was this fast.

"Just wait a second. I might be able to finish in about an hour."

"O, ok."

Jaegun did what he said. It was about 1 hour when he finished. He stood up and said to Suhee.

“Look it over and tell me.”

Suhee with a doubt sat in Jaegun’s chair and started reading. As she got into the book, she started to smile. With a clear meaning plus humor, everything was there.

“It’s funny.”

Suhee said with her eyes on the screen.

“This is great. You’re great. It’s been awhile since I’ve worked beside you. How could you do something this good... I saw you differently today, Jaegun.”

“Don’t lift me up too much.”

“I’m not. This is good. Therefore, the urgency has been cleared. Let me send this to my email.

She got up after she sent the file to her email. Jaegun finished his work so now she had work to do.

Putting on her shoes, Suhee joked.

“You really didn’t want to be with me, right? You finished this so fast.”

“What are you talking about. It was because you looked over me that I was able to concentrate so well. You used to look over me in college as well.”

“You speak well as always. And thanks. Ah.”

Suhee turned around as she was about to leave.

“You’re coming? Professor’s birthday.

“Ah, Hm.”

“Call me, ok?”

Suhee didn’t wait for him to confirm and just ended it there. Jaegun nodded. Suhee laughed for the last time and disappeared through the hallway.

“Haa.”

Jaegun stretched, being in the room with only Rika around. Maybe it was because of the stress, but he was completely exhausted.

‘But I can’t rest here.’

Jaegun walked with light in his eyes . He need to check

something quickly. The mug cup, the glasses and the pen all went into his hand. They were all things that were with Se Gunwoo's laptop.

Chapter 22 – Cheer Louder (1)

“Let’s take a look at each one.”

Since he found out the powers that Rika and the laptop had, he had the thought to find out the powers of the others. It could be possible that every one of Se Gunwoo’s things had a special power or gift in them.

‘First the fountain pen.’

Jaegun took the pen and opened the notepad. He hesitated and thought about what he was going to write. He finally wrote his name.

‘What is it.’

Nothing happened.

He thought he had to write a sentence so he wrote the korean national anthem 1st verse. But he finished with the period and nothing happened.

‘No idea. Let’s find out later.’

He pushed away the pen and lifted up the horned glasses. It felt awkward to Jaegun who had good eyesight and didn’t need any glasses in his life before.

‘This one looks like nothing too.’

Jaegun went to the window and looked outside.

It was the same looking through the glasses. There was nothing that appeared or changed in appearance.

‘Let me read something.’

Mad with reading books, Jaegun opened the Modern Rankings file on the laptop . and he started scrolling to read the words that he wrote.

“Ah? What is this?”

Jaegun’s two eyes from the glasses twitched.

It’s only been 1 minute since he started reading, but already 1 third of a book’s entire document was moving.

“Am I reading this fast because I wrote it?”

Jaegun went to the desk and picked a book.

It was a book he used in college, the Korea Literature Lecture.

The book had a lot of pages which had small words so it took a long time and effort to study the book.

Jaegun opened the first page standing up.

After the header came the 1st page. Hard words and sentences came up into his eyes, and his fingers quickly started flipping through the pages.

“What is this!”

Jaegun muttered, looking blue, looking at the last page of the book.

By the time, it was barely 5 minutes, he had finished reading this thick book in a short timespan.

Jaegun pulled out another book and read it as another experiment. It was the same result. Only it was even faster this time, it took about 3 minutes to finish the entire book.

And there was another fascinating event occurring.

There were words that looked bolded to him as he was reading. When he looked closer, they were typos and false epitaphs.

‘I can see epitaphs? With just these glasses?’

Jaegun's heart rushed.

These glasses were just an editor's eyes. There was the power to see typos and errors in such a fast speed. When he would be revising, this would increase his efficiency by tens to hundreds.

'The thing that's left is... the mug?'

As he went to the sink and lifted the gray mug, he had a memory.

It was a memory that his body not his mind felt. Jaegun felt like he knew the answer as he poured a instant coffee into the cup.

Jaegun brewed cold coffee. And as a test, he drank the entire cup in a flash.

'The tiredness disappeared.'

Energy was flowing through his body that was just stressed moments ago.

He felt rested like he slept over 10 hours.

Jaegun then could finally confirm his suspicions. With this mug, he could drink anything and instantly recover his energy.

'The floor of the mug turned white? Wasn't it originally gray?'

He didn't notice it before because of his lack of attention. The gray floor turned white. It was obviously gray before he poured the coffee.

Jaegun put down the cup and looked down at the floor.

Then, from the floor, a gray dot slowly appeared. With patience he looked, and he discovered that the dots were getting bigger at a slow speed. It was going to take a lot of time for the floor of the mug to turn gray.

'Is it that I need to wait until the gray floor appears so I can use it again.'

There was no way to check now. He was going to check when Jongjin or Suhee or Somii or someone came over.

Jaegun put down the mug on the sink and returned to his desk. The two hands on the keyboard were recording Se Gunwoo's items.

Laptop – Has the power to write over 10,000 words per hour.

Fountain pen – Still checking.

Horned glasses – Takes 3-5 minutes to read a book. Power to check errors and typos.

Mug – The stress disappears and energy appears when something is drunk from this mug.

Rika – Rika can give other's emotions as a carrier to me. There must be a condition as it worked for Somii but not Suhee. Not sure yet.

Jaegun's fingers stopped as he finished the Rika category. Then he thought of one more thing and added another line of sentence.

Ha Jaegun – Inherited the great writer's powers.

Jaegun laughed as he read his document.

From the outside of the window, the mountain with Se Gunwoo's resting place was showing. Jaegun thought of something to do, stood up, and said to Rika.

“I'm going to clean the writer's house. You want to come?”

“Meow”

Rika rolled her tail and came closer as if she understood. Jaegun lifted her and went to the door to put on his shoes.

“Let's go to the market first. I need to buy a scissor to cut the weeds. And since I'm cleaning I should go pour him a drink as well. I'm sure he would like it if I made his a 오십세주?”

Jaegun said to Rika and walked out confidently.

There was nothing to be afraid of. He had the confidence to take anything or any issue that came to him.

.....

“Hey, you idiot! Can’t you drive!”

The driver’s words couldn’t get into Myunghoon’s ears.

Myunghoon was driving his sport car in the road.

As he started from his house, the average speed was over 100km, the destination was Suhee’s workplace NEXON.

“The writer’s name is Ha Jaegun. He must be a writer who released some martial arts and fantasy novels, and he’s apparently an alumnus of Team Leader Lee Suhee, then isn’t he an alumni of yours as well?

It was his high school friend and the NEXON’s marketing team employee Manager Lee.

He got so angry as he heard this that he lost his mind. So he was driving to see Suhee.

‘How could this ...! How dare you push this Oh Myunghoon and hire a person who has no award experience to write a scenario?! Are these words or dog barking?’

He felt like his head was turning when he heard that he was

getting replaced. But now that he knew it was Ha Jaegun, Myunghoon felt so angry that his teeth were about to break as he was grinding them so hard. He wanted to destroy everything that he saw.

CERERRKK!

As he parked his car on the parking lot, he went straight for the elevator.

His rough breathing went up to his neck. His shoulders were shaking as he pressed the elevator button.

“What reason did you come for, sir?”

The woman at the information desk said to Myunghoon.

Myunghoon didn’t even think about fixing his necktie on his back and went up to her and talked.

“Bring Lee Suhee.”

“Yes?”

“Lee Suhee! Bring the team leader Lee Suhee!”

Myunghoon crashed his fist down on the table.

The woman became pale with fear and was walking back.

At that time.

“What is this?”

Myunghoon's two eyes widened angrily; He turned to the place where the voice came. His face was hardened and shaking. He could see Suhee who was holding a suitcase across her chest.

Chapter 23 – Cheer Louder (2)

“This isn’t your house. This is work. What are you doing just coming here? And a person with no business here as well.”

“Then why do you not respond to your calls and make someone come here!”

Myunghoon shouted with his two eyes wide.

In the shadow, Suhee’s facial expression became a level colder.

“I don’t want to call the police so lower your voice.”

“What? Police?”

“Talk outside.”

Suhee went outside first, pressing the door button.

Myunghoon looked at her with burning eyes and strided towards her.

Without stopping, the place they reached was the resting place in the corner of the building. Suhee with her back to the window crossed her arms.

“Say it. What do you want to say?”

“What is your reason for hiring Ha Jaegun?”

Myunghoon roared as if he was waiting. Suhee didn't avoid his eyes and answered straightly.

“Because he writes well.”

“... What?”

“You were right. It's hard to find a writer and hire one in such a short time. But good thing I had connections. An alumnus called Ha Jaegun who writes well.”

“Ha Jaegun writes well? To the point of pushing me out?”

“Speak straight. The person who said that the draft was bad and refused was you first. And Jaegun is good enough to write a game scenario like you. Even could be better.”

Myunghoon bit his teeth. His short beard that he forgot to shave was shaking.

“That fool... writes as good as me? Even better?”

“He was originally good at writing. He knows to listen to others,

he knows to observe, he tries to feel one more thing that could help hims write. He's a writer with good tendencies. Those show up in his writing.”

“Nonsense.”

“He was top in our class and even the two classes above. That’s what Han Hyesun professor said. You went there too, hm?”

Myung Hoon filled with rage had a fierce carving on his face.

“Yeah? Then why his a person like that not getting the spotlight? He writes martial arts or fantasy and even those don’t even sell well, right? It was pitiful seeing his facial expression and clothes that was so dirty at the alumni meeting.

Suhee didn’t back up. She, like him, had a sculpture face, tilted her head, and countered.

“Ah, did you not know? Jaegun is really good now. His recent three works fantasy and martials arts all printed more copies.”

“Three works... all printing more copies?”

Myung Hoon’s face had the blood sucked out of him.

Myunghoon knew the market right now of the books. His dad was a representative of a huge publisher and he was also a writer of

a romance novel so he knew even though he didn't want to know.

In this hard market, he printed more copies of 3 works.

Myung Hoon's face was filled with distrust. It was probably a false statement to get him angry.

"I think this conversation is almost done so I'll leave. If you don't believe me, check on your phone. You know Jaegun's pen name, right?"

Suhee walked one step. As she passed Myunghoon, who was flabbergasted and was grinding his teeth, she continued.

"Jaegun now found out. How to consider for the readers in his own way. Now there's huge expectation to see how far he could go."

Suhee got farther clicking her boots Taptaptap. Myunghoon didn't move until the sound couldn't be heard. He was frozen like a statue.

'No way...! In that short span, he wrote 3 series... and even printed more copies?!"

Myunghoon with shaking hands pulled out his phone and went to the internet.

He printed the name ‘Pyung Cheonyu’ and searched. Down came the comments from the readers.

-Ramada : Read funny;;;; I went to high school and this is work that made me find fantasy again.

-Yunlong : Please make the next book of the Modern Rankings fast. It might be hard to write 2 books per one month, but couldn't you write 3 books in 2 months.

-Chun Dukyoung : Value is over 500% This is a work to be bought, not borrowed.

-MokMa : Buy 2 books, buy 3 books, buy 4 books, hhhhhhhhhhhhh~

Average score was over 8 points.

With the ranking series and the new Pegelon’s Magician book, all of them were having good reviews. It wasn’t a false statement that Suhee made. In that span, Jaegun was turning into a successful writer.

“Dang it!”

BEAWEP!

Myunghoon threw his phone on the ground. And like a crazy

person, he crushed it with his foot many times. He didn't want to use a phone that searched the person he hated the most ever again.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!”

With his rough breathing, he came back to the car. He pressed the accel.

He had to meet his dad by schedule, but he was heading to his favorite bar. He was going to go crazy if he didn't drink and hug any girl.

Tap! Tap! Tapapapap! Tap!

At that time when Myunghoon was busy struggling.

Jaegun was diligently typing in his one room without knowing the time going by.

‘Got it, as a twist, hit the head her... but even this hit was in the plan of the main. Haha, this is funny even if I see it.’

Jaegun already finished the Modern Rankings 10 books and handed it in. He finished the Modern Rankings like the Marital Ranking in 10 books cleanly.

The thing that he was writing was the 8th book of Pegelon's Magician that was contracted with Hetae Media. With this flow, it

looked like he was going to go to about 12 – 14 books.

‘Let’s finish it and go comfortably.’

Jaegun was planning to write as much as he can before the plans this Saturday. Because there were things that he needed to write next month.

With the money that came in from these books, he had enough money to live. He could have fun every day and have some left.

Now that he had some lenience he wanted to write the things that he wanted to write. Even as to get recognition from his father who didn’t like his writer son.

Jaegun didn’t rest a day.

When he worked up, he wrote 14 hours a day in Se Gunwoo’s laptop. Each day, there was always a book’s worth of words filling up in his folder.

When he couldn’t stand it anymore, he could a drink from the mug and restored his energy. As he found out, the mug needed about a day to restore the power when he used it.

“Ha, Finished!”

Jaegun shouted as he finished revising with Se Gunwoo’s glasses.

Rika who was playing on her own went up to his knees and scratched his chest congratulating him.

“Pegelon’s Magician is already 8 books. Because there’s a lot of events, I might be able to write over 10 books. That general manager Ma would be really glad, Hm?”

As he thought about Hetae Media’s Ma Jonggu who was going to be shaking with happiness and flattering him, a fake laugh came out of him. With the word that he was going to write over 10 books, he sent a email with the file attached. Jaegun then hugged Rika and went to the bed.

Jaegun’s expectations were right. As Hetae Media’s Ma Jongju went to work and checked his email, his body shook with happiness. He even twirled his fist up in the air.

“Nice!”

With another extrac copies added, it was 6000 copies for Pegelon’s Magician. The fact that he was going to write over 10 books were like a rain in a drought.

Jongju immediately went to Park Gyungsuh and said to him.

“Assistant Manager Park, Writer Ha is going to write more than 10 books and not finish at 10.”

“Really? Wow, that’s amazing?”

Gyungsu looked up from his monitor and answered.

As the contract with Jaegun succeeded, the environment became a lot friendlier. Therefore, the times that Jonggu, who got mad easily, got mad decreased a lot.

“I should send him a present.”

“What should we send? Should I look for a food or a energy restorer?”

“No, not something so common. We sent expensive meat and ginseng last time. Now we can live about 2 months without getting told by the representative, so anything better

As he was thinking, Gyungsu’s eyes focused on a laptop. As it was a thing that had a close relationship with the writer’s finger, a thought came to him quickly.

“Sir, what about a keyboard?”

“Keyboard?”

“A machine keyboard. As the keys are different by key, the stress is less, and the feeling is good too. Writer Ha should be happy if we send one.”

Jonggu snapped his fingers and stood up.

“Ha, that’s a good suggestion. Park, search it up. Buy a good one not any cheap one. It doesn’t matter if it takes over 3-400 dollars.”

“Yes, sir.”

Jonggu went to the representative room to report happily. Gyungsu also with a smile looked up a keyboard online.

At that same time,

Unlike Hetae Media, StarBucks office had a cold environment around it.

BAM!

“What are you doing!”

Representative Park Jeguk slammed his fist on the desk and shouted.

“You must have angered him somehow so he went somewhere else! It went up to 6000 copies! I told you to hold him hard, but you let him make a book somewhere else?!”

The reason that Jeguk was mad was because of the Pegelon’s

Magician that was released in Heate Media. As he heard that it got more copies twice, he was filled with anger and he brought Tewon to scream at.

“AH? And you’re a editor? The company’s profits are decreasing every month and how can I do anything believing in you! Now you worked 10 years so you filled with it? Why are you doing your work so lazily!”

Tewon instead of answering swallowed.

In his 9 years of StarBooks, he had never done any work lazily. He tried hard for the company’s profits. It was the days that he spent day, night and weekends for work.

There was a lot of profit because of the Marital Rankings and the Modern Ranking. It was obviously more than Hate’s Pegelon’s Magician.

But the representative wasn’t satisfied with that. He felt displeased and dissatisfied that he missed on Pegelon’s Magician.

“Anyway do well this Saturday! Make Ha Jaegun come to the writer’s meeting. And make him sign the sequel contract!”

“....”

“Why do you have no words? Understand?!”

“Yes sir.

“Leave!”

Tewon with his shoulder depressed left.

He stood there standing in the long hallway. It was a hallway that he went by a lot in his 9 years. But now, he couldn't remember the way to the office.

‘It's hard.’

He was now 44.

It's not old but it's not young.

He got the title of editor by coming from the floor.

Now as a worker, there was no other place to go up to.

How long can I hold this place. He felt scared thinking about the future. The representative family and friends were getting the company one by one so the worries were increasing.

“Ah, Editor.”

Somii met at the office entrance.

Somii had many hamburgers in a bag. Tewon asked with sigh, knowing what it was.

“Did assistant manager Go tell you?”

“Ah... I needed to go to get some money out anyway.”

Somii hesitated and answered hesitantly.

Of course Tewon didn't believe her. The fast food restaurant was on the first floor of the next building. The ATM was on the same building same floor.

“Go and do your work.”

Tewon didn't speak any more and sent Somii. He was planning to bring Go and tell him so he could understand. He had already gave him warnings. The habit of making new girl employee's do small tasks didn't seem to get fixed.

Tewon leaving the office went to the convenience store to get cigarettes. As he opened the bag of cigarettes that he quit over a year ago, he called Jaegun.

“Yes, Editor.”

Chapter 24 – Cheer Louder

“Hello, Writer Ha, Are you busy?”

“No. I sent in all the Modern Ranking Series and I’m pretty free. Tell me.”

Jaegun’s voice was brighter than anytime before.

Tewon, with his tongue, wetted his dry lips. Feeling a unknown anxiety, he carefully opened his mouth.

“I wanted to talk about the sequel.”

“Ah, the sequel.”

“I know it might be hard, but following this momentum, it might be good if we release another project. What do you think?”

“Hm, that...”

Jaegun’s voice lost a lot of strength on the other side of the phone.

Tewon also lost some energy. Jaegun answered back to Tewon who was sitting down in front of the convenience store.

I haven't thought about the sequel yet. And recently I have been writing a lot of projects consecutively."

"It could be, there could be health issues."

"I'm telling you because you're the editor, but I'm writing a different work that I'm planning to release it to an exhibition contest."

"Exhibition contest?"

"Yes, it's called the Digital Literary Award that the Minister of Culture and Tourism is hosting. There was a novel that I was working on from my college days so I wanted to work on that and release it."

Tewon had a bitter smile on his lips.

"Ah, yes, OK. You write great so there will be a great result."

Tewon pressed his regret down and answered with encouragement. He knew that Jaegun was a person that had unlimited energy when writing. Therefore, even though his book didn't sell well in the past, he opened his heart to him more than he did with the other writers.

"You're coming to the Writer's meeting on Saturday, right?"

“Yes. I should come. I promised Somii so I’ll be there.”

“OK, Writer. Then keep working and I’ll see you in the weekend.”

“Yes. You too, I’ll see you later.”

Cutting the call, Tewon took out a cigarette and bit on it. And he realized he didn’t have a lighter.

‘Should I smoke later.’

Tewon put away the cigarette back away and stood up. He was going to put away buying a lighter for later. In the cloudy summer sky, it was about to pour rain.

.....

Vroom!

“Acck, Hey! Rika! You crazy?!”

Jaegun was startled when he came out of the shower.

Rika was scratching the T-shirts that Jaegun was going to wear when he was going out. There was already at least 3 holes.

“What are you doing? Are you telling me to not leave? Huh?”

Jaegun lifted Rika who made the T-shirt into a rag and asked. Rika only turned her head as if saying what did I do wrong.

“Ah, this is bad. This was the best that I could have worn.”

He hadn't bought any good clothes in the past years. Since his job of writing wasn't turning out very well, he didn't have time to care about clothes.

It was also because he was poor.

He had some times when he wanted to show off, but it was the days that he didn't feel right even buying a shirt from a cheap mall.

“Rika, Let's get your nails cut. I'll learn once, and next time I'll do it for you.”

“Meow.”

Jaegun shuffled through the smelly drawer and found a navy shirt.

It was old so the color on both shoulders and the back section was changed. It was better than the others, so he put the shirt on.

“Thanks Rika for making me spend money. I’ll come back as soon as I can so have fun.”

“Meow, Meow,”

Jaegun left home and hurried.

It was Seoul, but it was a remote place so he had to walk a distance to get to the intersection with the subway. The sun was hot so soon, his back was sweating.

Jaegun arrived at the subway. He went into a building connected to the department store. The air conditioner air came and cooled down his heated body.

‘I should totally change my mold.’

Jaegun thought as he looked at his clothes.

He was only going to buy the top. But now, everything from his jeans to the shoes were worn out. They were really old clothes that he had worn for a long time. It wasn’t a short time that he was a one-suit man.

Jaegun went around and moved to the store that fit his preferences. It was the brand that he didn’t even dare to look around in.

A girl employee smiling met him.

“Come in. Do you have anything you’re looking for?”

“I’ll search myself.”

Jaegun picked a navy PK shirt and a baize slacks and put in on the counter.

As the barcode was scanned, the price on the monitor of the two clothes went over 400 dollars.

“Good work.”

“Yes, Thank you. Come again.”

Jaegun went to the shoe store and bought a summer ropper and went to the bathroom. Then on the closest stall, he changed clothes and came out.

‘I should get a haircut, too.’

Since he changed into the new clothes, now the dirt hair came into view. Since he didn’t have much time left, he pushed going to the barber to tomorrow.

Jaegun only put the jeans in his bag and threw away the shirt and

shoes in the trash can and left.

When he looked at the clock, there was only 30 minutes until the meeting time of 4.

It was going to be late if he rode the subway so he took the cab, which was almost unplanned for.

“Come in.”

“Thank you. Myung Kyung college Nadon please.”

Sitting on the back of the starting cab, Jaegun took out the novel script.

It was over 80 pages printed.

The title was ‘Child of the 90s’. The entire work was 12,000 so it was perfect for a short novel.

‘Would the professor like this?’

It was a story that he started writing from college.

After the 30s, it was a growing up drama that changed from past and present and showed friends’ friendship and betrayal, and the cold but hopeful reality

Jaegun once showed this to Professor Han Hesun and got terrible reviews. The professor's words was that the story had no center and there was no difference between if it was a story or a essay.

"Jaegun, maybe you should think about what standard you want to put on your writing? This feels like a diary that only puts in more time than other people. It can't be a story. It's only a personal story of your self-pitying. Who would buy this writing that doesn't even cost its price? You can bring any practice writing anytime, but please don't give me a pathetic writing like this and waste my time with it. I hope you'll have that much in you."

Jaegun didn't show it, but he felt a huge shock.

It was a work that he put effort in to.

But the professor only kept the cold attitude and didn't give one word of encouragement.

Jaegun poured himself drinks after drinks and shoved the draft deep into his drawer.

Jaegun forgot all about, until he got Se Gunwoo's powers. He took it out and revised the entire story.

'It might be only me that's feeling good. Fantasy and regular novels are different. If she says anything, there's nothing to do but to revise it again.'

Jaegun understood the professor's skill deep inside him. With her review, 70% was accepting of it.

With the time of showing the draft coming closer, Jaegun soothe his nervous mind

'I want to win...!'

A winning book that is released has the 'Literature Award winning book' in ribbons around it in the book stores.

This was Jaegun's hope. He thought this was the only way to get recognition from his father.

He couldn't get recognition from his father with just money

He need to get awards and get the honor that comes from this.

His dad, who was an 'old person', only thought books were paper books that he could buy from book stores. He didn't think fantasy or martial arts and other genres were books at all. He didn't say anything, but as his son, Jaegun thought so.

"Can I put you down here?"

Jaegun's taxi arrived at its destination.

Jaegun, out of his thoughts, pulled out his wallet.

“Yes, thank you. Here.”

Jaegun knocked on the door of the professor’s personal lab. Door 403.

‘Come in’ was said by a girl’s voice, and Jaegun opened the door.

“Hello professor,”

“Jaegun, come in.”

Professor Hesun, in her late 50s, widely smiled and stood up.

Above the desk, a huge pile of documents was stacked like a mountain.

“You must have been screening a contest right now.”

“Yeah, there has been a lot of contestants so it’s been a toil. I’ve looked through about 30 or so but I haven’t found anything good. Coffee?”

“I’ll pour it.

Jaegun didn't even ask and poured two cups of coffee. He knew He Sun's coffee preferences. After he poured his coffee with one spoon of sugar, he gave the pale black coffee to her.

"Thank you. Your coffee is the best."

"It's only coffee. Happy Birthday."

"It's fine, what's so good about getting another year. But before that, did you bring the book?"

Hesun, who didn't like greetings, went straight to the point.

Jaegun nodded his head and pulled out the book from his bag. Then he politely gave it to her to two hands.

"Is this a book that is good enough so it won't waste my precious time?"

Jaegun couldn't answer straight away. After thinking of the nights that he spent with his eyes burning red, he answered with prudence.

"Yes. I'm confident."

Hesun's lip had a smile.

Hesun's two eyes was looking into Jaegun's mind.

Jaegun didn't lose his firm posture and looked straight into her gaze.

"OK, I get it."

Hesun sipped a bit of coffee and put it on the table.

"You have work so you can't eat dinner together?"

"I'm sorry, I'll come by alone next time."

"Go ahead. I'll read the draft quickly and contact you."

"I'll leave after I drink this coffee."

Jaegun left the lab after finishing.

Hesun pushed away the other works and started reading Jaegun's draft. As she turned page by page, a smile was slowly turning up on her face.

In about 2 hours, she finished reading.

Hesun smiled as he saw the one sentence at the end.

-I'm planning to enter the Digital Literary Contest. If I win the prize and get the money, then I'll give you a birthday present and come back.

“Of course, he’s strange.”

A knocking sound came from the door.

After Hesun’s words of come in, about 7-8 male and female came in a line.

All of them were Hesun’s students and Jaegun’s alumni. Suhee was also in between them.

“Hello, professor, you seem younger than last year.”

“I’ve read the review on the scholarly world monthly about the plagiarism issue. I thought, of course it’s by the professor. Very witty and piercing without any hesitation.”

The students all fought to give compliments to Hesun. It was like a madhouse.

There was even a student that even acted like he was dying.

Only Suhee pushed away from the crowd and was bitterly laughing.

“Professor, I wanted to bring Jaegun, but he said he had an appointment today.”

Suhee said after the greetings. Hesun with a smiling face nodded.

“I know, he gave me a call and came here already.”

“He came ... here?” Why?”

“He wanted me to see his novel.”

She lifted the novel bunch in her hand.

‘A child of the 90s’ on the title with ‘Ha Jaegun’ as the name, Suhee widened her eyes when she saw that.

“What, Ha Jaegun has no manners at all.”

Another student behind her sneered and joined in.

The students as if they were waiting all answered.

“Yeah, he can’t even come to the professor’s dinner but he came to show his work, is that guy crazy or what?”

“That guy is funny, professor, you don’t even have to read a work made by a guy like that.”

The student who spoke last couldn’t possibly say ‘Read my work instead of Jaegun’s.’ and saved his words.

All of these students except for Suhee was all writing.

They were people who were busy with their work but didn’t lose their dreams of a writer.

Congratulating the professor’s birthday.wasn’t the only reason that they came here.

“Did you read it?”

Suhee asked.

Hesun, instead of an answer, showed the last sentence that Jaegun wrote. Suhee when she saw that, let a laugh.

“How was it? Do you think he could win the Digital Literary Award?”

At the mention of Digital Literary Award, a few students had a surprised look on their face.

They all brought drafts that they were going to enter to the Digital Literary Contest. As The Sun was one of the checkers, this was one of the main reasons that they came here.

“Hm, probably?”

Hesun said that and put Jaegun’s draft in the bag.

A girl student who was planning to enter anxiety gazing asked.

“Is, is his work that good? What is it about? Is the sentences and the descriptions good?”

“No comment, the result must be said. Why are you so curious? Aha, you guys are planning to enter the Digital Literary Contest, right?”

The girl student pushed her gaze down.

Hesun stood up and continued.

“Since I became a judge, don’t have any personal expectation. You know me? Myunghoon came here days ago with his draft. I scolded him because he said to be lenient on him because you’re a judge.”

“Myunghoon... is also entering?”

The students' faces darkened.

Jaegun and Myunghoon are both entering.

These two were the best writers between their same college.

"Oh wait, look at myself, you have reserved a dinner? Let's go before we're late. I'm hungry."

"Yes, professor, Let's go."

Suhee with Hesun went out first.

Behind them, the students were all walking limply, their confidence dropped.

....

"That writer is Oh Myunghoon."

"Ah, the writer who work the Sweet Girl's room?"

"Yes, the project that being worked into a drama right now."

Across the table, there were writers whispering. They were looking at Myunghoon

Myunghoon who was dressed in expensive brands was talking together in between many writers. The writers around him were mostly girls who write romance.

“Maybe if I write romance, I could get the attention of the girls.”

“Hahaha, don’t say that. You’re making me gloomy too.”

This was a expensive restaurant called Yaettodamgeol.

StarBooks have borrowed this place for today. There was no other customers except for the 50plus StarBooks writers in the restaurant.

“When I see, it seems like his house also has a lot of money.”

“Yeah. I feel a bit sick just looking at him.”

Just then.

The door entered and a person entered the restaurant.

The writer’s glances all came to him. It was a face that they hadn’t seen before.

“Who is that? A writer?”

“Isn’t he a new StarBooks employee?”

Somii, who was cleaning up the table, stood up and turned around. As she looked at the person, a smile appeared on her face.

Chapter 25 – Cheer Louder

“Welcome, Writer Ha Jaegun.”

Somii handed her greetings happily.

Many writers, at the mention of the name Ha Jaegun, shook their heads. They had also been in this floor for a long time writing. However, it was a name that they had never heard of before.

“Ha Jaegun? Do you know him?”

‘No, I don’t. Does he have a pen name?’

Myunghoon, who was sitting on the long table on the center and chatting, slitted his eyes.

A faint smirk appeared in his mouth, which disappeared as soon as it came.

‘He came.’

Myunghoon guessed that Jaegun would be here. He had no plans of attending, but purposely changed his mind to join.

He had enough reason to be here. One of Myunghoon’s work was published through StarBooks Romance label.

“You’re hungry, right? Since you came a bit late, the only empty spot is that corner over there.”

Somii said nonplussed and looked around the place that she pointed to.

Jaegun’s eyes were not on the seat but on the food that was on Somii’s plate. This was a restaurant with employees, but it was a wonder why an editor would be doing something like this.

“Go inside after you take off your shoes.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

Jaegun didn’t say anything more for now and took off his shoes like he was asked to.

He looked around but he couldn’t see Tewon anywhere

‘He is the chief editor so he’s probably busy on a day like this.’

Jaegun decided to not look anymore and went to the corner. There weren’t any writers that paid a lot of attention to the late Jaegun. All of them were busy talking to the writers around them.

Except one person.

Myunghoon was observing Jaegun while he was talking.

It felt like Jaegun didn't see his presence. His pride didn't allow him to go first and greet him so Myunghoon stayed put.

“Excuse me.”

Jaegun, with a seat in front of him, asked carefully to the writer around.

His age was about early 30s, with a small stature and a dark complexion, the man seemed to give off a gloomy feeling.

“Can I seat here?”

“Ah, yes yes, sit, sit.”

The man pushed himself more to the corner to make space. Jageun politely nodded to him and sat down.

“You’re a ... writer, right?”

The man asked as if he was feeling him out.

Jaegun looked towards him and nodded his head.

“Yes, you’re a writer, too?”

“Haha, yes, I am right. To be called a writer is...”

Jaegun with a calm smile picked up a piece of a fried food. He wasn’t the type to press for an answer.

It was better to wait for the other person to say a word. But he tried to soothe the other person so he/she could easily say things.

‘Don’t know what writer or what project he’s written.’

Jaegun thought about his past self.

If he was a writer that didn’t sell well enough to struggle in live, he would have been tired if he’d gotten a question about what project did he write.

“Wow, this is great.”

Jaegun chewed on the fried food and said with a bit of overdramatics. Then the man on the side also laughed and pulled food that Jaegun couldn’t reach toward Jaegun.

“Have a taste of this. I don’t know what herbs are these, but it’s good.”

“Thank you for helping me. I’ll eat well.”

“Do you drink?”

“Ahah, yes, give it to me. I’m sorry. I should have poured you a drink first. Give me the bottle.”

“No it’s fine. I’ll give it first.”

The man and Jaegun both got a drink.

The soft and cold soju went down the throat and into the body.

Jaegun breathed deeply after the refreshing drink. Maybe it was because of the success he’s been having, but it has been a long time since soju tasted this good.

“Is it the first time in these writer meetings?”

The man picked up the bottle and asked.

Jaegun politely took the drink with two hands and answered.

“I came here a long time ago once.”

“I see. This is my first. But, if it’s a long time ago, then it’s been awhile since your debut?”

“Hm, yes, that’s right.”

Jaegun and the man both had a drink for the second time. Jaegun could feel his body heating up because of drinking 2 cups on an empty stomach.

The conversation dried up for a second.

Since the bottle was passed around for a few drinks, the environment and the mood became louder and more elated.

“Ah sorry, the introductions were late, but I’m called Kang Minho.”

In the loudness, the man said his name with a determined face.

Then finally Jaegun also straightened up and answered.

“I’m sorry too. I’m called Ha Jaegun?”

“Hm, yes. Do you use a pen name.”

Minho asked as they were shaking hands.

Jaegun smiled embarrassedly and nodded his head. Then Minho said

“Ah I see. I use my own name.”

“Ahah, ...yes.”

On Jaegun’s face, a string of troubleness passed by

He had no memory of a name called Kang Minho.

Minho as if understanding Jaegun waved as if it was ok.

“It’s fine. There’s not many people who know because it was discontinued early with 6 books. And that’s the only project.”

“Excuse me but the project name was?”

“I wrote a fantasy. It’s called the King of the Devil of a barbaric land...”

Minho said unconfidently. He thought obviously Jaegun wouldn’t know it so he was deeply embarrassed.

But Jaegun was already widening his eyes and asking back.

“The king of the Devil of a barbaric land? That book with the devil from a fantasy land that comes to the present and works at a convenience store and then earns money and makes a building

company?”

“You, you’ve read it?”

“Of course, I’ve read it. Since the devil who ruled the fantasy land can’t speak any Korean, the scene where he had to beg to barely survive was so funny.”

Jaegun had read most of any genre book published in StarBooks.

It was to study to be a writer who can read popular fads.

He might have forgotten the name Kang Minho, but he remembered the name perfectly.

“Oh, this is, embarrassing, have a drink.”

Minho, having a great feeling rising in his heart, offered Jaegun another drink. Jaegun didn’t refuse and took a drink. Then he also gave Minho a drink.”

“Then Writer Ha Jaegun’s pen name is?”

“Ahah, yes. I’m called Poong Cheon Yu.”

As he said that.

The noise in the surroundings stopped suddenly

In the far places, there was still noise. However, the writers in the close places all as one closed their mouth and looked towards Jaegun.

“Poong Cheon Yu...?” The writer of the Modern Series, Poong Cheon Yu?”

Minho, with a bewildered face, asked again for confirmation.

Jaegun, feeling the other people's gazes that suddenly surrounded him, answered.

“Yes, that's right.”

As soon as Jaegun answered, many writers all brought a bottle and came closer to him and started to offer him drinks.

“You're writer Poong Cheon Yu. Nice to meet you. I'm using the pen name Mister H.”

“Ah, yes, the soccer novel Genie Scouter's writer? I'm reading it as well.”

“Take my drink as well. My pen name is Deserter...”

“Ah, Ground Zero’s writer? Both of you are writing sports fantasies. I don’t have the background knowledge to write something like that so it was hard. Nice to meet you.”

The environment immediately changed.

A unknown strong presence was focused on Jaegun.

One person, two people, three people... the writers of fantasy novels used this time to go to Jaegun and greet him.

“The Modern Series was so fun to read. It’s been awhile since you debuted so I thought you were older, but you’re really handsome and young.”

“It was fun even from the point of view of a writer. What method do you use when you write? Do you have the ending all planned out?”

“Ah, my method of writing. It is...”

Jaegun was sweating trying to answer all the writers that were surrounding him.

It made him happy and thankful, but he was extremely surprised. He didn’t think he would get this many greetings from the writers as well.

“Why is everyone around him? What did he write?”

On the opposite of Jaegun’s table.

Myunghoon and the female writers were also beginning to take notice to that side. Myunghoon who was speaking triumphantly about his ways of creation felt extreme disgust as his words were cut.

“Writer Lee Young Ah, where was I?”

Myunghoon hid the disgust and said.

The writer with the name Lee Young Ah took her gaze off Jaegun and ballooned her cheeks and tilted her head.

“Yes? Ah.... yes. Where were you? I don’t remember very well.”

It was obvious that she was listening very carelessly. Letting the story come out of one ear, she was busy gazing at Jaegun.

Myung Hoon’s forehead’s veins tingled.

He was barely keeping his composure, and he was close to exploding. Even he couldn’t tell if he could stop it.

In front of that Myunghoon, two female writers were getting up.

“I’m sorry but I’m going over there for a second. I also have an interest in fantasy.”

“Me too, I want to write a romance with fantasy so I’ll be back after I get some advice.

“Haha, yes, go ahead.

Myunghoon barely kept his anger in check and sent them away with a smile. And when no one was looking, he inhaled the cup full of soju in one shot. This feeling of explosion felt like a few drinks wasn’t enough to make him drunk.

‘Wow , Writer Ha is famous.’

Somii smiled unknowingly to others looking at the surrounded Jaegun from far away. Since he was writer that she was responsible for, her mind felt great.

“Jung Somii, what are you doing standing there? The writers on this side don’t have any drinks.”

Assistant Manager Go said as he was quibbling.

“Ah, sorry. I’ll go get it now.

Somii was completely surprised and went to the refrigerator.

Since the few employees went on vacation, even a editor like her was helping the serving.

“What are you doing?”

As she was opening the refrigerator and taking out the drink, a voice came from behind Somii back. Somii couldn't hear it because the surroundings were so loud.

“What are you doing?”

When she finally heard the voice, Somii looked backwards. Then her two eyes became wide.

“Wri, writer Ha?”

Jaegun was standing there with a stone hard face.

Jaegun, who from a minute ago was covered up by the writers, was behind her as if protecting her.

Chapter 26 – Cheer Louder

“Did you come to get a bottle of soju? I could have...”

“You’re an editor.”

“...Yes?”

Jaegun, extending his hand, took away the bottle that Somii was holding. He was completely taken back inside, but he was saving his words because Somii might get embarrassed.

‘What year is this...’

Even though Somii was the junior, she was still an editor.

It wasn’t the 90s, he couldn’t understand why Somii was serving and he didn’t want to see it either.

Jaegun continued to take bottles away from Somii and put them close to his chest. Seeing that from far away, Assistant Manager Go was embarrassed and disconcerted and quickly ran over

“Oh, sir, sir. You can say this to one of the workers here. Don’t come and get it yourself.”

Assistant Manager Go had no choice but to be this way in front of Jaegun.

It was a good idea not to anger or irritate a writer with good sales. It was one of the basic obligations and responsibilities.

Jaegun was just stolid. Looking calmly at the waist bent and talking Go's face, he spoke.

"I can take Somii away, right? She's my editor so I have things to discuss about writing."

"Yes, su, sure. Somii, go talk to Writer Ha."

Assistant Go nodded his head a couple of times and immediately backed up.

Hugging the bottles near his chest, he tapped Somii's shoulder with his shoulder.

"Let's go in."

"Yes, yes, sir."

Somii, still looking at the situation, reluctantly followed Jaegun. Looking at her taking off her shoes and climbing up, assistant Go wrinkled his forehead as if frustrated.

"Assistant Go."

“Ah, editor.”

Assistant Go turned back with a surprised face. Tewon, who came in late because of his work, was right in front of his eyes.

“You’re here now? The traffic was bad, right?”

“I spoke about this last time, right?”

Tewon ignored Go’s question and replied.

Assistant Go blinked his two eyes as if he didn’t understand. Tewon, following his gaze to where Jaegun and Somii was sitting, continued his words.

“If you order something even one more time from Somii about something that isn’t work related, you should be prepared.”

Go shuddered.

This face of the editor was unknown to a 2-year veteran like him. The person that always took care of all employees smoothly was looking down at him with cold eyes.

“Do you understand my words?”

Tewon fixed his glasses and asked for confirmation.

Assistant Go unknowingly swallowed once. He put down his burning face and answered.

“I, I understand. I’ll stop it in the future.”

“Go do your work.”

Assistant Go, feeling timid, turned around and went away.

Tewon still stood in that place. He was stuck in thought with both his eyes on Jaegun.

‘Should I stop today.’

Secretly, he was planning to use this spot to talk about a sequel with Jaegun. It was because of the representative’s orders to get a contract with Jaegun no matter what.

But he stopped today. He wanted to respect Jaegun’s decision to participate in the Digital . He had already gotten over his expected results with the Ranking series.

‘I already mentioned a sequel so, well, I can talk about it after the contest.’

Tewon turned his body, brooding over his personal trust about the writer Ha Jaegun. And to meet the other writers not present yet, he moved his car to the parking lot in front of the restaurant.

“Have another drink. You can drink, right?”

“Your real name is Ha Jaegun, right? Since I’m looking at you closely, you’re really handsome. Do you hear that you’re handsome a lot?”

Two female writers sitting next to Jaegun were tossing questions at Jaegun. Everyone’s face was red because of the drinks.

It’s already been 2 hours since the writer’s meeting had started.

There was no your spot or my spot.

Writers who had drunk over their limits were carrying their bottles and greeting each other. It was chaos.

And in that time, there were two conspicuous groups that were growing.

It was the group of Ha Jaegun and the fantasy writers on the left and Oh Myunghoon and the romance writers on the right.

‘So loud...!’

Glimpsing at the loud Jaegun's groups, Myunghoon was grinding his teeth. Since a while ago, he had been uncomfortable.

Myunghoon moved first to lower Jaegun's confidence.

But he failed. Jaegun was getting attention like he was getting. He could not accept that Jaegun dared to create a group as big as his.

“Writer Oh, are you going to write a romance as your sequel as well?”

The female writer next to him asked with sending a flirty look in her eyes.

Many female writers pulled by Myunghoon's handsome and rich face haven't left and were still around him.

“Writer Oh? Did you hear me?”

Myunghoon ignored the female writer's question and stood up. He couldn't end the writer's meeting like this.

‘You're not going to crumble on your own I see. Then I'll personally get a broomstick and sweep you out...!’

Myunghoon in two hands held a bottle and a cup. And then with a resolute face, he started to walk towards Jaegun's group.

“Ah, Writer Oh? You’re coming over here?”

The female writer next to Myunghoon and then went to Jaegun, first saw him, and said. With that sentence, Jaegun also lifted his head.

“Oh Myunghoon? You came here, too?”

“That’s what I wanted to ask, boy, I just saw you.”

Two glances met in midair.

Both people, underneath their strong gaze, had a string of a smile.

The writer’s around them were talking to each other and saying ‘they knew each other?’, ‘they must be friends’ and other words.

“Sit here, Writer Oh.”

“Excuse me.”

Somii, who was sitting across from Jaegun, moved to the side to make room. Myunghoon leisurely sat down and gave the bottle to Jaegun.

“I didn’t know I would meet you here. In this place.”

Myunghoon gave a strange emphasis on the “In this place.”

Jaegun responded with a calm smile and took the bottle. Now there was no reason for him to be mixed up with Myunghoon’s provocations.

“I’ve heard. So you’re doing well?”

“I got lucky. How are you?

“Don’t even ask. It isn’t easy making a work into a drama. It’s a completely different world from one to ten.”

Jaegun caught that Myunghoon was already going to take control of the atmosphere by laying out self-praise. So he didn’t say anything and smiled and drank.

Myunghoon changed the topic and asked when Jaegun didn’t show much reaction.

“That’s that, but you, you wrote a lot in a short time? The 2 StarBooks fantasy books you made, I heard they are both 10 books?”

“Yeah, It’s that time when you write well.”

“Yeah I guess; fantasy is easy to write down quickly. There’s no reason to think in depth about fantasy as well.”

Myunghoon nodded his head as if he knew everything.

The writers around him couldn’t hide their displeasure. Jaegun, acting as their representative, shook his hand and answered.

“You haven’t written a fantasy and you don’t know how to write one.”

Myunghoon’s face hardened slightly. Unlike the Jaegun in the past who bitterly smiled, this Jaegun countered immediately.

“Haha, I haven’t written one, of course. But isn’t it fantasy what you make up in your mind and write quickly?”

“No, Myunghoon. How would you know if you haven’t even written one before? Isn’t that thought a bit complacent for a writer? Are you a writer?”

Instantly, Myunghoon wrinkled his nose. Jaegun was following his way of speech that he used when he was being sarcastic with others.

Jaegun shamelessly laughed and lifted the bottle up.

“You want another drink?”

“No, I have to drive. I brought my car.”

Myunghoon, waving his hand, answered.

On his face, he was barely smiling, but inside he was already completely ripped.

Jaegun landed a solid strike. The writers standing around were very grinning quietly as if they were saying ‘you deserved it’.

Sighing burning, hot breath as quietly as he could, Myunghoon finally answered.

“Yes, I am a writer. Therefore, as a writer, I am recently writing a work that has quality to not shame the name of a writer.”

“Ahah, you are?”

Jaegun replied absentmindedly as he was pouring the person next to him a drink. Myunghoon continued saying stuff that no one asked.

“Just, at this time there is a Literary Contest. I saw the other awards so I feel like I’m going to win it pretty simply. Probably have one more award in my career.”

Myunghoon didn’t say that it was the Digital Literary Contest. It

was going to be shameful if he didn't win.

"Think about using the effort that it takes to write 10 books of fantasy into one book. You know that feeling because, Jaegun, you and I are all language students, right? Ah, you might not know because it's been awhile since you wrote a novel like an actual novel."

Noticing the mind fight between the two people, the writer's around them all were shutting their mouths. Jaegun matched Myunghoon's glance in the quiet air. And he stuck out his cup as if nothing happened.

"I hope you do well."

Jaegun had no other thoughts of uselessly talking with Myunghoon anymore.

He declined saying childish things because of petty pride and atmosphere. He could respond with the result that he put hard work and effort in to.

"Thanks, man. You sell well, too."

The cups met in midair like they were going to break.

Swallowing the drinks, the two people didn't break their glance away from each other till the end.

Chapter 27 – Is He Asking For A Battle (1)

“Writer, we should have one more bottle. Have some beer.”

The parking lot after the writer’s meeting.

About 30 percent left. The rest of writers were getting into groups of writer that they liked and were finding a 2nd meeting place. Jaegun was also stuck in one group of writers.

“Yes? Writer Ha, it’s only been a bit over 9. There’s a beer place just right across the street. You should have a drink.”

“Yeah, let’s pour ourselves with just the men.”

A few female writers who were close stuck themselves in.

“Is this sexual discrimination? Leaving just the women behind? We drink well just count us in.”

“What, the beautiful females will drink again? Of course we must count you in. We’ll take good care of you.”

It was a great atmosphere. There was nothing else to be said. Yet Jaegun had no words and was just standing there.

“Writer Ha, you’re going? Right?”

The writers, who had high expectations, asked. They were very into the Jaegun, even though it was their first time meeting him.

It wasn't because of Jaegun's best selling writer status. That was just something that made them curious. The writers were into Jaegun's personal, human personalities.

While listening to others instead of bragging about his own book, he also gave out very enthusiastic opinions during conversations about writing. That was a reason that many writers liked Jaegun's attitude.

"I'm really sorry, but I drank as much as I could today."

Jaegun shook his head and answered embarrassedly. To the sighing and disappointed writers, he quickly added.

"I have home stuff I must do today. Since I gave out my contact information, I'll see you guys next time. I'll be going for today."

Jaegun didn't want to drink anymore because of writing.

Since he drank today, he couldn't write too much when he went back home.

But there is a tomorrow. It was best to cut things off here to recover his condition and write normally tomorrow.

“If you’re like that, I guess that’s it. We’re disappointed, but we won’t cling on to you. But next time, let’s meet again. And good luck.”

“Yes yes. Good luck to you guys as well. Have a good time and go home safely.”

Jaegun shook hands with the writers and moved away from the crowd.

He saw Tewon and Somii standing side by side. They were waiting for him. Both people were smiling looking at Jaegun. Jaegun went to Tewon, who he haven’t seen for the entire writer’s meeting, feeling joy

“Are you going in right now?”

“Yes, I have to write starting tomorrow. What about you guys?”

Tewon checked his watch on his wrist and answered.

“We should go since our job is done too. Writer Ha, I’ll take you to your home.”

“No. It’s fine. It’s quick by subway. I want to walk slowly so I can wake up from the drinks.”

“I see. I hope you do well on your writing. Please contact me later. I’ll be waiting.”

“Of course, I’ll give you a call.”

Tewon and Jaegun shook hands.

Somii has a slight smile. She could feel the unique and warm atmosphere between the two. She had a feeling that these two will be together for a long time

“How is Somii going?”

“I’m also taking the subway.”

“Then let’s go together.”

Jaegun and Somii went together to the subway station after they left Tewon.

Since it was night, the wind was pretty cool. During the loud summer night of the city, Jaegun and Somii was walking together relaxedly.

“Thanks for before.”

Somii just brought up the conversation.

Jaegun turned around, understanding the meaning, and smiled.

“I thought a lot about what I was doing, listening to Writer Ha. I was reminded again that I am an editor.”

Finishing talking, Somii closed her thick lips together.

Jaegun laughed. He thought her facial expression, slightly red from the drinks, looked cute.

“Why are you laughing?”

“No, nothing.”

“Don’t lie. I’m curious. Why did you laugh?”

Somii went in front of Jaegun and walking backwards, asked again. She wouldn’t have done this in front of Jaegun normally. Now, the girl with a few drinks was not a editor, but a female university student.

“You’re going to fall.”

“So tell me fast. Why did you lay... Ack.”

Somii was struggling because her foot was stuck on the road.

Jaegun quickly ran over and grabbed both her arms. Somii's sneaker bounced far away.

"Lean on the telephone pole and stand for a second."

"N, No. I'm fine. Sir! I'll go get it!"

Somii was running with one foot and was shouting.

During that time, Jaegun was already coming back with the sneaker.

"Here."

"Ah, I'm really sorry. Sorry."

Apologizing repeatedly, Somii wore the sneaker.

Was it because of the drinks.

Or maybe the night's bright light's reflection.

Jaegun thought Somii's legs looked very beautiful.

Somii again was wearing jeans and white socks. She had a cat

face like Rika. It felt like her college outfits fit even as she became an adult.

“Where’s your house?”

Starting to move again, Jaegun asked.

Somii, whose face became slightly red after that accident, answered immediately.

“Ah, yes. I’m in Noryangjin.”

“Then we can go together till Sindorim.”

“It’ll be comforting riding a cab.”

“I like the subway. All the people I meet are all writing topics so. There’s a lot of things I meet at the subway that I won’t be able to meet in the back of a cab”

“Of course you’re the writer.”

“It’s probably not just me.”

There were no seats on the subway, but it was relatively sparse. Grabbing the handle next to a seat, Jaegun asked.

“Were you also living in Noryangjin?”

“No, my house is the East Sea.”

“You were born where you could see the sea. I’m jealous. Where in the East Sea? There’s a lot of oceans there, right?”

“It’s the East Sea District, named after the East Sea. Kanglung is on the bottom and Samchuk is on the top.”

“Aha, I see.”

The two people on the subway talked about small things. It wasn’t as a writer to editor talk about writing but about two people’s life. As a funny topic came about, Somii covered her mouth and laughed.

When Sindorim station came, the two people got off.

It was time to say good bye. Putting their backs to the platform they were going on, they nodded their head.

“Go in safely.”

“Yes, you too.”

Jaegun went away.

Somii, standing there, was looking at Jaegun's back. Then she just remembered and opened her mouth.

"Writer Ha Jaegun!"

Jaegun turned around, hearing in the crowd.

Somii, with the drinks helping her, put two hands together and shouted.

"Good luck! You're going to release amazing works again and again!"

Jaegun had a blank face. But he raised his hand smiling embarrassedly. Somii with a bright smile waved her hand and finally turned away and disappeared into the crowd.

'I was planning to rest one day because of drinks, but I guess not.'

His plans changed after Somii's cheers.

Jaegun went to the convenience store and drank a bottle of hangover cure. Then he went to his working place where Rika was waiting for him hurriedly.

...

“Sir, the dinner is ready.”

“I don’t want to eat. I’ll eat by myself so leave it.”

The maid put her head down and went away.

Myunghoon’s two eyes were on the monitor. He was looking through his story for the Digital Literary Contest..

‘This is good. It’s fun. This is better than any novel I had written so far.’

Myunghoon was saying to himself as comfort. Really, he was nervous. He couldn’t get rid of the feeling that there was something left out.

The name was ‘The Lonely Man of Seoul,’ it was a love story of a young man with power as a lawyer and an orphan working at a factory.

Myunghoon used a pen name called ‘Ahn Sungwoo’ instead of his name.

It wasn’t because of the fairness of the judges. It was because of his lack of confidence. He didn’t have the confidence to win so he didn’t have the strength to put his own name on the line.

“Myunghoon, what are you doing without dinner.”

“Ah, brother.”

Myunghoon turned around his chair and had a joyful face.

Older than him by 9 years, Oh Myungsuk was coming in through the door.

He was the only person who could go into Myunghoon’s office without permission.

“The family is together so we should eat together.”

“I’m fine with dinner, brother, did you read the Lonely Man of Seoul?”

“Yes, I read it.”

“How is it? It’s pretty good right?”

Myungsuk was the editor at father’s publishing company. It was because he thought he needed to work more. He had written for a long time and he had experience having his works in the Sinchunmuye.

Myungsuk immediately answered without hesitation.

“The characters are seriously superficial. The main character of the lawyer seems like he was only bragging. Is it the elitism, the feeling that I’m this sort of person, to feel happy, that I’m meeting a girl like you, who is working at a factory?”

Myunghoon’s face shadowed

He thought he wrote objectively so he didn’t expect to hear this judgement.

Myungsuk’s sharp critiques continued.

“There’s no depth. It feels like you’re only scratching the surface. That’s the main draw. The girl character is awkward. What kind of person in this age is cornered for stealing lunch? Isn’t that just over the top? And have you even interviewed workers for this? When they work and when they rest, and when they leave, did you look into that?”

“No, eh... I searched on the internet. It’s nothing really so do I have to go to a factory and interview them? I’m already busy as it is.”

“That’s the issue with your writing, Myunghoon.”

Myungsuk sighed heavily.

His brother never tired to emphasize experience. It was hard and boring. He was still forgetting one of the most important things about being a writer.

Myunghoon stood up and shook Myungsuk's both shoulders and pleaded.

“You finished planning the company work right? Please help me if you have time left.”

“Haven’t I helped you? But you, this isn’t helping, but basically writing it for you. What are you using this for? Are you gonna enter this into a contest?”

“That’s a secret. I’ll tell you it later, ah? Please save the parts I don’t know. This is a work that’s important for completion too. Ah? Please.”

“Ahhhh, Myunghoon...”

Myungsuk put his hand on his forehead and slurred his words.

His pleading was something that got on his conscience as an editor and a writer.

He hoped that he would write on his own when he grew older and matured, but he was still asking and pleading. It was embarrassing.

“This is the last time.”

Myungsuk put up his finger

Myunghoon was laughing. He put his thumbs up.

“I won’t forget this.”

“Shut up you idiot, come down for food.”

“Don’t tell this to father.”

“If you don’t come right now, I might.”

Myunghoon went up and followed Myungsuk. Now he had no worries. After his brother checks it, it will turn out to be an amazing, fantastic piece.

Chapter 28 – Is He Asking For A Battle

“Ah, this is why everyone loves electronic keyboards.”

“Meow, meow.”

On top of Jaegun’s knees, Rika answered.

Jaegun’s fingers had a clearer sound than before when he was typing.

It was a mechanical keyboard from Hetae Media. It was just fun pressing the keys on the keyboards because of the pressure. He was curious before, but he never used one because it was expensive. Now he knew why everyone was singing mechanical keyboard is so good.

“Rika, you hear the sound. It’s different, right? I searched it up and it’s about 400 dollars. The last one was a 9 dollar one bought at an E-mart. Why do you think they bought me this? Maybe they want me to write one more book for Pegelon’s Magician?”

Jaegun asked Rika and kept hitting the keyboard.

About noon, the outside was boiling hot, but the one room was cool because of the air conditioner.

Beep!

A call came from Suhee.

Jaegun stopped his typing and grabbed the phone.

“Ahn, Suhee.”

“I got your additional quest. That was fun too.”

“Thank goodness.”

“Did you eat lunch?”

“I haven’t yet. You?”

“I came out to eat right now. Eat on time. Ah, how’s today’s dinner? I’m meeting Hyojin so do you want to call Jongjin and eat lunch together? The 4 of us?”

“Sorry, I have to write something so it might be hard.”

Saying that, Jaegun pulled up a word document with his one hand. The “Child of the 90s” that he was going to enter the Digital Literary Contest came up on screen.

“You’re busy as always. Rest sometimes. Your body might crash.”

“I’m only going till the 15th.”

“Why is it the 15th? Ahah, you’re writing something special?”

Suhee had great recognition as always.

Jaegun laughed even though no one was looking and answered.

“I’ll tell you when I do well.”

“Tell me when you don’t do well, too. I want to read it.”

“Ok.”

A small sigh came across the phone.

Jaegun, even though he felt sorry, didn’t have anything to say so he stood quiet. Then, Suhee’s cheerful voice came back.

“Well ok, if you’re busy. Let’s meet later. Good work and contact later.”

Jaegun got his posture and put his hands on the keyboard. After breathing a few times, he started revising the ‘Child of the 90s.’ It was the 3rd time today that he was checking it over.

‘Sir, this scene where he’s meeting a old friend in jail is fine, right?’

Jaegun remembered Se Gunwoo’s figure and threw a question at him.

It felt as though Se Gunwoo’s voice was coming through his ear.

‘It’s natural. It’s not bad. If it was me, I would hesitate a few moments after the first greeting.’

‘Hm, that feels good. I’ll have to change. How about this scene where the main character meets his first love?’

‘There’s way too much useless conversation. The main character is just laying out his own story which doesn’t relate at all to the main character. Delete everything.’

‘Delete everything? But shouldn’t he have to say this much so the girl knows and understands that he’s been through a lot?’

‘That’s all your thoughts. The writer’s thoughts are going into the story’s characters. Useless. It doesn’t fit at all either.’

From one word to sentence to paragraph

Se Gunwoo and Ha Jaegun were colliding through every revision.

Most of the time it was Ha Jaegun backing off and conceding.

Se Gunwoo's critiques were completely on point in correcting the story's completion. Jaegun understood more at the same time of revising the incorrect parts.

About 1-2 times out of 10, Ha Jaegun kept it.

No answer problems, especially with the character's personalities and characteristics and their actions. If there was no harm to the story, Ha Jaegun was stubborn then.

'Sir, even if you say it's bad, I think this is good. It's not a hardboiled story so to delete everything is too much.'

'It's not my story so do what you want.'

The typing continued without stop in the one room.

Rika, understanding that Jaegun's concentration, went to the bed.

"Meow."

Rika looked at nothing and meowed.

Her general stare was towards at Jaegun's back.

Rika was looking at nothing for a while until she closed her eyes, as if tired.

‘I’ll stop here. I feel like I did enough. Now I won’t look at it until the due date.’

He saved the ‘Child of the 90s’ and brought up a new page. A new page with no words came on the computer.

‘Are you writing something else?’

Se Gunwoo’s question seemed to ring in his ear.

Jaegun answered in his mind.

‘The Child of the 90s is a story that I made since college. Since I have a lot of time because of this contest, I want to write a totally new story.’

‘I see, do you have a topic?’

‘It’s my sister’s story. She couldn’t date properly because of looking after the family. She lived her life in work. Please look at it when I finish the draft.’

Tap! Tap! Tapppp!

Jaegun thought of his memories with his loving sister and poured his mind out on the typeboard.

It was a quiet summer's day.

There won't be another summer like summer this year as well.

Jaegun was prepared, but he wasn't unhappy at all. There was nothing better a writer like he could hope for than writing with the best master ever.

"Good work, editor."

"You too Somii, ah, you're on break from tomorrow?"

"Yes, 4 days."

Tewon and Somii put their exit card and left the office.

It was the end of summer. Somii, as an editor, was taking steps forward one by one. There was no Assistant Manager Go's errands, so her efficiency was going up.

"You're going to the East Sea?"

"Yes, it's quiet there now. I want to take a rest and come back."

Tewon looked at the ceiling and sighed.

“It’s been a while since I visited the ocean, too. All I did was work so there was nothing like summer.”

“Go with your family once. It’s hard to start, if you do it, it’s only 3 hours.”

“I know, it’s hard to start it.”

“ Our family in Mukho can rent so tell me if you have any ideas. I’ll do good.”

“Are you selling me stuff?”

“Ack, I might be?”

It was when they were waiting for the elevator.

Somii pulled out her phone. It was from Jaegun.

“Sir, it’s Writer Ha Jaegun.”

“Writer Ha? What is he saying?”

Somii showed the message instead of words.

Tewon smiled at the 3 lines.

-I've almost finished with the Digital Literary Contest story. I'll write a sequel fantasy about 5 books and send them to you. Tell that to the editor as well. Have a great vacation. ^^

"That guy is amazing. Writer Ha isn't having any summer relaxation."

Tewon got on the elevator

Writing a fantasy as soon as he finished the Digital Literary Contest story. Extreme stamina and effort. He didn't think he could do that.

Somii asked while pressing the 1 button.

“You’ve written a fantasy story in student days, too right?”

“Yes. I realized in 2 years that this wasn’t my path. I’m grateful. It’s different creating and writing. Ah, didn’t you say you were drawing as well?”

“I’m grateful I realized in 1 year that this wasn’t my path.”

“Hahaha”

The two people laughed at the same time in the elevator.

Somii grabbed her phone and pressed an answer to Jaegun. Write the best story so you can rest next summer.

....

‘Phew, I’m going crazy...!’

Myunghoon was sitting down and standing up on the computer for a couple times.

Today was the announcement day of the Digital Literary Contest result.

Usually they give out contacts to the winners before the announcement date. It's for the purpose of information giving and writing their winning speech.

But Myunghoon didn't get that. Since he used a pen name called Ah Sungwoo and he didn't put an email or contact information, it was sure.

'I should get it, brother's revising is amazing. There's no way I couldn't win.'

He wanted to win.

He wanted to destroy the face that Jaegun made.

He wanted to be recognized by Suhee as a wonderful writer who stepped ahead again.

'Phew... phew...!'

Myunghoon calmed himself down by breathing. Then he closed his eyes and clicked on the news announcement title. The screen

filled with award results.

Myunghoon was covering his eyes and looking. From the bottom as well. 1 Grand Prize, 3 Runner Ups, and 15 participation prizes, a total of 19 people were getting awarded.

‘Ok, it’s not in the participation prize, of course. My novel can’t possibly be in a participation prize.’

Then Myunghoon’s stare went to the runner ups. At that same time, his two eyes burst open. A feeling of rage and delight came together to make a strange feeling that went through his body.

‘Runner up? I got the runner up prize?’

A sigh of relief came out but a huge disappointment came as well.

A pen name of Ahn Sungwoo with the story he made ‘The Lonely Man of Seoul’ was definitely in the runner up column.

‘Dang it...! What kind of amazing people entered that they gave me runner up? Does this contest have any idea at all? What part of the story are they judging about?!’

Myunghoon grinded his teeth and moved his glance left.

At that moment,

Myung Hoon went pale and froze.

A name that he would never pass by was right there in front of him.

Chapter 29 – Is He Asking For A Battle

[The Runner Ups]

The Lonely Man of Seoul – Ahn Sungwoo

Child of the 90s – Ha Jaegun

The Day of Summer – Sin Jungok

‘Ha... Jaeee.... Gunn....?!’

Myunghoon couldn’t shut his mouth at one of the runner up’s names. Ha Jaegun wasn’t a very common name. At least in his life, it wasn’t.

But Myunghoon knew the name of ‘Child of the 90s’

It was the short story that Jaegun was writing since college.

From what Myunghoon remembered, Jaegun couldn’t finish the book in college. So he was more baffled. A story that should have been buried is seen at a Digital Literary Award like this. And in the same place as a person like me.

‘This guy...!’

Myunghoon remembered the face that Jaegun made in the writer's meeting and shivered.

It was a different Jaegun then he remembered. He sent multiple insults at him, but he didn't respond. In fact, Jaegun countered and Myunghoon himself got shamed because of a word mistake.

The memory didn't stop there.

He could remember every word that he said to Jaegun that day.

As a writer, I am recently writing a work that has quality to not shame the name of a writer.

Just, at this time there is a Literary Contest. I saw the other awards so I feel like I'm going to win it pretty simply. Probably have one more one on my career.

'Dang it....! I said something stupid.

Just thinking about him made him feel embarrassed. The embarrassment completely pressed on his entire body.

Myunghoon covered his head with his two hand. And then he repeated slammed his forehead against the desk. In a same literary contest, especially the same award, he had no idea at all.

Myunghoon checked the award list many times.

The winner was was called 'A Dumb Woman; but he didn't even

care about that. His entire attention was on Jaegun who got the same runner up award as him.

‘It doesn’t matter! Mine is something that I wrote in 3 months. Ha Jaegun, that guy, wrote that for 7 years. 3 months and 7 years can’t be compared. I’m better. I write so much better!!!’

Myunghoon kept thinking that to himself.

He was already thinking what to say in his award speech.

‘I need to appeal that I’ve written this in 3 months. If I had more time, I could have won it, but I was busy. I’m gonna mix my regret with some humor and end it cooly.’”

Myunghoon rolled his head while keep knocking his fingers on the desk. He was trying to show himself off.

‘Dang it, Jaegun has to say his speech before mine. Then I have time to counter his speech. I can add some more stuff in. I’m wishing he says it took him 7 years. At least it might show mine off better.

Myunghoon opened word furiously.

His ten enraged fingers typed out words and sentences at a fast pace.

His speech filled with justifications of himself. It was a comfort from getting the same award as someone like Ha Jaegun. .

Tap!

At a moment, Myunghoon stopped and put his head up.

Jaegun probably knew the results by now. It was fate that they were going to see each other at the ceremony.

‘Let me greet him first.’

It was a fate that he had to go through

It felt better to tell him that Ahn Sungwoo who made ‘The Lonely Man of Seoul’ was Myunghoon.

It was a thought because at least he wouldn’t hear insults about how he was too afraid that he would lose so he used a pen name.

-Jaegun, I heard you won the runner up prize at the Digital Award Contest. Good job.

He sent a message. Myunghoon was waiting nervously biting his finger. He chose message because he thought his voice would be shaking.

Jaegun's reply came faster than he expected.

-How did you know? Thanks.

-But you have to congratulate me too. You know 'The Lonely Man of Seoul' in the runner up? That's written by me. Heh. In 3 months.

-Ah, that Ahn Sungwoo was yours. The contest that you were entering, it was this. Yeah, good job to you, too.

-I was just saying, guy. It's only getting a runner up for a measly small award so no need for a good job. I'm sort of shocked that I won because it was just something I wrote down easily. I was randomly writing for about 3 months and I threw it in. And I won apparently

-Yeah you do write well.

Jaegun's praise felt more like banter to Myunghoon

With a crumpled face, Myunghoon furiously pounded the touchscreen.

-At least your work paid off. Man, I still remember the 'Child of the 90s' Wasn't that a project that you were holding for 7 years? Hehehehe at least you finally found the light, isn't that good? Now you finally have at least one line in your career. Hehehe

-Yeah I'm feeling good

Nothing else came after that short message.

Myunghoon's anger didn't fall easily. It felt to him that Jaegun was laughing at him right now. Thinking about how to end the conversation, Myunghoon finally sent the last message.

-I'll see you at the award. Wear something clean. Don't live showing off that you're a writer in a room. Today's world is a world where even writer's wear something nice.

-OK, thanks, good work to us.

Myunghoon breathed and glared at nothing. He was confirming his superiority in his disarrayed mind.

I'm better at everything

I already have awards before.

He wrote that for 7 years but I wrote this for 3 months. It's not the same value of award.

'Lee Suhee...!'

Suhee's face came to mind

It was true that feat was great enough that he need to get congratulations from others.

Removing the anger about Ha Jaegun, everything else was basically innocent happiness.

Myunghoon instantly picked the name that he wanted to get praise from. Being nervous, a bell started to ring.

“What’s up? Are you happy about that money?”

Jaegun asked with a laugh. In front of him, Jaeyn was staring blankly like there was a ghost inside her.

“Say something. What’s with that reaction?”

It was the house at Suwon.

Jaegun ran to the subway to the house as soon as he got the results to the award. He wanted to send these results to the family as fast as he could.

“Now the brother is getting award experience. This is accepted by the Ministry of Culture. It’s not the biggest or has the biggest honor, but it’s pretty well acknowledged.”

Jaeyn covered her face. Her nose was turning red and her two eyes were pouring.

It didn't matter about the size of the award. She was just sad. She needed to compliment her brother, but no words could come out of her mouth.

"Everything's gonna get better. Totally better. This is the beginning. Say this is a marathon. I'm only at the 100 meter mark."

"Jaegun..."

The door opened with the door lock sound.

His mom who went to get his dad came back.

"Ah, son! What are you doing here!"

His mom saw Jaehn and went into the house happily. Her two eyes captured Jaein's crying face.

"Jaegun, why are you crying? What happened?"

"Mom, Jaegun..."

"Jaegun? What about Jaegun? What happened? Say something."

“Jaegun... won a literary award.

Jaegun explained barely with her voice.

His mom opened her mouth. For a while, she was like that, like a lost person. Then she screamed and hugged Jaegun proudly.

“Ahh! My son! My amazing son! My writer song! I knew you were going to succeed! I knew it! Not because you’re my son but I knew you could do it!”

Mom kissed her son’s cheeks repeatedly. Even though he was all grown up, he was still cute and she still worried about putting him in the world. In the laughter, mom was crying as well.

The person who was dad just now organized his shoes and was going up at the living room. There was no smile on his face. With a glare that looked through the living room a few times, he said nothing and went straight to his room.

“Honey! Jaegun’s ceremony is on Saturday!”

Mom with a few tears shouted at the door.

There was no answer except for changing clothes.

“Honey! Saturday is Jaegun’s ceremony!”

“I have morning shit”

“What?”

“Go with Jaein.”

“That man is seriously...!”

Mom bounced up and went into the room.

All that could be heard was mom's scream from the room

Jaegun was bitterly laughing waiting for his dad's silent voice.
Jaein was holding her brother's hand.

The ceremony was at the Hehuadong National Science & Technology Museum.

Myunghoon arrived there early with his car.

He didn't tell his family. He didn't tell his colleagues or other people. It bothered him that Jaegun got the same prize as him. He didn't want a sliver of additional attention given to Jaegun.

It was already fall so the weather was pretty cold.

Just then across the place, a white care was coming in. Myunghoon looked in as it looked familiar, the car door opened and Suhee came out.

“Lee Suhee?!”

Myunghoon called out Suhee’s name without realizing it.

Why is Suhee who said she was busy with work and rejected his request coming all the way out here.

It didn’t take long for him to realize why. Even with the cold weather, Myunghoon’s face was heating up very fast.

Chapter 30 – Is He Asking For A Battle

“Ah? Myunghoon came too?”

Hyojin, who was in the side seat, opened her eyes like a rabbit. Like Suhee, she came to congratulate Jaegun’s award. She was shocked because she knew that Jaegun’s and Myunghoon’s relationship wasn’t very good.

Myunghoon didn’t give any glance to Hyojin.

His glance was only on Suhee.

Suhee had her back straight and was looking Myunghoon back calmly.

“I, I’ll go ahead.”

“OK.”

Understanding the situation. Hyojin moved away.

Suhee went up to Myunghoon and started to talk.

“You must have won.”

“How... did you know?”

“I heard from Professor Han Hesun. You’ve visited her. You entered with a pen name? I don’t know what you won, but congratulations.

Suhee pulled out her hand and looked for a handshake.

Myunghoon didn’t oblige. He stood there standing, with his two eyes on Suhee, glancing from head to toe.

Today, Suhee was exceptionally beautiful.

The coffee stocking with her gray patterned one piece that came down to the knees fit her well. Her long knotted hair was shining a bright color of dawn like it was painted.

It wasn’t too showy and plain, but it was clothing that had a slight feminine showing with riches.

She was a girl who spent money on the earring, the belt, etc., ones that wasn’t so conspicuous. Myunghoon knew Suhee’s style.

And...

The fact that she spent extra care of her appearance today.

He knew that it wasn’t because of him that she paid closer attention to herself.

So he couldn't bring himself to shake her hand.

"I thought you had work?"

Myunghoon put his glance to the ground and asked.

Suhee refused because of work when he asked her to meet up so he could show her something. And now they were meeting at this place.

"You have work too? Nexon had a person in the Digital Literary Contest?"

Suhee put away her hand. Pulling her bag around her shoulder, she calmly answered.

"I came to congratulate Jaegun."

"...!"

"He's the scenario writer for our team. Of course i need to congratulate him. This is for work."

"Even you have times when you're forcing it."

"I'm not forcing it."

Myunhoon's phone was vibrating in his pocket.

Suhee found out before the talking Myunghoon and pointed to his pocket,

"Isn't that a call?"

Myunghoon, with her glance on Suhee, pulled out his phone. At that moment, his facial expression froze when he saw the information. It was from his dad.

"This is important. Let's talk later."

Myunghoon said with a depressed light. He couldn't postpone or avoid his dad's call.

Suhee nodded her head lightly and turned and walked away. When the distance between the two became over 10 steps, Myunghoon swallowed and accepted the call.

"Hello."

-Why are you accepting my call so late!!!

It was anger from the beginning

Myunghoon wasn't surprised at all

-Did you forget it was your mom's birthday, everyone in the family is breaking their busy lives to come! Where are you playing, just playing around?! Get your ass over here right now!

Myunghoon raised his hand and covered his eyes.

He didn't forget. However, he just didn't want to go. And he had an important job to do now

"It's hard for me to go now. I'll come early at night."

-WHAT?!

"I have important work."

His dad snorted.

-Important work? What is important work to you? Are you taking brainless girls for a drive? Or are you using this dad's money to blow a party?"

"That's not it...!"

-You idiot! Aren't you embarrassed when you see your brother or sister? Why don't you do any work to at least be like them!

Myunghoon was breathing hard. He pulled his phone away from his ear. His vision was getting blurry like fog

-Whatever, you better be ready! This year is the end for you! Do you think I gave you that studio so you can play around and drink all night?! Aiaheh!

The phone shut off.

Myunghoon got on his knees and sat down. He needed some time to go into the ceremony with his normal face.

“Now, we arrived!”

Jongjin said as he turned off the engine.

Jaegun was in the passenger seat with Rika. Jaegun’s mom, Myungja, and his sister Jaeyn was riding in the back.

“Thanks, Jongjin. Thanks for taking care of our Jaegun since college. Jaegun really has a good friend.”

“Hahaha, it’s nothing. I’m pretty dark inside, mom, I knew Jaegun was going to succeed so wouldn’t some of that go to me?”

Jaegun joked and punched Jongjin’s shoulder lightly.

Jongjin smiled embarrassedly to respond.

Jongjin was planning to be at the ceremony. However, he came to Suwon in the morning randomly. Thanks to him, mom, sister, and Rika could all come to the ceremony comfortably.

“Should I keep Rika?”

Jaeyn was already holding out her hands.

Jaegun nodded and gave Rika over. Rika sat on Jaeyn’s chest and sat there comfortably and quietly.

“Ah, You’re here!”

“Ah? Hyojin? You came with Suhee?”

Jaegun turned around at that.

Suhee was following Hyojin towards Jaegun.

Jongjin came up and introduced Jaegun’s family.

“This is Jaegun’s mom and sister.”

“Hello, mam. I’m Cheon Hyojin. Jaegun’s my college buddy.”

Hyojin greeted her first cheerfully

Suhee, behind Hyojin, also bent her neck and greeted her.

“Hello, mam. First time meeting you. I’m Jaegun’s alumni Lee Suhee.”

“Ahah, yes. Helloo.”

Myungja and his sister answered back awkwardly.

Jaegun put his head down and laughed bitterly. He knew why his family was so shocked and flustered.

“Really, congratulations. You must be happy. I’m not feeling the same happiness as you guys would be feeling, but I’m feeling very happy for him so I came to congratulate him.”

“Ah, Really, thanks...! Thank you so much. Ah, I didn’t know Jaegun had such a pretty alumni. Ohohoho”

“Mom, it’s cold so let’s go inside.”

Jaegun pulled his very happy and enthusiastic mom inside. He was afraid that if he didn’t end this here, it might get awkward for him and Suhee.

“That might be good. It’s almost time for the ceremony. This way, mam.”

Suhee, as if showing her the way, went forward. The others followed.

Myungja and Jaeyn beside Jaegun was both asking in to his ear.

“It’s Lee Suhee, right? She’s really pretty. Her personality is pleasant and she’s polite too.

“You had a college friend like her? She has a good impression. Son, do well with that woman.”

Jaegun knew that this would be happening. There was no adult that didn’t like Suhee the first time. She was pretty but neat, had no greed on her face and with her manner of speech, it felt that mom and sister was already pulled in by her.

“Keep your eyes open and look at the people around you. Do you think there would be a woman like that very commonly? My mom is right. Ask her out.”

“Take her home. Sister will make you something good. What does she like?”

“I told you to stop. Why are you like this too sister?

The hall was already filled with almost half the people. Jaegun's group sat at the front.

'Ha, so many people came. As if this is a good award.'

Myunghoon snorted and remarked inside. He was sitting alone far away from Jaegun's group. He had in his hand the speech that he had made many changes to and a pen.

Suddenly, people just filled the seats.

The late people stood in the back and the Digital Literary Contest ceremony started with the commentators statement.

Myunghoon had no interest in anything. He didn't care about what the commentator said or about the contest's meaning. He only cared about what he could say to make himself look better than Jaegun. That was his sole thought.

"...Then now, I will start the award presentation of the winner."

Myunghoon turned his head at the mention of the winner.

He forgot because of the anger towards Jaegun, but it was a person who got the best award. It was obvious that he was curious.

'It must be someone with some age? Looking at the pen name, it must be a man.'

When the commentator was hesitating, Myunghoon tried to guess who it was. He turned around in his seat looking. There was so many people. It was impossible trying to find a person with a unique bright facial expression.

“The name is “A Dumb Woman”, the writer Se Gunwoo, please come forward.”

The crowd was being loud.

At this heightening of expectations, only one person was getting up from the chair. Myunghoon almost put his hand in the air and screamed.

‘That, that guy, why is he getting up?!’

The person who was getting up was Ha Jaegun.

Jaegun was stolidly passing through his mom, sister, then Suhee’s knees to get through.

“Ja, Jaegun, where are you going.”

“Son, what are you doing? Jaeyn, Jaegun’s the runner up?”

Everyone’s face became pale that Jaegun’s sudden movement.

Why he is standing up when it's the winner's announcement.

Jongjin, with a ‘this guy lost his mind’ expression, was getting up.

“Ja, Jaegun? This is announcement for the runner up...!”

Even Suhee was surprised and couldn't help herself from saying.

Jaegun answered with a little smile and went up to the platform. His footsteps, brighter than anytime before, was ringing the floor.

Chapter 31 – Is He Asking For A Battle

The commentator sent Jaegun -who was climbing up the stairs-a smile and continued his statement.

“The Digital Literary Contest was started to find amazing pieces, not caring if they are by new writers or not. Therefore, it’s possible that you can enter multiple pieces with a pen name and win more than two awards.”

Jaegun stood next to the commentator with his two hands clasped together.

Looking from the front, over hundreds of stairs were pointing towards him.

His heart felt like it was going to burst.

A electrical current went through and over his lower body.

“There was a writer during the 2nd contest 4 years ago who won both the runner-up award and the participation prize. After that, there wasn’t another person with multiple awards.

The commentator hesitated slightly, pulling in the crowd with his commentating. He smiled, wasting time. His two eyes shifted towards the embarrassedly standing Jaegun.

“Writer Se Gunwoo here won the grand prize with “A Dumb Woman.” However, ladies and gentlemen, Se Gunwoo also won the runner-up prize.”

“How could this be...!”

Jongjin gasped.

Jaegun’s family, Suhee, and Hyojin were all sitting mouths gaping open, looking forward. The hall became a notch louder.

Myunghoon was the one who got the most shock out of this hall.

He was completely out of it, not even knowing that he was crumpling his speech in his hand.

“The name is ‘Child of the 90s,’ written by Ha Jaegun. Which one is your real name, sir?”

The commentator, even though he knew it, asked.

Jaegun coughed slightly and took the mic that the commentator gave him.

“Ha Jaegun is my real name.”

“Yes, writer Ha Jaegun. Thank you for entering with such a great

work. The judges said that it was hard to compare between the two on the grand prize. What do you have to say?”

Jaegun held the mic again.

Jaegun opened his mouth, thinking of what to say, before finally saying,

“I honestly have no idea. My hair’s all white and I don’t have any thoughts right now so it’s hard to say. I’m sorry.”

“Haha, yes, it feels like you’re really nervous despite how you look. Now, at this point, I’ll introduce you to the person that will be giving out the award. It’s the company that has only looked for books for 30 years. Introducing Korea’s major bookstore with over 25 stores throughout the country -come out please-Mr. Han Jungdo of Gyojimungo.”

A man sitting on a reserved seat stood up. He was Representative Han Jungdo of Gyojimungo. To give the award, he went up and took the mic.

“The work that has been picked by the judges to win the grand prize is, “A Dumb Woman.” It’s a work that describes a woman as part of a family, a daughter, and an older sister in her 20s. It describes the woman very emotionally with creative and fresh writing.”

Jaeyn opened her eyes.

She didn't know that it was by her brother so it was obvious that she didn't know the meaning of the story.

Myungja beside her was already tearing up. She held her daughter's hand.

"The main character, Jaehee, of "A Dumb Woman," is truly like the title, dumb. She doesn't want love as a daughter and she sacrificed herself as a daughter. For her brother's future, she gladly gives up her future -her beautiful and lovely young days-all for her family. But Jaehee never says it's a sacrifice because she had never thought of it as so; to her, this is only a deed encompassing love that must be given to her family."

Jaeyn put her head down and covered up her mouth.

From her teary eyes, tears were falling down.

She told herself that she wasn't to cry on such a happy day, but no matter how hard she tried her warm tears couldn't stop.

"Jaeyun...."

Myungja took out a handkerchief and gave it to her.

Jaeyn took it and wiped her face but it was impossible. With one small handkerchief, she couldn't dry the tears from her long

youthful days.

With applause, Jaegun was given the award.

Jaegun stood proudly over hundreds of people. It was time for him to give his speech.

“I did make a speech but to recite it feels like everything pointless. First I want to thank my family, my colleagues who broke their busy life to come here.... Jongjin, Hyojin, Suhee, thanks. And to the people of the Digital Literary Contest, thank you again. And finally, to my master and teacher who I cannot give the name of for personal reasons, thank you.”

“This guy really has the power of making people surprised. You’re dead when you come back.”

Jongjin looked at Jaegun and said jokingly with his finger holding on to his tingling nose. Suhee and Hoyin had a light smile and eyes a bit red.

“I warned my cry baby sister before I came here. ‘Please don’t cry because I’ll be embarrassed.’ She laughed at that and was sure that she wouldn’t but look over there. The beautiful girl who’s crying out waterfalls is my sister.”

Jaegun pointed to Jaeyn with a joke.

Many stares went over to Jaeyn and many laughters erupted. But

Jaeyn still couldn't laugh at her brother's jokes.

"I'll probably get scolded when I get home because of the title. 'There are a lot of good titles so why did you name it 'A Dumb Woman'?' It's obviously a story made because of me, why am I so dumb, she's probably gonna scold me for so many things. But... I had no choice. My sister is dumb.

Jaegun stopped speaking and closed his eyes.

The hall became quiet. In the silence, Jaegun was looking at the times that he lived with her sister's love. There wasn't a day that wasn't important.

"27 years..."

Jaegun opened his eyes and spoke.

In his blurry eyes, he could clearly see the figure of her sister crying.

"27 years without change... she was a dumb sister who lived her life for her brother without a care for her life. Giving up her transportation fees so that her brother wouldn't feel ignored or not confident. Eating rice with water with no side dishes at all for her meals ...while always giving up meat for her brother. Quietly taking her brother's wallet, giving money, and being ignorant about it..."

Unlike what he prepared, the speech was slow and choppy.

Many people in the crowd were moved by Jaegun's shaking voice filled with sincerity

"I offer this book to the dumb woman in my sister. Mother, Father, thank you. For making such an amazing sister. And caring for my sister and I as well."

"Uhkhkhkhkhkhkhkhkkkk..!"

(Best laughing notations ever)

Jaeyn couldn't hold it in anymore and let out a cry.

Her makeup was completely messed up but she didn't care. Myungja put her face down to her back and silently teared.

Jongjin stood up and clapped. Hyojin and Suhee followed. From there, the entire hall started to clap loudly.

Only one person didn't clap,

'Uhhhhk?!

Myunghoon was holding his chest and shivering. His glance staring into his own shiny shoes.

Could these shoes walk all the way to that podium.

Could I say my speech without caring about Jaegun's achievements.

All of this seemed impossible.

All the figures in his eyes were blurry. His head shook and the world was blurry. It was so loud that his ears were going to fall off.

'No...! If I back down here, I'll be a bigger laughingstock. I'm me! I shouldn't be concerned with something like this! Those idiot judges! Do you think I'll back off here?! I'm Oh Myunghoon!'

Myunghoon, with shaky hands, straightened his speech.

He wanted a supplement to calm his heart right now. He was usually good at being in front of people and enjoyed it, but today was different. There was no one who could bring him confidence anywhere near him.

'Ha Jaegun...! Are you this happy to get an grand prize in a contest like this? You're bringing your family and filming a drama. Yes, have fun right now! This will be the climax of your life!'

Myunghoon stared at Jaegun cursing at him and went back to his speech. Thinking about how should he change it to make the focus on Jaegun turn more to him

And then-

The commentator continued.

“Because of time restraints, We will not be doing the speeches for the other awards. All the winners please come up to the podium.”

Myunghoon shot his head up surprised.

He didn't mishear it. The winners were getting up and walking to the podium.

‘No time... Not doing... speeches?!’

It meant that he had to be one person mixed in with the other winners.

No sentence of speech could be given

Understanding the reality, Myunghoon's body completely broke. In his two unglazed eyes were the shiny bright hall's light.

....

“Representative, do you want some tea?”

“No need, just go.”

Oh Tejin said on the chair.

He was over 50 years old but still healthy. He was a person who cared for his health because of his family and company.

Tejin was discomforted. Because of his youngest son.

What could be something more important than his mother's birthday.

An answer couldn't come even though he thought hard. It was his son, very far away from constructive life. Never the reliable one.

The phone rang on the desk.

Tejin was tired so he ignored it. But as the vibrations kept coming, he sighed and picked up the phone.

“Yes, Oh Tejin.”

“Hello, representative, I'm Director Park Jungbe.”

“Ahah, yes, Director Park, Have you been well?”

Tejin answered in a light voice compared to his bad mood.

Gyojimungo was the first domestic company to have online and retail stores. It is a big company so from his point of view, it was obvious that he needed a good relationship with them.

“Yes, I’ve been well. Ah, I just wanted to give my congratulations so I called you.”

“Congratulations? Haha, do I need to be congratulated?”

“Of course, your son has won a Literary Award so that’s good enough for congratulations. As a representative of a publishing company and a writer yourself, isn’t that a good thing? Congratulations.”

Tejin’s face lost its laughter. With a serious face, he stood up and went by the window.

“My son got a literary award?”

“Did you not know? Today was the ceremony.”

“No I haven’t heard of it. What is it?”

“It’s the Digital Literary Contest that we’re sponsoring every year. Your son won the runner up. As it was a contest that can be entered with a pen name -and I’m not the chief from over there-I

just found out now. The pen name was Ah Sungwoo and the title was ‘Lonely Man of Seoul.’

“Director, thank you for calling. I’ll check and I’ll call later”

“Yes, sir. Have a nice day.”

Tejin went straight to the computer after he cut off.

He searched up Digital Literary Contest and many news came out.

‘Myunghoon is the runner up...!’

Tejin rubbed his two hands together and checked the winner’s news.

It was as Park said. Ah Sungwoo wrote the ‘Lonely Man of Seoul’ and got the runner up.

‘That idiot! If this was happening, he should have told me earlier...!’

With the rushing regret, Tejin slapped his forehead.

He knew Myunghoon’s personality of hating losing because he was his father. Worried that Myunghoon would be like him when

he was younger, he became very strict towards him.

Tejin sighed and scrolled up.

Just then,

‘Hm...?!’

Tejin looked at the monitor and froze.

The name of the winner hanged in front of his two eyes.

Chapter 32 – What Is Important

[The Winner]

A Dumb Woman – Se Gunwoo

Tejin looked at the name Se Gunwoo.

It was definitely not an unfamiliar name, and a name that, just by looking at it, made him shiver. He didn't know that he would see that name on a Literary Contest that his son entered.

‘It’s not an uncommon name.’

Tejin, discomforted, turned away from the monitor. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and touched the mouse.

‘Maybe his son used his father’s pen name.’

Se Gunwoo had a son. He was an old writer but after he made a huge mistake, gave up writing.

The news had all the contestant’s pictures.

Tejin went to the Digital Literary Contest photo news and looked for Se Gunwoo’s name. He found a person in their 20s, with his family and friends.

‘No, yeah, there’s no way.’

Now, more relaxed, Tejin thought of contacting his son. When he called, Myunghoon answered quickly.

“Yes, father.”

“Good job.”

“...Yes?”

“Why didn’t you tell me earlier. If you told me, then the entire family could have gone and congratulated you.”

“But it’s not the grand prize...”

“Come home early, eat dinner.”

“Yes.”

As he cut off, Myungsuk came in with a knock. In his hands were samples from a SF writer that the company had planned.

“This is the samples that I told you in the morning.”

“Put it there. But did you know?”

“Yes? What did I know?”

“That Myunghoon entered the Digital Literary Contest or whatever.”

“No... I didn’t know.”

Myungsuk scratched his head and answered unconfidently. Tejin’s two eyes didn’t miss that.

“He won the runner up.”

“Runner up?”

“The name is Lonely Man of Seoul.”

“Ahah ... yes.”

“You knew.”

Tejin’s two eyes glared.

Myungsuk, surprised, almost dropped the samples he was holding.

“I didn’t know that he was entering the Digital Literary Contest. But I knew that he was writing a story called Lonely Man of Seoul. He asked me to look over it, so I read it once.”

“Did you end it with just a read?”

“Yes?”

“Is this something that Myunghoon written on his own.”

“Ye-yes. Father.”

“You’re sure?”

Tejin didn’t back away and asked again. Myungsuk fixed his glasses, coughed, and nodded his head.

“It was Myunghoon’s solo piece. He won runner up, so we should congratulate him.”

“I get it, leave.”

Myungsuk left the office. Tejin stood, looking out the window with a complicated expression.

...

“It’s cold.”

“That’s because you wore a t-shirt, you idiot.”

“I didn’t know it would be this cold. Here, I’ll take it,”

“It’s not heavy.”

“Just give it.”

Jaegun took the basket from Jaeyn’s hands. It held today’s dinner ingredients. Today’s main course was bossam.

“But maybe we bought too much meat.”

“We can eat it.”

It was one week since the ceremony.

Jaegun and Jaeyn were walking through the road, colored with autumn.

“Have you decided the cover?”

“Yeah, I told them a general outline. Since they are pros, they’ll

get it done.”

“When’s the paper book coming out?”

“Maybe about a month?”

It was about the ‘A Dumb Woman.’

Only the grand winner from the contest could get their book into a paper book. All the others were only made for electronic books in the online market.

“You got your wish, brother. You wanted to make a book into a paper book that much.”

Jaegun grinned instead of answering.

There were reasons why he looked for paper books, even though they were costly most of the time. But was the writer’s dream. A touchable, openable paper book is more intimate than a figureless electronic book.

But there was a bigger reason.

He wanted to show to his dad, who was an old person.

His dad who was far from computers and phones.

Even now, his dad went to bookstores and bought paper books.

He was dreaming of the day that he would find his son's book in the new section and be moved.

"Wow, why did you buy so much meat? We're only 4 people with your dad, who's gonna eat this all?"

Myungja said the same thing when they went home. Jaegun answered as he put the basket down.

"You eat it today, you make other foods with it, you fry it, you make it into a stew. This will all disappear quickly."

"But still, how much is this? You need to spend this where you need to..."

"Mom."

Jaegun pushed his arm sleeves back and turned towards his mom.

"Don't worry about money, your son got his place. This is only going shopping for food so why worry?"

"Ok, ok, wow, Acting strong because you won a grand prize. You're gonna with the nobel prize next year?"

Myungja wrinkled her nose and Jaeyn laughed.

After they cleaned up the basket, Jaegun looked around the house and continued.

“Don’t renew the contract.”

“What?”

“Go buy a house and move.”

He was thinking for a long time.

If he had money left, he was going to buy a house for his family and move.

It wasn’t a house that needed fixing a few places. Suffering from noises from other thing, this family has lived in this old house for a very long time.

“From the 30,000 dollars from last time, with the runner up and the grand prize winnings that will be after taxes, 23,000 dollars. I’m not sure if there will be more money. But by just this much, you can get a pretty decent house in this neighborhood.

“Jaegun...”

“No, not a villa actually. Just wait a year. In one year, let’s go to a house with a garden. Mom likes the garden, and since we’re living alone, there won’t be any noise.”

Jaegun was putting down words alone.

Myungja and Jaeyn was worried. It felt like Jaegun was inflicting damage to himself. He repeated the words as if he wanted to shove them into his brain.

“It’s the genre side that gets money, so I’ll release another series. Do you get it? Don’t renew the contract. We’re going out.”

The door opened with a beep sounds. It was his dad Ha Sukjae. Looking at his wife and his two sons and daughters, he blinked.

“Honey, Jaegun bought us meat for dinner today. Go clean up and come out quickly.”

“I already ate.”

Sukjae went to his room after he took off his coat.

Jaegun was looking at the kitchen’s microwave, smiling bitterly.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take him out.”

Myungja with her elbow hit Jaegun's waist and whispered.

Jaeyn pulled out a table in the living room. There were so many dishes with a meat dish, vegetables, and other side dishes and beer. Sukjae was just coming out after cleaning up.

"Honey, come over here and eat something."

"You and the kids can eat."

"Don't be like that and sit down. The meat is really good?"

Sukjae ignored her. WIth a emotionless face, he opened the refrigerator and poured himself some tea. After he drank, he immediately turned to go to his room

Just them,

"What's so displeasing?"

Jaegun said subduedly with his eyes pointed down.

Sukjae was slowly turning around.

"What is so displeasing. Do you hate your son that much that you would even avoid the dinner table?"

“I told you I ate.”

“No, your shift ended 30 minutes ago so where would you have eaten in that time while walking home? Just answer truthfully. Just say that you can’t stand your son’s face to the point that it would make you suffering from indigestion.

“This guy is...?”

“Ja, Jaegun, what are you doing?”

Jaeyn’s cries did nothing.

Jaegun stood up and looked at Sukjae.

“I won a Literary award for the first time. It’s not the biggest but I won the grand prize and the runner up. Couldn’t you congratulate me as your son? Can you not forgive me because I’m being a writer that you hate so much?”

“Sigh... ok, I get it. Congratulations.”

Sukjae waved his hand as if he was tired and turned around. Jaegun walked over and blocked his path and continued.

“Do you know how much I’ve earned so far. We can move away from this old house now. Do you still hate me because I’m a

writer? I have began to earn as well. Father, your son is going to do well.”

With this, Sukjae’s face turned red. But he still managed to close his lips that were going to open many times. With no words, he went into his room and closed the door.

“Jaegun, come here.”

Jaeyn went over and took his arm. Myungja was sighing and looking at a pot on the veranda. He knew that they would collide like this.

“I’ve ate.”

Jaegun finished his dinner with no words. Myungja and Jaeyn both offered him drinks but he didn’t drink any. He couldn’t write if he did.

“I’ll go.”

“It’s only 9, sleep here.”

“No, I have things to write. I’ll come back. Sleep early mom, you too sister.”

“I’ll escort you for a little.”

Jaeyn put on a cardigan and followed.

In the dark, the many streetlights became evident. Jaeyn spoke as she took Jaegun's arm and walked with him.

"Dad is worried."

"For what?"

"I've heard him talk to your mom. Maybe it's a good idea to learn publishing work for later."

"Why work at a publishing company?"

"You need a place if something goes wrong. It's best to have a constant salary. Your dad worked like that as a worker. You have to understand."

"I know."

Jaegun answered in a small voice. His dad still didn't believe him as a writer. But the answer could only be...!

A taxi that was passing blew its horn.

Jaegun, coming out of his thoughts, caught the taxi and said to Jaeyn.

“I’ll take a taxi and take the subway.”

“Ok, be careful and call.”

“Ok.”

Jaegun called Jung Somii’s number after he got on the taxi. After a ring, Somii’s energetic voice came on.

“Ah, Hello, Writer HA.”

“Yes, Somii, did you leave work?”

“No, I have work left so I think I’ll have to work till 11 o’clock.”

“You’re busy, then I’ll call you later.”

“No! No! You can tell me right now!”

“I want to release a sequel because I relaxed for awhile.”

Jaegun spoke while looking out the window. Immediately, Somii’s voice answered.

“It’s so good, writer! I thought you would be tired after the

Digital Literary Contest so I just waited anxiously without calling! Should we meet? I'll call you after I talk with the editor."

"Ok. Good work."

"You too, sir!"

As he cut off, Jaegun threw away his dream for paper books. He thought he did enough for his dad now. Comfortably resting, Jaegun looked for the pros and cons of the biggest selling methods in recent genres.

Chapter 33 – What Is Important

It's the serial publishing.

It is the same as an electronic book in that it's only sold online. But unlike an electronic book with 'one book' type, the serial publishing is about 5000-6000 characters for one 'section' published serially. So about 20-25 sections are released for one book.

Jaegun was planning to try this for a new book.

He fulfilled his dream for paper books so now it was money.

For about 10 cents per book, giving up money for the service web and the management, the writer gets about 5 cents. If the view are about 1000, the profit is about 50 dollars.

"Could I stop you here?"

"Yes, thank you."

Jaegun exited the taxi and headed for the subway station.

Walking with his hands in his pockets, Jaegun thought about what to write about in his sequel.

'I can't think of anything.'

Maybe it was because of the problems with his father.

Or maybe because he was tired from writing too much.

He had nothing come in his mind. He had to write, but he couldn't think of what to write.

A fantasy with blades and magic, A martial arts story with a master looking for foes, it was the same. He couldn't think of anything as he rode the subway.

Jaegun, leaning on the elderly section of the subway, took out a memo and a pen.

It was a habit that he kept materials for writing everywhere. It was different from a phone memo. If he wrote the characters, the setting, and the background with a pen, a story might just magically come up.

‘Ah, what...’

The pen didn't write as if it was out of ink.

Jaegun put the writing materials right back, sighing. He decided to think as he went to his quiet house. He pointed his lance at the background out the window.

....

“Meow, meow.”

“Uhh, Rika, don’t do that.”

“What are you doing, I need to sleep more. Please let me sleep.”

Jaegun, with a tired voice, begged and turned around but Rika didn’t care. Still meowing, she kept scratching Jaegun’s back.

Beep! Beep!

He could now feel the vibrations coming from the top of his bed as he woke up once more. Jaegun pulled his phone and muttered.

“Aauh, waking me up so I can take a call. I don’t need to take a call.”

It was a phone number that he didn’t know.

Rika glared furiously at Jaegun, who was going to throw the phone away. It was a glare that was saying she wasn’t going to let him go.

Jaegun, looking at that glance, put the phone to his ear.

“Hello..”

“Hello, is this Writer Ha Jaegun?”

A man's voice was asking.

Jaegun pulled himself up and answered.

“Yes.”

“Excuse me. I am Ahn Tekwon who is taking care of the search website Navin's genre literary service planning.

“Ahah, yes, Hello.”

Jaegun stood up, putting his legs below his bed.

A conversation that he heard from the person in charge of the Digital Literary Contest came into mind.

There were going to be places that would ask for interview, so Navin was one of them.

“I want to have an interview about Writer Ha Jaegun's writing tendencies and things relating to your life. The interview will be on the main ‘Book of the Month’ corner as well.

Jaegun's drowsiness completely went away.

Navin was the company that ran the country's biggest search website Navin.

It's been about 15 years since the beginning. The daily usage was 18 million people, the users were 40 million, and the global member registration was over 500 million so it was the site that had the biggest size in the country.

This Navin was going to put his interview in the main screen corner.

Jaegun was an ordinary person so he couldn't not be excited. He wasn't jumping up and down, but his heartrate was definitely getting faster.

"You can come to the company or pick a comfortable site, but in our point of view, we want to have the interview at your writing place, how is that?"

"My writing place?"

Jaegun asked while looking around.

This room was the only writing place that he had. It was filled with only the minimal materials he needed to write and live.

“Yes, sir, is that difficult?”

Jaegun answered immediately.

It was an important place that he spent writing till now.

There was no pride, but there was no shame. Isn’t it a problem when a writer is even ashamed that he was writing in a shabby place. With that thought, Jaegun immediately answered.

“It’ll be great if you can come to my house. I’ll be fine.”

“Thank you. Then we must make an appointment. Tell me what day you would like to meet.

“Hm, how about Thursday?”

“Yes. I will call you back a day before. And I’ll send you an email about the general outline of the interview so it would be nice if you can look it over once.”

“Ok.”

“Yes, then good work.”

Jaegun looked at Rika who was sitting on the bed. Feeling the gaze, Rika layed back down and shook around

“You woke me because it was Navin’s call. That’s it?”

“Meow,”

“Yes, you be my manager. But let’s eat. You’re hungry and I’m... wow, what is this. Did I drink this much yesterday?”

There were 10 cans of beer on the ground. It was a messy place because he couldn’t think of a story. Jaegun bent his waist and picked it up.

Beep!

A call came as he was about to clean up.

It was Editor Kwon Tewon. Jaegun remembered his call with Somii and answered.

“Yes, editor.”

“Writer Ha, you wanted to release a sequel? I heard from Somii so I called right now. You should have told me right away!”

“Haha, well Somii is in charge of me, and I thought you would be busy with other writers.”

There was no lie in Jaegun's words. Tewon was always busy. It was amazing seeing his personality and energy as he took care of all the StarBook writers even as he was busy.

“Have you thought about what to write?”

“Ah, editor, I feel like I have to continue the series.”

“Continue? The Modern series?”

“Yes.”

Jaegun answered.

Continuing a series that was successful before.

It was a decision that he made yesterday. He had no story to write about but he wanted to publish something quickly so, naturally, it came to this.

The two main characters of the Martial Rankings and the Modern Rankings were two different characters but they both got their powers from the same source. Taking that origin of power as the background, he was planning to write a story about these two characters colliding as the 3rd story.

“What do you think, editor?”

Jaegun asked as he gave an outline of the plot.

Tewon couldn't answer quickly. In the end, he answered carefully,

"It's not bad. First the two earlier series sold well. But the problem is that the main character is two people. A two MC story is definitely a story that readers dislike."

"Yes, I've thought of that."

"And the serial publishing is worrying as well. All of these were paper books so to release a sequel to a previous work, and to change it to a serial publishing is a bit too much. There's no guarantee that the readers of the paper books will all go to the serial publishing."

"Then, I'll release it to paper books."

Jaegun added in his mind, 'For the last time.'

On the other side of the phone, it sounded like Tewon was taking off his clothes.

"Yes, writer. We should meet soon so when are you free? I'm fine today at anytime."

"Then I'll see you today. I want to get some air, so I'll come out to

Guro. Should we meet at night?”

“Let’s do that, then, let’s just have dinner today. About 7 today, writer.”

“Yes, I’ll see you soon.”

Jaegun cleaned up quickly and went to the computer. Cleaning his face somewhat, he opened Word.

“Phew, there’s about 6 hours till 7. There’s a lot of time.

He need to write at least an outline of the last Rankings series.

Jaegun started to type out a plot. It was definitely easier writing from a finished story instead of creating a new story.

As he was just about to get into it,

Ding Dong!

The bell rung and stopped Jaegun’s project.

Jaegun shivered because the bell almost never rings..

“Who is it?”

“It’s me, writer, Ma Jonggu.”

“....Yes?”

Jaegun opened the door with a horrified face.

Two men were smiling very widely outside.

It was Hetae Media’s general manager Ma Jonggu and assistant manager Park Gyungsu. Two people both had a big box in their hands.

“General Manager, Assistant Manager, what are you doing here without any warning?”

“I had to give a present to Writer Ha so I came here.”

“Ah, yes, thank you... but what if I wasn’t going to be home.”

“Hahaha, I didn’t think that far. I could come back later, or I can call later so.”

Jonggu was laughing and answering.

Jaegun couldn’t even get irritated because it was so stupid. This was the definition of pushing like a storm. Is this how Hetae

Media's working style was.

"Well at least come in."

"Ah, weren't you writing something?"

Even as he said that, Jonggu was already taking off his boots.

Jaegun moved sideways and Jonggu and Gyungsu came inside and laid down their boxes.

"What are these?"

"These are deer antlers, These aren't just deer antlers but really good ones, but you'll be able to eat them for at least half a year. Writer is way too skinny. This is Hetae Media's hope that you will be healthy and write great stories."

Jonggu's words came out like it was practiced./

Jaegun, with a surprised face, managed to nod his head to acknowledge his thanks. He pulled out two cups.

"Have a drink of coffee."

"Ah, thank you."

“I’ll be using the restroom for a second.”

He felt that he at least needed to brush his teeth and wash his face as a human. He put a towel around his neck and went into the bathroom and locked the door.

As Jaegun left, Jonggu whispered into Gyungsu’s ears.

“You’re going to say it when the time comes?”

“Isn’t it better to just give the present today? It feel too obvious. Maybe wait a few days...”

Jonggu softly clucked his tongue.

“This guy is still saying these sort of words. It’s the end if you can’t get writers quickly nowadays. And Writer Ha is huge. If we wait and lose, are you gonna take the blame? Do you want to get chewed out by the representative?”

“Hm...”

Gyungsu couldn’t answer.

Jonggu’s eyes caught the notebook screen. Jonggu, as if pulled, went to over and looked at the screen and widened his eyes.

“Look at this. Isn’t Writer Ha already going to continue the Ranking series from StarBooks?”

Gyungsu also widened his eyes as he saw that.

“Ah, I think so.”

“I think so? You idiot! Look at it. If we take our time because it seems to obvious, then who’s gonna take the blame...”

Creaak!

The door of the bathroom opened. Jonggu and Gyungsu both immediately fell to the ground.

Jaegun was coming out. Jonggu, acting as if he was calm, put a cup of coffee to his mouth, but because it was too hot, he screamed.

“Are you ok?”

“I, I, I’m fine. Writer. I”m fine.”

Jonggu was answering as he was quickly ripping out tissues and cleaning the floor and his mouth. Jaegun, smiling bitterly, stood in front of them and then asked bluntly

“You came to ask for a sequel?”

Chapter 34 – What Is Important

Jonggu and Gyungsu had no words.

Jaegun had suddenly brought up the topic that they were just trying to think of how to bring up.

“Hahaha... well instead of completely...”

Jonggu slurred his words to neither confirm or deny it and looked at Gyungsu beside him.

Gyungsu who got the baton continued nervously.

“It, It’s not completely like that. You finished Pegelon’s Magician in 14 books perfectly, and we came here as a gesture of thanks... Hm ... and so we thought to have your good health and write well so we gave this present...No, I’m sorry, that’s not it. Yes, that’s right.”

“What’s right?”

“Yes?”

“You just said, “that’s right.” So I can just take this present and thankfully eat it right? I can just have my good health and write. Now the story is over?”

“No, that is. Writer...!”

Gyungsu just suddenly blanked out as he was trying to continue. Jaegun’s face had a joking and mischievous smile.

“I was joking.”

“Ha, hahaha... ,Writer Ha is making jokes now. Thought we were getting kicked out. Hahaha.”

Jonggu who was breaking a sweat shivered.

In this softening environment, Jaegun’s glance was heading towards his laptop.

“I’m making the Ranking series. I’m going to make a 3rd series following the Martial Rankings and Modern ranking”

“Ahah, yes, I see. You’re busy. I didn’t want to pressure you. Just...”

“No, busy is not the problem.”

Jaegun became serious and cut him off.

“If the story is decided, I can write. I don’t know about the other writers, but that’s me. That’s the problem. I have no ideas on what

to write. Therefore, that's the reason why I can't talk to you about a sequel."

"Hm, yes... then how about we plan together...no, nothing."

Jonggu stopped his words and closed his mouth.

To mention planning to Jaegun who he had criticized so much.

Planning a novel was that the publishing company made a story and the writer made a book with that story. It's for the writers who can't think of any plot.

There's no publishing company that would unfairly try to gain more profit. It's just a method that the writers and the publishing company worked together.

Jonggu had given Jaegun a story in the past that he planned.

And then to the drafts that Jaegun had given him, he had thrown it out 3 times.

It was simple why he did so. It wasn't interesting. But anyway, with that past, Jonggu couldn't possibly mention planning a story first.

Rika said a small cry as she was yawning.

The fall air was passing by the window.

Gyungsu who was sipping his coffee suddenly opened his eyes and spoke.

“Writer Ha, I just thought of something.”

“Yes? Say it.”

Jaegun’s glance went from the window to Gyungsu.

Gyungsu pointed to Jaegun’s laptop and continued.

“What if you continue the Pegelon’s Magician series like the Ranking series?”

“Pegelon’s Magician?”

“Yes, it’s a happy ending where Loyd Mobic becomes a grand magician, marries, and has a son. It would be fun if his son becomes the main characters and starts a 2nd adventure.”

“Hm...”

Jaegun scratched his chin and thought about it.

Gyungsu continued frantically, worried that Jaegun might shake

his head.

“It’s the same Pegelon’s world and you can use the previous series’ characters so the story wouldn’t be hard to make. Since the father was a grand magician, the son can be a swordsman or a mercenary.”

“Wait, let me think.”

“Yes, yes. Writer, think slowly.”

Jaegun carefully thought quietly.

‘It wasn’t going to be too hard.’

It was the same as the Ranking series. The previous stories’ characters and the world can be used to make a story. Gyungsu’s offer was pretty enticing to Jaegun who couldn’t think of anything.

“Let me ask something.”

Jaegun said with his head up.

Jonggu and Gyungsu stiffed.

“Yes, writer, s, say it.”

“It’s a series so I don’t have huge demands. ‘I’ll go with the previous deal but is it possible with another 30 thousand dollars up front?”

Gyungsu and Jonggu’s mouth opened.

They weren’t surprised at 30 thousand dollars.

Having a success like Pegelon’s Magician that got 6000 copies for each book, Jaegun was a writer that they wouldn’t be hesitant to give. They were surprised that Jaegun’s question was basically mimicking his thoughts.

“S, so, does that mean writer, you will be making another sequel with us... is that what it is...?”

“If you give me the 30 thousands dollar up front.”

Jaegun answered with a smile.

Jonggu and Gyungsu’s faces brightened like a little child.

“O, of course, writer. 30 thousand up front is nothing. No, we’re sorry that we can only give that much to Writer Ha. Hahah, hah, thank you, thank you..”

Jonggu’s voice became very elated as he was nodding. If he was

anymore elated, he was about to sing praises for Ha Jaegun.

“Since we agree, let’s sign. Give me the contract.”

“Ah, yes, yes, Writer Ha. Park, contract.”

“Yes Yes, here is it.”

Gyungsu pulled out the contract from his bag.

Jaegun quickly signed the contract. The title wasn’t made yet so he put it as ‘Pegelon’s Magician part 2.’

“You truly have my thanks. Since the prequel became so successful, this one should be good as well.”

“I hope so. Now I have to write it.”

At that word, Jonggu and Gyungsu both stood up.

“Then we should go so we don’t bother your writing. Ah, we’ll give the money by this night or next morning.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Jonggu and Gyungsu went out and wore their shoes.

As Jaegun went to go out, the two people waved no.

“Don’t come out, writer, we can go.”

“Write well and take the present. It’s not something just made randomly from anywhere. It’s a really good one. It’s at home shopping often.”

“Hahaha, I’ll take it. Then bye.”

Jonggu called the representative immediately as he was leaving. As he said what happened, the representative laughed happily.

“Yeah? You got the sequel contract this quickly? Why are you guys working so well?! You guys must be crazy because you want to get that bonus money for the holidays?! ”

“Ah, so you’re going to give use money?”

Jonggu, laughingly, answered. He could still picture the angry representative that was screaming in his office.

“Don’t come back to the office and take a rest. No, now. You haven’t had lunch? Come and have lunch with me. And let’s have a drink in dinner somewhere nice. 1 o’clock is fine.”

“The representative, one is about 10 thousand dollars?”

“You want to break the company? You be the CEO. Don’t strain it and just come back quickly. ”

“Yes yes, I’ll be there.”

Jonggu put his arm around Gyungsuh.

“Assistant Park’s speech has been really good recently. How do you speak so well?”

“What are you talking about. It’s all because of you.’

“Let’s have lunch with the representative first. Then dinner, I’ll buy it. With the representative’s of..fi.ce.ca.rd. HAHAHA.”

“Hahaha.”

The two people laughed together. It was so loud that it could be heard by Jaegun who closed his windows.

‘Are they that happy.’

This still wasn’t real to Jaegun.

It was so weird that with one word of his, people could be happy or sad. He had lived as a no-name for a long time. It would take

more time to get used to this.

“Phew, well since I contracted, I have more work. I have to run?”

Jaegun started to finish the Ranking series’ story. The Pegelon’s Magician was next, and then if he finished thinking of the plot, he would write them alternatingly.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

One hour, two hours passed

It was probably because of the drinks yesterday, but he felt really tired.

Jaegun would probably stop here if it was the old him because of dinner plans.

But he had no reason to stop writing because of his health. He had the help of Se Gunwoo’s mug. Stamina completely restored to full health with just one hit!

“Phew, my face is burning, my arms might fall off.”

About 4 hours, Jaegun stopped his hands and rubbed his shoulders. Se Gunwoo’s laptop may have the power to write 10 thousand letters but it couldn’t help Jaegun’s body’s stamina.

“No, I can’t do it. I finished the story mostly so let’s stop here. Ah, I feel like I’m gonna die of tiredness.

“Meow, meow.”

Rika, as if saying that’s good enough for today, pressed Jaegun’s stomach. Jaegun hugged Rika and looked at the clock on the wall. There was 2 hours until the appointment.

Jaegun quickly showered and dressed in his new internet ordered clothes.

Cleaning himself, Jaegun said to Rika’s reflection in the mirror

“I’m sorry that I always go alone. I would take you, but today I’m eating dinner so I can’t take you in. Even if that, it’s the public transportation...”

Stopping, Jaegun turned to look at Rika.

Rika was tilting her head as if wondering what’s up.

“Yes, that’s it. The best way to take you. I’ll have to buy a car.”

“Meow?”

“I’m gonna buy a car as that 30 thousand dollars comes in. Why

didn't I think to buy a car? I like public transportation and I like drinks but sometimes I want to take you along. No not sometimes, but daily.

Jaegun hugged Rika and rubbed her face.

Rika was defying with a tired face but Jaegun didn't let go.

"But I don't know how to buy, I got my license at 20 but never used it. I should probably go and talk to the store? Or is it better on the internet?"

"Meoowww~!"

"You're angry. You're tired of me? Wowwww."

Jaegun let her go as if he was sulking. Just then one method came into his mind.

"Yeah, why didn't I think of this. What an idiot."

Jaegun picked up his phone.

"Yes, Writer Ha!

"I'm sorry, I want to ask something."

“Yes? Hahaha, yes, say it. I’ll do whatever I can.”

Rika jumped up the cat tower and looked down and Jaegun.

With Rika who was cute everything she did in his eyes, he answered.

“Buy me a car.”

Chapter 35 – What Is Important

“Yes? Car?”

Jonggu’s voice was slightly broken.

Jaegun sat in front of the computer and searched up cars.

“With the money you are giving up front, I want to buy a car that’s below 30 thousand dollars. I never bought a car before so I wanted your help.”

“Haha, that’s what you meant. Haha”

“Is that not possible?”

“No. Of course it is. What car do you want, writer?”

“Hm, I don’t know about the car brand. Just something compact car. A fuel efficient car and something that doesn’t cost too much to maintain.”

Jaegun said while looking through the pictures of cars.

He thought of maybe getting a small car but he chose the compact car because of giving family and friends a ride.

He didn't need a car that was uselessly big and expensive. It just needed to have the minimum capacities of a car.

"A compact, I think a Hyundai is pretty good. There's a 14 thousand to 24 thousand car in the new models. What do you think?"

"Pick one and give me one. You can make the options as you wish."

"Yes, writer. Hm Hyundai..."

Jonggu muttered as he was memoing.

"I'll do the options, what about the color?"

"I'll do black."

"Black... I get it."

"It's not important so I can wait. I'll write really well if you help me with this car."

"Hahaha, yes, writer. I get it. I'll call you when I'm done."

Jaegun sighed with relief after the call and looked at Rika.

Rika wasn't moving from the top of the cat tower. She wanted to be away from Jaegun's touch.

"I got a car. Now let's go out sometime. Go to a park and meet my friends and stuff."

There was no meow that came usually.

He opened the drawer on the desk. It had Se Gunwoo's mug in it. After he knew it was an important item, he was hiding it in his desk than the sink.

"Phew, this is magic."

After a cup of coffee with that mug, all the stress went magically away.

Jaegun waved to Rika and left home happily.

"Hold him?"

StarBooks representative office.

Tewon was dumbfounded.

Representative Park Jeguk was nodding on the other side.

“Yeah, hold him. Make him an exclusive writer. With today’s sequel talks, just get him to sign.”

“...!”

Tewon couldn’t answer and lowered his glance. His glasses were slipping and were hanging dangerously on his nose.

He came into report his sequel talk schedule.

But Jeguk was now just ordering him to get an exclusive contract with him.

“I don’t like holding either mostly. It’s hard to control writers sometimes. But we need Ha Jaegun. One of Jaegun’s projects is doing the work of 3 other projects, no 5 other projects. We need the money so that the company can grow?”

Tewon couldn’t respond to that.

First, he couldn’t feel that Jaegun would take that contract

It was a problem even if Jaegun took the contract because of his friendship with Tewon.

If he became a StarBooks exclusive writer, then he couldn’t contract with other companies. It wasn’t a project contract but a writer contract.

Tewon knew Jaegun was a truly writing loving writer.

He wasn't a writer that would be only fulfilled in the genre novel section. With his award in the Digital Literary Contest, his power with emotions were already confirmed.

He was a writer with potential that could grow.

It was a hard thing to do for Tewon to ask Jaegun to be an exclusive writer. It was a person to person problem more than a company profit problem.

It wasn't one day that he knew Jaegun; it was a long time. He didn't want to interfere with Jaegun's writing life.

"Why do you have no answer?"

Jeguk asked.

Tewon came out of his thoughts and looked at Jeguk.

"I have some thoughts."

"What thoughts?"

"Writer Ha is not going to take that contract."

Jeguk clucked his tongue.

“Isn’t it your job to take a contract anyway that you can? Your style of work has been weird lately. Why have you changed so much?”

Isn’t it representative that changed instead of me, almost came out of his mouth but he pushed it down.

It was getting clearer. Now, the aging representative’s brain had the thought of writer=money. A few years before, it wasn’t like this.

“Say it right, ah?”

Jeguk patted Tewon’s shoulder and said softly.

“If I don’t have you, who can I trust to run this big company? I’ve worked with you for how many years? It’s almost 10 years, 10 years. Go clean this up and have a vacation with your family for about a week. I’ll give you the vacation money.”

Jeguk’s offer didn’t cling with Tewon at all.

Well there was nothing else to do in this spot other than nodding his head.

“I’ll try.”

“Yes, just call no matter what time.”

Tewon went back to his office after he left.

He could see Somii’s back. She was focused on her work, typing hard in her computer.

A bitter smile came over Tewon.

In Tewon’s eyes, Somii was really enjoying her work as a editor. It felt like she was overlapping his past self when he came in.

‘It’s been a long time.’

Tewon muttered to himself and stopped his steps.

If there is a high, there is a low, looking at Somii, he could feel the path that he had to go.

“Somii.”

“Ah, yes, editor.

Somii was startled and looked up from her screen. Tewon asked as he looked on her screen.

“Do you have a lot of work today?”

“No, I finished everything done today. This is something that I wanted to finish early.”

“Then, get ready to leave. Let’s go out together.”

“Ah go out? Ah, with Writer Ha?”

Tewon smiled instead of answering.

Somii immediately saved and turned off her keyboard. She was smiling as she was taking her stuff.

‘I haven’t seen him since the writer’s meeting?’

She couldn’t help but get excited at meeting Jaegun. He was a person that just gave strength, with a comfortable smile and polite speech. His ferocious eyes when he was working came up.

“I’m ready, editor.”

“Yes, then let’s go.”

The two people went down to the parking lot.

Somii asked as he was getting in.

“Is it Guro today as well?”

“Yes, Writer Ha likes that place and it’s comfortable.”

The car went out of the parking lot.

Tewon had no words while he was driving for a while.

Somii was looking outside, not asking first.

As the car stopped at a light, Tewon said first, lowering the volume of the radio.

“I’ll say it before we get there.”

“Yes, editor. Say it.”

“The representative wants to get an exclusive contract with Writer Ha.”

“An exclusive contract?”

Somii widened her eyes.

“If then, Writer Ha can’t write anything else?”

“Yeah, he doesn’t want to miss any of Writer’s Ha’s writing.”

Somii could see his bitter smile. She couldn’t think of anything that a new editor could say.

“I’m going to resign soon.”

“Re...sign? The company?”

That was completely surprising.

With Somii who was flabbergasted, Tewon said stolidly.

“I was there a long time. With the atmosphere and that, it’s time to find a different path. It’s better than getting pushed out.”

“But editor...! I know this may be rude to say this, but you’re really good at working. You have the representative’s trust...”

“It’s because I can’t respond to that trust of his.”

Tewon cute Somii’s words. As the light turned green, he pressed the acceleration and continued.

“Just you know it. I thought I should tell it to you so I said it.”

“Yes...”

Somii said weakly with his head down.

Tewon raised the radio volume again. A K-pop song whose lyrics couldn't be understood was turning up loudly.

...

“It's a series, so I would like the contract to be like before. With 10%, from 3000 books up 1 %, and the 6 for the electronic books.”

“Thank you, Writer Ha, here take a drink.”

Jaegun got Tewon's offering.

There was a lot of sashimi and seafood on the table.

“Here, a toast.”

“Toast.”

Teon and Somii, and Jaegun put their cups together.

After he drank, Jaegun picked up a piece of sashimi happily

“It’s been awhile since I ate one of these. It looks good.”

“Go eat a lot. You like sashimi.”

“Ah, there’s only the editor for me. Somii, you have some too.”

“Ah, yes, Writer.”

Starled, Somii who was blankly staring picked up her chopsticks

Jaegun thought to himself.

‘What happened.’

Jaegun’s observation skills as a writer came up to him right now.

There was a heavy air between Tewon and Somii. It was different from their previous meetings. Jaegun felt before.

But Jaegun didn’t ask at first.

If it was important, Tewon would have said it before.

He was an amazing editor that did everything for his writer. So Jaegun felt it, but he wasn’t nervous.

“I guess I can’t expect anything too good? Because it has the previous two characters.”

With Jaegun’s word, Tewon said carefully.

“I think so. It won’t be too bad, but I don’t think it would be too amazing either.”

Tewon wasn’t a person who said something that was false. Jaegun liked Tewon for that reason.

Jaegun let out a question as he was pouring a drink to Tewon.

“I was thinking of a title but nothing is coming out. Maybe I should name it the Realm Rankings because they fight in the other realms? Or maybe the Double Rankings? It feels weird with Rankings and double. It’s all weird? Do you have anything that you have in mind?”

“...Writer Ha.”

“Yes?”

Jaegun stopped and looked at Tewon. Tewon had a different look than before.

“Yes editor.”

Tewon was conflicted.

He was still a StarBooks editor. He needed to do everything he needed to do and think of the other things. Thinking that to himself Tewon asked

“Would you sign a contract to be an exclusive writer for StarBooks?”.

Chapter 36 – What Is Important

“Exclusive?”

“Yes, exclusive. It’s not a project, but a contract with Writer Ha.”

Jaegun’s gaze slowly dropped down.

Jaegun was thinking. He’s grown enough to get an exclusive contract. And from a company that came in the top three in the domestic genre market.

If he became a exclusive writer, he wouldn’t be able to publish anything for the other companies.

Only with the company that he contracted with.

But he would have a salary that came in intervals like a regular worker. He could expect better treatment and sponsors because he was an exclusive writer.

‘However...’

Jaegun had been jealous of the exclusive writers of StarBooks before.

They were best-selling writers so they had the requirements to sign as exclusive writers. There were companies that only did

exclusive contracts, but they were few and far between.

Jaegun has seen StarBook's exclusive writers before and they looked complacent even though they couldn't write. It was because of their salary. Because they couldn't write, they went on vacation internationally, shopping, etc. All of this can be seen by SNS.

"I know this is an idea that requires some thought."

Tewon said opening a new bottle.

"Think slowly. You don't have to decide right now."

Jaegun took the bottle and poured one to Tewon and Somii as well. As they toasted again, Jaegun said clearly.

"I will decide now."

Tewon and Somii stopped at that position. Jaegun one-shotted a drink and put it down on the table.

"I'm thankful for the offer but I don't think I can do an exclusive contract."

"I see."

“I can’t contract myself to write. I want to live life like I did-writing freely.”

Tewon bitterly smiled. He knew that this would happen. A weird emotion of happiness and disappointed at the same time came in.

“I know you’re doing the right thing, I’ll cheer you on.”

Somii who was beside him looked at Tewon.

Is this really it? No more persuasion or arguments? What is he going to say to the representative when he gets back?

Jaegun took some lettuce. With a piece of sashimi on top of the lettuce, he continued.

“I have never been a writer for StarBook.”

“Yes?”

Looking at Tewon, Jaegun was smiling.

“I have always had a contract with you. Our relationship is gonna continue as long as I can keep it.”

“I’m flattered. I did nothing.”

“What are you talking about. Don’t say it’s tiring and push me out.”

Somii understood as these two people were talking.

They were being considerate of each other. It was because of the writer-editor bond that they couldn’t say anything else, from their eyes, both of them understood each other.

“You should eat this when it’s fresh. Get faster.”

“I am eating busily. You and Somii eat as well. I’ve been watching but you guys haven’t been eating.”

“Yes, yes, I’ll eat, writer.”

There were no further discussions about work.

For 2 hours, these three people talked about small things in life or about the writing world. A dish of sashimi ended and the fish stew was almost empty.

“I’ve ate well.”:

“No, it’s because of you that we ate well.”

Tewon smiled as he swiped the company card.

As they left the restaurant, a cool air hit the three people. It was almost past 9.

“Ah, I didn’t contract with you because we were too busy.”

Tewon snapped his fingers.

It was about the sequel contract. He forgot all about it.

“We can do it right now. Let’s have some coffee at a cafe. I’ll buy the coffee.

Jaegun pointed towards the cafe across the street.

Tewon looked at his watch nonplussed. Actually he had no time. He had to have a short meeting from 9:30 with a writer. A editor’s life is always this complex.

“I’ll take him in and sign it with him.”

Somii, knowing his schedule, said. It wasn’t a hard thing because the terms were already laid out.

“Ah, Writer Ha, I’m sorry. I need to go somewhere.”

“No, do go your work. I’ll see you later.”

“Yes, Writer, Somii, here, the contract.”

Tewon took out a contract from his bag and gave it to Somii.

“Then I’ll be going now. Writer, take care. Somii, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Yes, you can go now.”

Tewon went with hurried footsteps.

Jaegun and Somii went to the cafe across the street.

“What do you want, writer?”

“I’ll buy, what do you want Somii?”

“No, I can buy it with my company card.”

“Don’t lie, the editor took it, and I want to buy it. Coffee at least,

Jaegun asked while looking at the menu. Somii looked at the menu and answered.

“Then I’ll take a coffee mocha.”

“Give me a ice americano and a cafe mocha.”

There were no customers so it came out fast.

Jaegun and Somii went into a corner and sat together.

“Let’s decide on a title.”

With the contract on the table, Somii said. Jaegun put his hand and took the pen.

“I’ll just give it a temporary name.”

Somii quickly put the terms in the contract and Jaegun confirmed each of the terms and signed. Therefore, the contract was quickly signed.

“I hope you’ll do well for a long time, writer. How many are you planning now?”

“About 10 books maybe. The 2 characters from the previous books are fighting and being comrades. There’s going to be a lot of stories with them.”

“I’m curious as a reader. There’s going to be a book with both Cheonma and Yujin. One is a loud and vigorous person while the other is a cynical person, completely polar opposites each other.”

“Yeah, I can’t confirm what’s going to happen. Ah? It’s raining?”

There was rain outside the window. People outside were running with clothes and bags over their head to avoid the rain.

“What do I do? You don’t have an umbrella, writer? I’ll go buy one from the store.”

Somii was already getting up.

Jaegun was surprised and stopped her with a wave.

“The store is right beside here. Let’s go when we’re leaving.

“Ahah, yes, let’s do that.”

She looked like a person who put her effort into everything that she did so she was never relaxed. Maybe it was the drinks, but Jaegun felt bad for Somii who always moved quickly.

“Somii.”

“Yes, say it.”

“Is there anything wrong with the editor?”

Jaegun asked.

He was planning to ask that as he went with Somii in this cafe.

Somii shook with an embarrassed face.

“It must be because he was tired.”

With Somii, Jaegun tilted his head.

“But even if he was tired, he felt very different today. And your face wasn’t that good either.”

“Did you feel that?”

“Yes, totally.”

“It must be because I didn’t sleep well yesterday. I’m sorry. I think I bothered you. The editor worked consecutive nights too.”

Somii didn’t say the truth.

She was an editor working below Tewon and Jaegun was a writer.

She had no intention of saying stories about the inside of the company as it may bother Jaegun.

“He must be tired.”

Jaegun nodded as if he understood. He couldn't erase the feeling that Somii was hiding something, but it was too much to ask more.

“Well the contract is over so let's get up. Somii should rest as well.”

Jaegun stood up first, pushing his chair back.

Somii, following Jaegun, stood up with her bag.

“Let's go get a umbrella.”

As Jaegun said that, the rain was pouring even harder

Jaegun and Somii went into the store following a connected path. There were about 3-4 people waiting to buy an umbrella.

“Ah, hello. Is there only one umbrella left?”

The clerk answered towards Jaegun.

“Yes. There was no restock today so that's the last one.”

“If we came later, that could have been bad.”

Jaegun took the last pink umbrella and bought it. Moving closer to Somii, he put the umbrella over their heads and said.

“It’s not bad to walk together. It’s a bit small but let’s go.”

“Yes...”

Looking down at her feet, Somii said with a slightly shy voice.

The two people slowly walked towards the subway with one pink umbrella.

Jaegun changed his hand that he was holding the umbrella and moved to the other side of him. It was a car side. With Jaegun’s small considerations, Somii smiled.

The subway wasn’t that far.

Moving across the road, and up the staircase, it wasn’t long before they were time to separate.

“Be careful. And take this.”

It was when they were behind their stations.

Jaegun gave the umbrella to Somii's two hands.

To the shy Somii, Jaegun said with a firm face.

"Pink isn't my type. Then I'll go."

"Wr, writer Ha. I don't have any reason to get hit by rain when I get off."

"I'll give you the drafts of the first 5 books by the end of the week."

Jaegun was already turning around and waving his hand.

Looking at Jaegun, she glanced at the umbrella she held with two hands. With her small two hands, she was holding it firmly as a dear present.

...

"Thank you for taking the interview. I'll show you as soon as the editing is finished."

"Yes, thank you. Good bye."

The Navin employees left out the door.

Jaegun sighed while he sitting down. His back was covered with sweat.

“That interview is really hard. Why does it take so much time. And so many pictures.”

“Meow.”

Rika climbed on top of Jaegun’s knees.

They also took pictures of Rika with Jaegun. It was because of the opinion that a writer with a cat looked good. Rika seemed more tired than usual.

“But I didn’t tell them that I wrote novels with the name Pyung Cheon Yu. I wasn’t trying to hide it but, oh well, it probably won’t matter.”

Jaegun started his work with Rika on his knees.

It was the draft for Hetea Media. The first book was done and he was starting on the 2nd. The title was ‘Pegelon’s Swordsman’ as the previous book’s character’s son was a swordsman.

‘I’ll send the 5 books to Hetae Media in 4 days. I’ll start the 3rd series of the Ranking series by Monday.’

His 10 fingers flew across the keyboard.

With Se Gunwoo's notebook and the power of reusing the previous series' world, the writing went very fast.

Without realizing that Rika was out of his knees, and without realizing the sun was already going down, Jaegun fell into in his work.

Chapter 37 – What Is Important

It was on the morning after 4 days.

The Hetae Media team was sitting down and looking at the monitor screen. Everyone was reading the same novel.

The office was very quiet. There was only the sound of a mouse click, a keyboard, and a person sipping coffee.

‘Wow, this is good? What? Already done?’

Park Gyungsu clicked the copy of the 3rd book after he finished the 2nd book. And then he fell back into the story again. He was so deep into the story that he was almost forgot that he had to read it as an editor.

Ma Jonggu was the same.

‘This is amazing, this guy...! Did this guy really get some drugs? He never ceases to surprise me!’

Jonggu’s job was mostly business, not editing. He left the editing and analyzing to the lower employees like Gyungsu.

And that same Jonggu was sitting on his chair, deeply entranced by the novel. His hand was busy trying to untie the necktie strangling him.

Time passed until 11.

Jonggu lifted his head as he felt the vibrations of the alarm he set earlier. On the position of his glance, he could see the workers' faces that were glued on the screen.

"How was it? There's no need to go to the meeting room so let's discuss here."

"It's beast."

One employee looked towards Jonggu and gave a thumbs up.

"I thought it might be hard with the previous story's world and the main characters son as the lead but now, after I read it, it doesn't look hard for a reader who hasn't read the previous story."

Another girl employee continued.

"I think so too. If they read Pegelon's Magician, there might have a little more enjoyment, and if they haven't, they might enjoy it nonetheless."

Gyungsuh said the last word.

"The story is dynamic and fast. The main character is now a swordsman so the battles are much more intense than the previous

story. I can't guarantee that there will be more copies, but the minimum 3000 copies doesn't look hard at all."

Jonggu smiled and nodded. The employees were all thinking the same thing as him. He pulled out a phone from his pocket and called.

Beep! Beep!

After he took a shower, the phone that he left on the bed was vibrating. Jaegun brushed off his hair with a towel and went over.

"What, is the confirmation already done?"

Jaegun muttered as he saw the name on the screen. It was Hetae Media's Ma Jonggu. It had only been about 4 hours since he sent the 5 copies of 'Pegelon's Swordsman' but there was a call already.

"Yes."

"Writer Ha, hello. I got your copy. This work is really interesting as well."

"You've already read all that?"

"I've read about 2 to 3 books. The entire planning team read it and they complimented it a lot. Before even reading, it feels like the two eyes are getting sucked in? Hahaha."

Jaegun scratched his nose and giggled. He didn't dislike Jonggu's remarks as before.

"You've taken a lot of care into this, writer, so that reader who haven't read the previous series could read it. I could feel the consideration."

"I feel good because my hard work has been rewarded."

"We can get a schedule for printing right away. Until the 2nd book, I don't see any typos. You're amazing."

It was obvious. He used Se Gunwoo's Glasses to pick out the typos and bad words. He had completely reduced the work that editors had to do.

"Since the last series got about 6000 copies, this one will also do well. Thank you for your hard work. And you've finished it so quickly. I was so surprised that I might have fallen over on my back. Writer, you've been keeping a storage, right?"

"Ah, yes..."

Jaegun slurred his words. He couldn't say that he didn't sleep at all for 4 days and he used the power of Se Gunwoo's laptop and mug to help him.

“Anyway, thank you. I like the cover that you sent me so just use that. I’ll send the rest of the series as soon as I can.”

“Yes, there’s no need to hurry, writer. You’ve already sent 5 books so we have time. Don’t hurry and just write well. And thank you again.”

“Yes, you too.”

Jaegun dried off his hair and drank a coffee with Se Gunwoo’s mug. After a 5 minute rest, the energy came back to his body. He felt as if he was being lead to the laptop.

“I need to write the 3rd Ranking series.”

He finished the plot up to the 10th book. Now he only needed to write the story as he made it up. Before he started, Jaegun licked his dry lips.

“Rika, I’m kind of worried.”

“Meow?”

“Pegelon’s Swordsman was made so the readers didn’t have to read the previous series. The main character is the previous series’ main character’s son, and I’ve explained it briefly. But this 3rd series for the Ranking is different. The previous 2 series main’s are coming up so I’m not sure if it will be good.”

Rika came down from the cat tower and walked towards Jaegun. Jaegun put out his two arms. But Rika ignored it and sat down on his lap.

“What, is that to not complain anymore? You’ve decided already, so finish it with your own strength?”

Rika answered with a step on Jaegun’s stomach instead of a cry. Jaegun touched Rika’s face and asked.

“You really take care of me. Maybe we should marry.”

“Meow...!”

Rika shouted and dropped her head. It was the feeling that she didn’t want to be bothered anymore.

“Yeah, I’ve decided so, let’s do the best I can.”

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The Rankings series was started. Like the same with yesterday, there was only the sound of keyboard typing in the small one room.

....

“WHAT IS HAPPENING!”

A huge fist went down on the desk.

Representative Park Jeguk of StarBooks was screaming with his face red. The shouting was directed towards Tewon sitting across from him.

“YOU DIDN’T EVEN GET AN EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT, AND, YOU MADE HIM RELEASE A SEQUEL WITH HETAE MEDIA BEFORE US? ARE YOU DOING YOUR JOB RIGHT?! DO YOU HAVE ANY EFFORT TO WORK!”

“Representative, the sequel is best released from the original publishing company. It’s good for the writer in many ways...”

“YOU THINK i DON’T KNOW THAT. YOU’RE TRYING TO TEACH ME?!”

“No.”

“I’m really going crazy. AHAHA!”

Tewon was getting broken daily now. Yesterday was because he couldn’t get an exclusive contract with Jaegun, today was because Jaegun’s sequel with Hetae Media.

“I DON’T WANT TO SEE YOU! GET OUT!”

Tewon left silently and went to the office. Somii’s face was filled with worry as she saw Tewon.

“Did he get yelled at again.”

‘Pegelon’s Swordsman’ was released by Hetae Media. The beginning had great reviews like the previous series. After the original 3000 copies, there were already 1000 more copies printed.

After she hesitated for a second, she carefully went to Tewon. She had things to report.

“Um, editor.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

Even though he was yelled at by the representative, he still tried to greet Somii with a smile. Feeling her heart becoming cold, Somii opened her mouth.

“The 5 copies that writer Ha Jaegun sent us. About the 3rd Ranking series.”

“Um, yes, I’ve read until the 2nd, you?”

“I’ve read till the 3rd book.”

“How is it?”

Somii couldn’t answer quickly and she hesitated. Tewon wanted a editor’s review. It was also a review that couldn’t be said very easily because of the atmosphere.

“....I think it’s best not to go over 2000 copies.”

Somii said in a quiet voice.

2000 copies is not small.

If there are 1000 copies printed frequently, that’s considered pretty good in this terrible paper book market. But it was nothing compared to the 5000 copies printed of the previous series.

“It requires knowledge about the previous series. It’s going to be hard for readers who haven’t read both the Martial Rankings and the Modern Rankings. It requires patience to like the characters.”

Tewon nodded silently. He was thinking the same. He had a slight difference in the number of copies. He was thinking of releasing 2500, maybe because of his personal trust in Jaegun.

“Go with 2000 copies.”

Tewon said with a voice like a sigh. It was the feeling that everything was confirmed with this decision.

“Put the schedule on the sereer. I’ll leave this to you.”

“Yes... editor.”

Somii turned around with no energy. There was nothing else to say. It was her that knew of Tewon’s situation so it was even harder.

Tewon took off his glasses and pressed his hands around his eyes as to pressure them. And he put his neck way back. He could see the fan on the ceiling with his two eyes.

Click, click.

The time went by.

Tewon was waiting with his two eyes closed, resting on the chair. He could see his editor’s life passing by through the darkness. There were a lot of things. What should he say. It was the days when he had no worthwhile undertakings but also no regrets.

Moments later.

“Editor, the representative said to come immediately...”

Tewon opened his eyes at an employee's words. He didn't hesitate and he stood up. The old chair that held him for 9 years were moving weakly back.

Tewon stopped in front of the representative's office.

If he entered this door, he couldn't stay as a StarBook's editor anymore.

He knew that but he could do no other thing but to open the door. After a deep breath, his hand was slowly turning the doorknob.

"WHAT IS THIS! WHY ARE YOU ONLY HAVING 2000 COPIES OF THE 3RD RANKING SERIES! HETAE MEDIA IS ALREADY PRINTING 1000 MORE COPIES WITH PEGELON'S SWORDSMAN OR WHATEVER AND WHAT IS THIS!"

Screams came as soon as he opened the door.

Tewon opened his mouth as he closed the door.

"I've told you that if you didn't read the previous series, the meaning is..."

"Do business! Push! Go with the people and leave! Why are you spouting such stuffy words all the time! Where did you sell your

job brain?!”

Jeguk was pounding his chest.

“There is a great probability that many will be refunded. You should look further, representative. If Ha Jaegun’s cost drops, then the consequence goes to the writer as well as the company...”

“SHUT UP!”

Jeguk’s shouts pushed down Tewon’s justifications.

“So useless....! Is it because of the age? Is your brain not working very well?! Do you have dementia already?!”

These were personal insults now coming from Jeguk’s mouth.

Tewon closed his eyes.

He had heard many screams from the representative, but this was the first he had heard something so humiliating.

But now it was fine.

Jeguk’s insults were making Tewon’s decision easier to make.

“Representative.”

“What!!”

Tewon pushed his glasses up and lifted his head. Looking at Jeguk’s angry and annoyed glance, he answered in a calm manner.

“Company, I’ll resign.”

Chapter 38 – With The Night’s Protection

“...What?”

Jeguk squinted his eyes like a person blinded by the sun. And then Tewon repeated with a louder voice.

“I want to resign from this company.”

“You...! Are you saying this because I got a bit loud?!”

“No that’s not it. I am not doing as the representative wishes. With this, I cannot keep the editor position anymore.”

“Wa, wait. Wait a second. Just sit down.”

Jeguk waved his hand as he stuttered. He was stunned. It had been 9 years since they been first got together. He knew that Tewon was not the kind of person to be swayed by emotion.

Jeguk went to behind the desk and drank some water. One wasn’t enough, so he drank another cup. He sighed and walked in front of the window.

“Are you serious?”

Jeguk, after a while, said.

Before Tewon on the sofa could respond, Jeguk asked again.

“Are you serious? Why are you resigning. What’s the issue?”

It was a rhetorical question. Jeguk turned around and sat down the opposite of Tewon. And with his anger quelled, Jeguk continued with an anxious expression.

“I get it. My words were a bit rough. The electronic team is doing very well, but my daughter and her husband are playing around like they are going to ruin this company. I gave her friend a position in marketing, but she sucks. Nothing’s going right. It must have been because of that. I was too harsh. I’m sorry. Really.”

Tewon was quiet.

Jeguk’s words were honest. He wasn’t a bad person who would get angry easily. If he was, Tewon wouldn’t have lasted 9 years. He was a person who really took care of Tewon when Tewon took care of him. That’s why he worked for so long.

But...

An apology couldn’t change Tewon’s words.

“It must have been sensitive. Let’s go out earlier and have a

drink. Let's cool it off.”

Jeguk, with a softer tone, tried to comfort Tewon as he tapped his shoulder. But Tewon immediately shook his head and said.

“I will resign, representative.”

“WHY!”

Jeguk couldn't stand it and suddenly stood up.

He couldn't take this resignation like this.

There wasn't a editor like Tewon. He was good at editing and business, and was a person who got work done with writings and employees.

“I'm 45 years old next year, representative.”

“4 years ago, I reached 50! Are you bringing resignation even though you're not even 50.”

“I can't stay in this business forever. One problem is that even the representative won't be able to keep his position. Right?”

“....!”

Jeguk could only take deep breaths.

Tewon was rethinking the reasons why he wanted to resign.

The collision between the representative's feeling for writing as money, the increasing issue with a family-based business.

He couldn't deal with the stress any longer. His body and mind were already fatigued.

"I want to get a good job before I get any older to feed my family. I'm sorry I said this so unexpectedly. Please understand and take it."

Jeguk stood up with a sigh. He took out a cigar and put it in his mouth. In an office that was designated as nonsmoking for so long, he lit it.

"Well let's have a drink."

As the cigar was half burned, Jeguk said.

"It's been a long time since we've been together, we're not a relationship that can be just cut with a word. Let's at least have that."

"Yes, sir."

“Ok, go do work.”

Tewon lowered his head and turned around. Jeguk didn't turn away from the window until the end.

Tewon went outside instead of the office. He went to a convenience, bought a lighter, and sat down on a blue chair under a parasol. He still had the cigar that he bought a long time ago.

“Phew...”

It's been awhile.

There was dizziness as soon as he took a sip,

Tewon lowered his glance from the people around him. From his phone, he was calling his wife.

-What's up at this time, from you?

“I just have time, what are the kids doing?”

-There aren't back from school. Look at the time.

“I see.”

-Did something happen? Your voice isn't very good

‘Nothing happened’ couldn’t come out his mouth. He didn’t want to lie. His wife was an editor too. After their second kid, she resigned because of her health and became a housewife.

-I wanted to say something this morning. You’re not looking very good recently. Come early, I’ll make you something good.

“I’ll be late. I have a dinner spot with the representative. I get it. I’ll call you later.”

His wife quickly continued to Tewon before he hung up.

-Wait.

“What?”

His wife had no words for a while.

Only her breaths were coming through his ears.

Tewon threw away the burned cigar and took out another. As he was going to light it, his wife’s word went to his ear.

-Don’t be forced to stay.

Tewon’s face lost its color. Unexpected words from his wife

flowed into his ear.

-You can resign if it's too hard. You've done a lot already. 10 years of trying to get food on the table for our kids. You've worked nonstop.

“What... what are you talking about.”

-Do you know what you're like when you sleep. Instead of snoring or dreaming, you're working. Writer, writer, the draft is good. And then when I look closer, why do you have so much white hair? I can't pluck it because you might wake up... You know my feeling... you...

His wife's voice was slowly turning into sobs.

Tewon took out his glasses. He was pressing his wet eyes with his finger.

He couldn't beat his wife.

She also looked straight through him

That power only made his heart more painful.

-Don't struggle alone. The management that you talked about during the summer, let's do that together.

“You... remembered?”

The writer management was something he was thinking of doing after he resigned. He had already said things to a few people.

He had only said it in passing by while drinking, but his wife remembered as always.

-I didn't want to say anything before it could be confirmed, but I looked things up. It looks good. Let's start it together. I was a smart editor. You know right?

After the sobs, his wife laughed. A laugh as bright as the spring wind was tickling his ears.

“Of course... I know.”

Tewon put away the cigar and put his face down on his hands.

From his hands shivering, to his entire body shivering, he was comforting himself about how good this was a phone call not a video call.

...

“Look at that, Rika, that was the convenience store I've worked until last year, You see that store over there? It's cheap and good. I must have ate 500 dishes.”

Jaegun said to Rika on the side seat.

It was the car from Hetae. With his first passenger of Rika, he was taking a ride around. October's sunlight was reflecting on the new black car.

Rika was quiet instead of misbehaving.

She was either sitting, or looking out the window, enjoying the drive.

“Maybe I should stop by.

The way back home

Jaegun stopped by at Se Gunwoo's grave. Jaegun opened the passenger seat and Rika hopped out.

“I’m here, sir.”

Jaegun greeted to the grave. Rika went around as she was checking the grave and came back beside Jaegun.

“It’s already fall. Since I’ve been writing with you, time has been going so fast.”

Clearing the dishes laid on the grave, his book, and some cups for drinks, Jaegun said. It was the things that he had laid when he came here earlier.

Jaegun was sitting down next to the grave after he cleaned up.

The sun was setting. Looking at the red sky, a sigh already came out.”

“Sir, I have no idea what to write about.”

Jaegun opened his mouth as he was complaining.

“I want to write about something that I like. As you said, with

caring about the reader. But, I have no idea what to write about. I don't even have any hardships anymore."

He had gotten an advance from Hetae Media with the Pigeon series, but there was still money like a monthly salary from the Ranking series.

Until last year, money about 12,000 dollars were coming in monthly.

After the paper book was done, he could wait for some more profits. He could do nothing and still live comfortably for about 2-3 years. It was amazing as a writer.

"I thought I was working hard, it's hard, sir."

Se Gunwoo had no words.

Jaegun sat there for a while until he brushed himself and stood up. And then Rika followed her.

Beep! Beep!

As he came home and was cleaning Rika's feet, a call came

As he recognized his friend's name, he smiled and picked up.

“Park Jongjin, since you’re calling, you’re out early?”

-What are you doing, come out if you’re not busy, let’s have a drink.

Jongjin’s voice was rough

His hard breathing was coming through his ears.

“I’m going out right now, but say it early, anything happened?”

Jaegun took off his pants with the phone between his shoulder and his ears and asked. Jongjin sighed before answering.

-It’s nothing serious, but come out. Let’s talk after we meet. I want to see you Ha Jaegun.

“I get it, where do you want to meet.”

—

-I’ll see you at your neighborhood. I’ll take the subway. It’s be about 20 minutes.

“Ok, I’ll go.”

Jaeung changed quickly with a nervous mind. As he was wearing his socks, he said to Rika.

“Jongjin might have to come and sleep here today. Hearing his voice, he’s not doing very well. In these days, he pours himself in. Just take it for a day.”

“Moew.”

Rika was answering with waving his tails.

Jaegun couldn’t take it anymore as he looked at her eyes. Knowing that she wouldn’t like it, he rubbed Rika’s nose and he left home.

He walked there to the subway. Jongjin called as he was going to arrive.

“Ah, I’m in the 1st exit.”

-Turn around

Jaegun turned around, surprised.

Jongjin was bitterly smiling right in front of me.

“You came quickly. You fly here?”

“The subway was right there. What do you want to eat? I’ll drink

soju as the drink.”

“You’re starting already. What is it?”

“It’s nothing. Let’s get a seat and talk. Yeah, there’s a jokbal store right there. Let’s have that in a while.”

Jaegun and Jongin went in and sat down.”

Soju and the appetizers were on the table before the main.

Jongjin, as if he was waiting, took off the cap and poured drinks to each cup.

“Here.”

“Hey, drink when you have food. It’s on an empty stomach. You too.”

“There’s the appetizers, let’s toast.”

“Well....”

His body fevered up as he drank in a empty stomach.

Jaegun took the bottle form Jongjin as he was about to pour himself another drink.

“Don’t pour your own cup.”

“What’s wrong with that.”

“I think the dialogue has flipped between you and me. I remember this dream.”

“It was the college meeting. At Hama.”

“Ah, I remember. When I was cold because of Myunghoon, we said this.”

Jongjin was smiling now. Pouring a drink, Jaegun was smiling too.

“Say it. Whatever it is. If I can help you...”

“You can’t help me/.”

“What is it?”

“Hyojin.”

Jongjin didn’t hesitate and he answered immediately.

Jaegun tilted his hand and squinted.

“What?”

“Hyojin is the reason.”

Jongjin drank a cup. Taking an appetizer with a wrinkled face, he continued.

“I think she has a person that she likes.”

“How do you know?”

“I looked on Twitter and the feeling is that. She’s been saying that that there’s been so many boys coming into her eyes.”

“No picture?”

“Ah, no, there was no picture.”

“Don’t judge immediately. It’s probably nothing.”

“.....”

“Yah, is that it? The reason why you were mad?”

“It isn’t a serious problem?”

“You haven’t even confessed to her?”

“Yes.”

“Hey, shut your mouth and just eat.”

“It’s probably just nothing right? Maybe? You know that girls say things on Twitter like they have things? Hm? Hyojin’s probably like that?”

“You’re really a paranoid person. Ah, be quiet.

Jaegun felt like this was absurd, but Jongjin was serious. Jaegun understood that Jongjin liked her that much, but he was completely cramped.

“There was nothing that I could do to her.”

It was Jongjin’s words after the second bottle.

“If it well between me and Hyojin, I was thinking of what to do for her but f**k. I feel like even dating is bad with my small salary. Hyojin’s a princess..”

“Maybe to your eyes. I feel like she’s good-natured and easygoing.

She eats sundae guksu very well.”

“sundae guksu isn’t the best food to describe easygoing. But my mind is like that. Ah, I don’t know. I feel like Hyojin has a man already. I’m sure. I’m completely sure. It’s a fact.”

Jaegun listened carefully to Jongin’s words.

It was from his work, to HyoJin’s relationship, to his family, he talked about everything, Jaegun didn’t respond and only listened carefully.

‘You were hard too. I’m sorry.’

After the 3rd bottle, looking at Jongin, Jaegun apologized inside. It was agodo friend, who helped in times of need. As the backbone was set, he was going to be the first one to help, JAegun said to himself.

“I can’t end this like this. Let’s go to a karaoke bar.”

Jongin was saying after the payments.\

Jaegun looked for a bar. he found one and pointed.

“Ok, let’s go there. Sing and relieve your stress.”

“Hey, wait, stop.”

Jongjin pulled Jaegun in the opposite,

“We go to a close one, where are you going?”

“This guy doesn’t know the world. Follow the older one.”

Jongjin pulled Jaegun in a karaoke bar in the building’s 3rd floor.

He had no way of knowing what the difference between the place he picked and this, but Jaegun just followed Jongjin and went into the elevator.

Chapter 39 – With The Night’s Protection

“Come in.”

As Jongjin went in, a woman in her 30s greeted them with a smile. The stress was evident beneath the makeup of hers.

Jongjin was shaking as he went over to the counter and asked.

“You can call her?”

“Yes, of course.”

“2 people. We’re only gonna be here for 2 hours. Just give us 4 bottles of beer. How much is it.”

“156 dollars.”

Jongjin put down his card and paid.

“.....”

Jaegun was shocked that he couldn’t say anything. He had no time to stop him. It happened so fast.

“Go in and sing some songs. The second room.”

“Yes, Jaegun, let’s go,”

Jongjin pulled Jaegun into the room.

Not understanding the situation, Jaegun asked with a pale face before he sat down.

“Hey! Park Jongjin! What are you doing!”

“What am I doing. Let’s have fun.”

“What are you talking about. How is the fee over 150 dollars? What is this place?”

Jaegun’s two eyes were looking at the room.

It was a room with a huge tv on the wall, with two mikes. It was a plain karaoke bar.

“You idiot, how do you not know this when you’re writing. I called a helper.”

“Helper?”

Jaegun asked since he didn’t understand.

Jongjin laughed and continued as he took off his coat.

“A karaoke helper.”

“What?”

Jaegun squinted immediately.

He had never experienced this before.. He knew it through the internet but he only had a little information about it.

“Don’t be nervous. We’re only singing together and having fun. I don’t know what you’re thinking but it’s not a disorderly, chaotic environment so be assured.”

“Where did you learn this?”

“I got it from my superior. We came here once. We just cleanly talk and sing and then we just leave. It’s much better than just two men singing here alone. “

“I don’t understand you.”

Jaegun shook his head.

Jaegun’s actions right now weren’t very good in his mind.

He had no plan to reject him for the reason of losing to pleasure. He wasn’t a child and even he had that flexibility. But the problem was different.

“Did you have this feeling to play because of Hyojin?”

“Ahh, it’s not what you think. And it’s already fate that

I’m not getting with Hyojin.”

Jaegun thought Jongjin was already drunk as he was laughing like this. He didn’t know that he would get drunk this easily.

Jaegun asked as he sat beside him.

“Were you working overtime a lot?”

“How did you know?”

“I can tell from your face. I feel like you might collapse if I just tap you. Let’s go to my room and sleep.”

“I’m not tired, idiot, and I already called them.”

“Then I can go out and cancel it so let’s...”

Creak!

As Jaehn was saying, the owner opened the door and came in.

4 bottles of beer, with snacks, and a plastic cup came on the table quickly.

Jaegun said to the woman.

“Ma’am, I’m sorry but we’re about to go?”

“Going?”

“Ah, Ha Jaegun. What are you doing?”

“You be quiet, I’m sorry. I’ll give you the beer cost.”

With Jaegun’s words, the owner pointed behind her back sullenly.

“The girls are already here?”

“Yes?”

Jaegun could see them.

Two girls were standing behind the woman’s back

They were both in their early 20s. With a see through short hotpants, with black stockings, with heels, they were very skinny.

“We just go?”

The girl on the left asked. She had a pretty face that looked like a cat. With heavy makeup and hair that was pulled up, the two girls looked the same like siblings.

“No, come in.”

Jongjin stood up and pulled them together. At the same time, he pulled out 30 dollars and gave it to the woman.

“Bring me some more beer. As much as the money gets.”

“Yes, I’ll bring it.”

The woman closed the door and left.

Understanding that it was too late, Jaegun gave up and sat down on the couch as he fell down. The two woman sat beside Jaegun and Jongjin and opened the beer bottle.

“Should I pour it?”

“I’ll just drink it.”

Jaegun took the bottle and drank a sip. It was a uncomfortable and weird feeling. His heartbeat was faster than usual.

“What’s your names?”

Jongjin asked.

The two people looked at each other and answered.

“It’s Dasul.”

“Sulgi.”

They were names that was felt spontaneous.

But anyway, it was all fine. The girl that called herself Dasul was beside Jaegun. She lifted the remote?

“Can I sing a song.”

The girl picked a song and stood up. As if he waited, Jongjin shook the tambourine and shouted. Jaegun looked at the screen and simpered.

‘There was nothing that isn’t too much.’

It was the thought that came as time went by.

As Jongjin said, it wasn’t a chaotic atmosphere.

They sang songs alternating and danced when they felt like it. In between, they drank and said small things.

That was it.

They were people that they weren’t going to see each other after this, there was no need for heavy talks.

‘How many drinks do these girls drink each day. Can their bodies stand this?’

Jaegun clucked his tongue as he looked at the empty bottle below

the table. After our time is up, they're going to sing with others and drink more. It felt like even if he was paid, he couldn't drink this much.

“Yah, Ha Jaegun. Go sing a song.”

Jongjin shouted as he was singing and having fun til he was sweating.

Jaegun shook his head and refused.

He wasn't the type of person to have fun in front of strangers.

‘Yes, Park Jongjin, thank you, for letting me have this experience.’

Anyway, it was a positive thing as a writer to have a lot of experiences. Maybe the day will come when I write about these 2 days. Jaegun thought this as he clapped to Jongjin's singing.

At that moment.

“Are you mad?”

The girl next to Jaegun asked.

As Jaegun wrinkled his forehead because he didn't hear, the girl said louder to his ear.

“Are you angry! Why do you have no words!”

“That’s not it. I just can’t sing.”

“Not singing! You’re not talking! Do you not like me?”

“No, if I tell you truthfully, I never had an experience like this so it’s awkward.”

“Phew, so boring. What’s your job? I feel like it’s nothing with strength?”

Jaegun thought for a second.

He didn’t want to tell her that he was a writer. So the thought that came up was the job was his debut work.

“I go around markets and I sell electric pads.”

“Electric pad? If you’re talking about market, you go around the entire country? With a truck?”

“I have a lamborghini.”

“What, a lamborghini? Makes no sense.”

Even though she said that, she was smiling as if it was funny.

Jaegun smiled with as an answer. They knew that nothing was truthful in this place. This place was somewhere that even lying

didn't feel bad.

"Just work hard. There is an easy job to get money. Just working everyday to eat and live is something to be grateful for."

The woman said after the song was over and it was less loud.

Jaegun was thinking.

It was something that didn't fit with a girl who looked to be in her early 20s.

"Yes, everything is hard."

He could see through the heavy make up. A look of sadness in her eyes. The chin that was shaking because of her sighs. It was a feeling that the girl's hard life was passing through him.

"Want to drink?"

"Yes, gimme it."

Jaegun's mind was solemn all of a sudden.

Thinking that it was a reader's over thinking, he berated himself and drank the cup.

Time went by very fast.

The 2 hours passed by and the alarm that sent the message of goodbye was ringing.

“I had fun.”

Jaegun stood up quickly and pulled up Jongjin who was moving limply. Jongjin drank a lot and he was out of control for the 2 hours, so he was completely tired.

“Good bye.”

“It was nice to meet you.”

The two women waved their hands and said their superficial goodbyes. As the women stayed as if to calculate something, Jaegun and Jongjin left.

As they left, the cool air was pushing on to the,

Jongjin stretched and he yawned. Jaegun asked as he was stretching.

“Is your mind a bit better?”

“Ah, hm....”

Jongjin scratched his nose, looked around, and shook his head.

“Seriously, it was a waste of money when I woke up.”

“Why did you get drunk so early?”

“I must have been tired. I had a lot of fun but it’s too expensive. Next time if we’re going, you stop me.”

“You insane person. Let’s go get some seolleongtang.”

“Good. Can I stay at your house for today?”

“Yeah, I can get some blankets.”

The two people ate a hot dish of seolleongtang and came back to his house with a taxi.

As he opened the door, Rika jumped out from the cat tower and greeted him.

“Rika, It’s Jongjin. Come to me.”

Jongjin said as he opened his arms.

Rika glared at him with a sharp glance and went to the cat tower to avoid him.

“What? Are you discriminating? Right now?”

“She sort of is a bit shy. Go ahead and clean up.”

Jaegun took out the clothes to change in to\.

As he took them, Jongjin looked around the one room and said.

“You get a lot of money. Can’t you move to a larger place/”

“Why, this is the best place to write.”

“You have a cat so isn’t this a bit stuffy? And even so, the location is a bit too weird. Move to a place where the subway is 5 minutes away.”

“I like this place. It’s quiet.”

The place where Se Gunwoo was resting
He might think about moving to a larger house nearby, but he wasn’t going to leave this place.

Jongjin, as if he didn’t understand, shook his head and went into the bathroom and locked the door.

Using this time, Jaegun took about a 100 dollar bill and put it secretly into Jongjin’s wallet. It was half of the cost of the karaoke bar.

‘I want to give everything but, if I did, he’s going to get made later. So, how about we write today’s diary.’

Jaeun sat on the chair and turned on the laptop.

He was rewriting the diary that he hadn’t written for a while. Maybe writing a diary would help him find a good plot and a story.

‘I wrote Pegelon’s Swordsman ... I went on a drive with Rika... I went to the grave of Se Gunwoo... I met with Jongjin and went to a karaoke bar....’

There were so many things to write about.

It doubled up to twice the size with Jongjin entering the day instead it only being with Rika and him. Jaegun,

feeling the heat of Rika on his knees, wrote the diary.

‘What did that girl say.’

After he finished writing

He thought of the words that the girl had said.

Looking through his memory, Jaegun quickly remembered and typed on the keyboard.

-Just work hard. Where is there an easy job to get money. Just working everyday to eat and live is something to be grateful for.

‘This has a good feeling to it.’

A sentence that’s plain but has human feeling and emotion to it.

Jaegun repeated the words in his head.

He didn’t even know that Jongjin finished washing and was standing there right behind

Chapter 40 – With The Night’s Protection

“What are you writing?”

“Ah, diary.”

Jongjin didn’t ask more and only yawned.

“Aren’t you tired. Ahhhhhh, where do I sleep?”

“Sleep on the bed.”

“Then you?”

“I’ll finish writing and get a blanket to sleep on.”

“I get it. I’ll sleep first. You sleep early too.”

Jongjin dived into the bed’s blanket and laid down.

And then in one minute, he was sleeping, breathing softly.

‘This guy, he must have been really tired.’

As he saw Jongjin, he felt the pain of the employees working at companies. He remembered his father who didn’t rest for one day

to feed his family.

Jaegun fixed Jongjin's blanket and went back to his place.

Then his glance went to the diary.

Just then.

'U, uhhh....?'

An idea came to him magically.

Jongjin, who was struggling from work, and the karaoke helper she met earlier was whirling in his brain.

Jaegun's two hands went to the keyboard.

He didn't think it was with his will. It was more of an instinct.

His ten fingers started to hit the keyboard very fast.

Tap! Tap!

Tap!

Tap! Tapp!

He couldn't feel the time

The mechanical keyboard's sound rang around the small room

Jongjin didn't wake up at all.

He was sleeping soundly like the keyboard sound was a lullaby.

“Uhhhh, wat.. Water.”

Jongjin muttered as he woke up from thirst.

Jaegun passed him a cup of cold water./

“EHre.”

Jongjin didn't even open his eyes and drank it eagerly. He drank it all and looked out the window, sighing.

The world was brighter outside.

“What time is it, right now.”

“7. Go clean up. Let’s go eat while we’re leaving.”

“I don’t want to . I’ll probably throw it up. And I have to get ready.”

Jongjin lifted himself up.

His head was about to crash. It felt like someone was spinning the room around him

But if he didn’t wake up, he was going to be late for work.

Jaegun said as he sat back down.

“Amazing will. Park Jongjin. Office workers are amazing.”

“It feel like you’re mocking me.”

“I’m serious.”

“And what are you doing.”

Jongjin was about to go in the bathroom as he caught sight of the monitor. The screen was filled with letters and words.

“Did you write for the entire night?”

“Yeah, I couldn’t sleep.”

Jongjin opened his mouth, surprised at the indifference he showed.

“Hey, you drank a lot too. Aren’t you tired?”

“I work at home. So I’ll feel less tired than you.”

“Don’t say random stuff. Don’t I write in the office? Writing is labor. You’re gonna fall down first.”

“Go and wash up.”

Jongjin went in the bathroom. Jaegun resumed typing.

It was a synopsis and a plot that he made during the night. His eyes were almost blind but he couldn’t stop until he finished.

“Hey, Ha Jaegun.”

“AH? What, how, when did you wear all that?”

Surprised, Jaegun looked back at Jongjin who was changing. Jongjin looked at him absurdly.

“It’s already been 10 minutes. You really can’t do anything when you start writing. I’ll go.”

“I’ll take you to the office.”

“Just keep writing. I can’t block your writing in the middle.”

Jongjin refused Jaegun’s offer to drive him there.

“I’m going early to walk a bit. To wake up from that drink.”

With nothing to do, Jaegun wore slippers and went to see him off.

The autumn air went inside as he opened the door.

As he ducked to try to avoid the leaves, Jaegun asked.

“Hey, I can write a novel with you as the main character right?”

“I’m the main? My life is interesting enough to write a story about me?”

“No?”

“Do you even need my permission. Just write.”

“I get it.”

As they were talking about these things, they were already at the subway station.

Jongjin dove into the huge crowd of people.

Jaegun went back home as he couldn't see Jongjin at all in the crowd.;

“Rika, go eat. I'll write a bit more.”

Jaegun took off his shoes as he came back and continued his writing because his brain was working much more efficiently now.

‘A office worker struggling with life and a poor karaoke helper's meeting....! Their two common traits are ... loneliness, Yes, loneliness. The two people who have no one to lean on are leaning on each other.’

The male main was his friend Jongjin.

The female main was the karaoke helper he met yesterday

A feeling of success came.

He was sure that as an economic as well as a writing project, it was going to be a success. He couldn't control his excited body.

As the morning went by and lunch time came, the sun went down and evening came.

Jaegun forgot to eat and was only writing.

Rika didn't bother Jaegun who was writing intently for his new book.

"No....! Frick. The character is awkward."

Jaegun rubbed his head in frustration.

There was no problem making the male main with Jongjin as the model.

The problem was the female main.

He had way too many things he didn't know about a karaoke helper.

Then the solution was?

‘To go there again...!’

He doesn’t hesitate when he made a decision.

Jaegun stood up, cleaned, and changed his clothes. Then he picked up a memo and pen and left home.

It was just after 8 and it was already becoming loud and crazy.

Jaegun got from his memory and went to the karaoke. It wasn’t hard because it was only yesterday.

“Come in.”

The owner of yesterday lifted her head and welcomed him. Jaegun asked the woman who seemed to remember him.

“Hello. Do you remember me? I came yesterday with a friend.”

“Yes, I remember that you came here.”

“It’s just, uh... can you bring the girl who was there yesterday?”

The owner wrinkled her face.

For a customer asking for a karaoke helper, he seemed weird.

“What for?”

“Ahy, well... I want to sing and have fun. I liked her.”

He decided to hide the fact that he was a writer. Then it felt like the story would get messed up even more. The owner looked at him with suspicion.

“Didn’t you just meet her for the first time yesterday?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“If it’s the first time, it’s hard to find even with their name. There’s too many rude people out there.”

The conversation wasn’t going right.

After a thought, Jaegun pulled out 30 dollars from his wallet and held it towards the owner.

“I’m begging you. I’m not a bad person. I just really liked that woman.”

“Hm.... What to do.”

Unlike her words, the owner's hands, deep with manicure, were taking in Jaegun's money.

“Who are you finding”

“Uh, she was a bit shorter. Her face looked like a cat. She said her name was Dasul. And the other was saying Sulgi.”

“That's all fake names. I know Jaeyoung, but I don't know the woman that you're looking for.”

“Can't you contact Jaeyoung?”

The owner laughed as if it was absurd.

“The two people don't know each other. They came from different offices.”

“Ah, that's it?”

That's why the two girls seemed awkward to each other.

In front of the nodding Jaegun, the owner picked up her phone and called someone.

“Hello? Yeah, this is the Hub. It's just, yesterday... uh, hey, when did you come yesterday?”

“About just after 8.”

Hearing Jaegun’s words, the owner continued her words.

“Jaeyoung came here just after 8. Yeah, you remember? Do you know the girl who came with her? No, she has a nomination. Hm.... ah yes? Chief Kim? Using the name Dasul? Ok, thanks.”

As soon as she cut off, she called somewhere else.

“Hello? Yes hello. This is Hub. Do you have a girl called Dasul? Did she come yet? Ah... yes? Ok, can you give her the phone? She has a nomination.”

The owner glanced over to Jaegun and continued.

“He’s not a weird guy. I can tell by looking. A young guy. Hm yeah, ok. I get it. Thank you.”

As she hung up, the owner drank a drink of water to cool her burning throat. And then she explained to Jaegun.

“She’s not there yet. She’s about to come to work. I told them to call her here as soon as she comes. Just wait.”

“Thanks alot.”

Jaegun sat down on a chair next to the entrance.

The owner gave a beverage to Jaegun from the refrigerator because of the tip she got.

“But what’s your job?”

“I go around the country and sell electric pad.”

The owner looked annoyed and snorted.

“You’re lying. I can tell you’re a man who has ink on his hands. Well I get it.”

The owner didn’t ask more and turned around.

Jaegun was admiring her observation skills and shook his head.

After about 30 minutes to an hour, the girl didn’t show up. Jaegun killed time by watching the TV.

‘Maybe she’s not coming.’

Or she didn’t come to work.

Or like the owner said, she was fearful of meeting a rude person.

If he knew this was going to happen, he would have exchanged more conversation with her and gotten her contact information.

‘I can’t do it with another girl,’

The reason that he was writing this was because of the words that Dasul said. If it wasn’t for those words, he wouldn’t have even thought of this story.

Just to finish the story, he couldn’t give up on the person who he had gotten the feeling from.

It wasn’t a story that was for trivial fun. It needed human feeling. It was a need as a writer.

Just then.

The bell rang with a clear ‘Danggg.’

Jaegun turned around and opened his eyes wide. The girl was coming in. She was the same silhouette as yesterday with the same hotpants.

“Hello, I have a customer?”

“Ah, you came. That person.”

The girl was surprised when she saw Jaegun.

“Hello.”

“Yes....”

The girl replied awkwardly.

The owner gestured to Jaegun behind her back

“You can go into room 2, same as yesterday.”

“Ah, yes. I’ll pay first.”

The girl went in first and Jaegun pulled out his walled.

“2 hours, no, 3 hours please.”

“You’re going to be there for that long?”

“Yes, how much is it?”

“135 dollars. What about the beer?”

“Give us 2 bottles first.”

Jaegun paid and went into the room.

The girl sat awkwardly with her hands folded on her lap.

“Were you surprised?”

“A bit...”

The girl’s reply was short.

Jaegun took off his outer garments.

Just then, the owner came in and gave out the beer. Jaegun then opened his mouth.

“Hey.”

Chapter 41 – With The Night’s Protection

“Yes?”

The girl shivered and lifted her head. Her expression was one that was fearful of him. She was fearful of the favor that he would want.

“I want to ask a favor so I came here.”

“What favor?”

“Instead of singing, could you talk with me? Of course, I’ll pay you with the same fee.”

The girl thought his words were weird.

There were a lot of people who looked for karaoke helpers because of their loneliness.

But the young man in front of her put talking as the main purpose.

“Talking comes with playing and singing.”

“I want to have a serious conversation. Things about your work. Of course, if it doesn’t bother you.”

“My work? Why?”

The girl asked surprisingly.

Jaegun thought he couldn't hide it anymore and said the truth.

“I'm a writer.”

“Writ...er? Writer?”

“Yes.”

“I thought you go around and sell electric pads.”

“It was a joke. I'm a writer.”

Jaegun never introduced himself as a writer first. The weight of being a writer was very heavy. And he was not mature enough to consider himself that.

“When I met you yesterday and came home, I thought of a story. I wanted to make a female main with karaoke helper as their job so I made a quick plot.”

The girl was listening to him with wide open eyes.

“But I got stuck. I have no idea about the job of an karoake helper. I can’t writer anything like this. So I came here to ask you for information.”

Jaegun’s words went into the girl’s ears clearly.

But the girl was still staring blankly.

“Is it hard?”

“No, no.”

The girl lifted her head.

She was rubbing her sweat filled hands on her ankles.

“It’s not hard, but it’s a bit surprising.”

“I understand. There’s no customer like me.”

“So it’s only a conversation?”

“Yes, as I said.”

“If I just answer things, I get the same amount of money.

“Of course.”

The girl smiled widely after asking again. Her lips deep with lipstick was sparkling.

“It would be stupid to refuse. It’s good for me.”

The girl reached out and opened the two bottles of beer.

“Cheers.”

“I’m sorry but I don’t...”

Jaegun refused politely. If he drank, his mind would be befuddled and he wouldn’t be able to write. He didn’t want to drink.

But the girl didn’t back off.

With a frown, she turned around and muttered.

“No cheers means no contract.”

“Then... just one drink.”

Jaegun gave in and picked up the bottle.

The girl immediately brightened and cheered.

“One shot.”

“Yes? This thing?”

The girl was already driving the beer into her mouth.

Jaegun swallowed once and with a fierce face, he started to drink.

He clicked his eyes closed because of the drink.

The girl, who finished drinking, was looking at Jaegun with a smile.

“Khhhhhhh....!”

Jaegun barely drank the entire thing and moaned as he put it down.

He crumpled the empty can unintentionally.

“What kind of man is this?”

The girl smiled as she looked at the coughing Jaegun. And she lighted a cigarette. Between her lips, a bunch of smoke came out.

“The time is ticking. Start. Ask me anything.”

“Kh... Yes.”

Jaegun took out the memo and the pen.

He regretted not having his laptop and asked his first question.

“I want to know the beginning of this job.”

The girl looked at the ceiling.

“I dropped out of high school. The relationship between my new mom and me was bad. So I left. After I worked in many places, I found this job. It’s only been a month.”

“Yes....”

Jaegun was surprised..

Instead of just saying that worked here for money, she voluntarily talked about her personal information.

It was nice news for Jaegun. It was going to be easier making

the female main character.

“How did you find out...?”

“The internet. After I saw it, I got an interview from the person here at a cafe, then I came to work the next day. I come at 8 and until 2. If there’s a lot of people, I end at 4 too.”

“Ah 8 to 2. Aren’t there tips?”

“The frequent people give tips. If they aren’t frequent, some people give it depending on their moods. There’s always the people who give 10 dollars and make a fuss about it. It’s tiring.”

“Yes, it must be tiring.”

Jaegun didn’t rest at all even while responding back. The white paper was slowly filling up with words.

‘Why is it so quiet?’

The owner at the counter felt it was weird.

It was too quiet.

Even though a lot of time passed, there wasn't a song coming out at all.

'Did something happen?'

It was a world with weird people.

There's no way to see inside a person.

Sort of nervous, the owner went to Jaegun's room

'Hm? They're just talking.'

As she looked inside, the girl and Jaegun was facing each other and talking.

The owner became curious.

What are these two people talking about so intently even if they only met yesterday.

"Hey, give us 4 more bottles!"

"Yes, I'll be there."

The owner went straight back to the refrigerator.

There was too much work to be done to care about one person. So that ended her interest in Jaegun.

The night creped in.

With the increasing number of customers singing, the night was getting hotter. But one room stayed quiet till the end.

“Phew... Thank you.”

It was about 2 hours when Jaegun put away the pen.

He had gotten the answers to a lot of the questions.

If he wrote a bit more, he was going to find more information he needed. He didn't know at this point what sort of information he was going to need.

“Thank you. I'll use the information you gave me today very well. Could I ask you again if I have more questions?”

The girl pulled out another cigarette and nodded.

Her eyebrows were shivering on top the narrow eyes. The girl was also a bit tired after the 2 hour talk.

“I work at 8 so as early as possible. If it’s later, I’ll drink more and I can’t talk too much then.”

“I get it. It was tiring right?”

The girl shook her hand and laughed.

“Not really. It was fun.”

“Fun?”

“It’s the first time I’ve gotten question like these. It feels like I’m a star. Like that.”

She let out her tongue. Then her face seemed very youthful. It was probably more younger if she didn’t have the makeup.

“Call me there. Not to here.”

The girl gave a phone number and the name Dasul on the memo.

Jaegun smiled and thanked inside.

To the girl who had saved him. For real.

The draft started.

Days that began with writing and ended with writing went fast. He wrote at least 16 hours a day but he couldn't see the end.

'I don't get it. It doesn't make sense!'

If it was the length, he would have finished a long time ago.

He had the special notebook that made him write very fast.

But he just didn't like the writing that he wrote. The writing that he kept and the writing that he erased were about equal in amount.

Jaegun typed and asked his master.

'Sir, how do you think of this moment when the helper goes to the motel with him?'

-Don't ask. There's no answer. It's just that the writing is a bit too much. The important thing is that two people met each other but the writing is ruining it. Erase it all.

'Is it. I don't want the writing to be too light. I'm not writing a simple romance novel. This is also a growing up novel with the mains growing up.'

-You care too much about the quality that it might be harmful. Don't worry about that. Worry about the sincerity. Use the words that come to your head first. That's real writer.

'Yes sir. I'll remember it.'

Se Gunwoo was teaching his student with effort.

Jaegun was writing with the same amount of energy.

'Ah I got stuck again...! Not enough!'

Jaegun was stuck again and he touched his forehead.

There were too many issues with the female main.

'It can't always be like this. It can't end with always singing and drinking a few bottles. I need more information!'

He already thought that this was about to happen.

He didn't ask about the embarrassing things when he met Dasul.

It was the first conversation and there was the feeling that he could ask again later.

'Can I ask again right now,'

It was about 9.

There was a huge possibility that she was helping other customers.

But he decided to send a message at least.

-Hello, I'm the writer from before. I'm sorry it's too late, but could we meet?

Jaegun hurried because he was going so well until this. He wanted to see her today as fast as he could and listen to her.

Her reply didn't come too fast.

Jaegun was nervous enough because he knew that she was busy.

He waited about one hour.

The phone vibrated.

Jaegun lifted himself up from the floor.

-Sorry, was working. Right now?

-I'll go. Hub?

-There's a Hansung Pocha. I'll be there.

-Ok, 20 minutes.

Jaegun switched clothes to a shirt and jeans and left. He thought about driving but it was a bar so he felt that girl would make him drink some.

“Here!”

Dasul held her hand up as he went in. She was in the corner.

Jaegun passed through the hall and sat down next to her. There was a bean sprout stew and a bottle of beer in front of the circular table.

“We’re not going to sing, so this place is better.”

Dasul smiled after she said.

There was almost no make up this time.

The clothes were not flashy and normal. It was a brown jacket and tight jeans that girls in their 20s wore.

‘Pretty.’

He thought she was pretty in the beginning. But now she was really pretty.

She was a natural beauty. There was light on her face without any help.

“Did you eat dinner? I’m hungry.”

“I didn’t eat. You can eat whatever you want.”

“Can I get anything I want? I love spicy things?”

“I do too.”

“OK. Hey! Give us some chicken!”

Dasul offered a cup to Jaegun after she ordered.

Jaegun thought it was good that he didn’t bring the car and took the drink.

“So what are you wondering?”

“Um, that’s... it’s...”

It was hard to ask as the first word.

He didn’t want to drink but his mouth went to the drink anyway.

“They are things that aren’t good. Or things that are a bit inappropriate.”

“What’s that? You’re saying it very strangely.”

“It’s... The customers won’t always just go and sing only, right?”

“Hm?”

Dasul looked with narrowed eyes.

Jaegun, embarrassed, picked up his chopsticks.

As he picked up a bean sprout. Dasul laughed with her mouth half opened like she understood

“You’re curious about that? Do they go to a motel and have sex? ”

Chapter 42 – With The Night’s Protection

“Yes, you know just like all sorts of stuff.”

Jaegun scratched his head with an embarrassed face.

Dasul opened her mouth, indifferent.

“There are a lot of girls who do that because of the money. When they’re done, they quickly come back to work at the karaoke bar.”

“Hm, yes.”

“I don’t go because I don’t need money but there are some people that want to go and have a drink together. They give me the same hourly wage but I don’t even go. That’s because when I do and they get drunk, they badger me to go to MT. It’s so frickin’ tiring.”

Jaegun took out a memo and was jotting points down..

Dasul added while picking up a pickle.

“There are people that do it in the karaoke bar instead of going to MT.”

“Inside?”

“There are places that don’t allow it, but some do. They order soju and sushi and the sides and sell panties and stuff.”

“Panties... sell?”

“Before doing it, they sell their panties. As a greeting. If they get about 30-50 dollars, they take off their underwear. You think the men will be able to stand it? They drink a lot and then completely lose it so they give 100 more dollars and go all the way.”

This was information coming from a current worker.

Jaegun diligently tried to write down everything that Dasul said. His hands were hot and sweaty as he was writing a lot.

“Ah, it’s a bit cold.”

Dasul murmured while rubbing her arms.

Jaegun stopped writing and said to her.

“Let’s switch seats. I think the wind is cooler there.”

“Just sit.”

As she said that, she went around the table to sit next to Jaegun. Her perfume permeated into his nose.

“You write really fast and well?”

Dasul said as she looked at the memo.

Dasul turned her body towards Jaegun while keeping her gaze. And then with her skinny legs, she put them on top of Jaegun's legs. Jaegun froze.

“It's warm like this. Why, is it heavy?”

“No... it's fine.”

Dasul's breath was coming directly to him.

The girl continued to talk to Jaegun who felt strange.

“Where was I? You have anything else?”

“Ah, yes. I want to know about the rude people and accidents that have happened.”

The interview continued.

Dasul said with her legs on Jaegun's legs like they were a couple.

As time went by, Jaegun got used to it

The other people didn't care at all.

All of them were having their own conversations within their own group.

"Thank you. I think that's good."

Jaegun covered the memo up.

There were two empty bottles on the table.

Jaegun only drank like 3 or 4 cups. Dasul alone drank a bottle and a half.

"It was hard, right?"

Dasul put her head on Jaegun's shoulder instead of answering.

A sigh came out of her lips.

"No, I said before. I feel good because I feel like a star."

"Hahaha."

“I want to be a star. Why do you think?”

“Because they get a lot of money?”

“There’s that but... no it’s fine.”

Dasul pulled away and picked up a bottle.

Jaegun took the bottle away and poured her a drink.

“You’re really kind. Considerate.”

“No I’m not.”

“What’s your name? I don’t ask this a lot but I’m curious.”

“You don’t even tell yours so why ask.”

“My name is Dasul.”

“I know it’s a fake name.”

“Hmp, fine.”

Dasul drank another cup.

Jageun got worried.

He didn't know what her drinking limit was, but she drank a lot.

"I want to meet my mom."

Dasul said as she put it down

Jaegun looked beside him. A big sigh came out as it was mixed with old memories.

"There's those songs. Those songs that the singer sings to find their loved ones. They want them to listen to their songs and contact them."

"I know."

"So I want to be a star. If I can go on TV, Mom will recognize me. She left me and ran away... But if I become famous... she'll contact me."

Dasul put her head down with her lips closed.

Her two eyes were filled with warm tears.

"I'm sorry. I must have been tired today. Why am I like this."

Jaegun gave her a tissue.

Dasul took it and tapped her eyes.

“Actually I was tired because I had a rude customer. I got angry so I left and there was a message from you. So I answered you right away.”

“... Yes.”

“I’ll be like this for a bit longer.”

She put her head on Jaegun’s shoulder.

Jaegun’s two eyes were looking at the ceiling.

His shoulders were heavy.

It wasn’t because of her head. It was the weight of her confession.

‘It ... won’t be a simple fun read. I promise.’

Jaegun thought of another reason for the novel in his head.

He will write a story that will comfort her mind. Jaegun was quietly pouring himself a drink in the corner of a loud bar.

Nexon's office. Mobile planning tea,

The employees were all having a depressed face. Team Leader Suhee was the same. It was the feeling that they were the shell of themselves.

“Cheer up, team leader.”

“I’m fine. Hemii was the hardest worker. I’ll be at the restroom.”

Suhee didn’t go the restroom but to the rooftop. There was a park that employees could rest on but there was no one there because of the cool weather.

“Phew....”

Suhee sighed as she got a coffee from the vending machine.

The game that they were making was about to be scrapped. It was very common for games to get canceled especially in the mobile team. The feeling of despair felt bigger this time.

‘Jaegun’s scenario was good...’

Jaegun’s scenario that he put so much effort into was about to be scrapped. She didn’t feel good when she thought of that.

Suhee pulled up her phone. Her fingers were looking for Jaegun’s name and was pressing the call button.

“Ah, Suhee.”

“You answered quickly. Writing?”

“No I wasn’t writing. I came out.”

“I see.”

There was loud noise and music coming from the other side of the phone. Suhee tilted her head and asked.

“Where are you? Karaoke bar?”

“Ah? Yeah, I have work.”

“That’s funny. What work do you have instead of singing at a karaoke bar? You went with Jongjin?”

“No, not Jongjin. Someone else.”

“Ok. But when are you gonna buy me food. You promised to buy me something when I came to congratulate you for the Digital Award.

Suhee said.

With a hm, Jaegun answered slowly.

“Ah, Yeah, I will. Ok. When’s good?”

The hesitant voice disappointed Suhee and she bit her lip.

She was hoping for a meeting today.

It was then..

“Hey, let’s have another bottle of beer.”

“Wait. Wait. Let me call.”

Suhee’s eyes brightened.

It was definitely a girl’s’ voice.

Jaegun definitely answered to that voice. That means it wasn’t a

passing girl but a girl that he came with.

“Hello? Suhee?”

“Yeah, I’m here.”

“Today might be hard. How about tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? Hm... let’s see I have no idea. I’m not sure if I have an appointment tomorrow. I’ll check when I get back.”

Because of her pride, a lie came out.

Actually Suhee didn’t have any appointments today or tomorrow.

“Then check and call me.”

“Ok. I’ll hang up.”

Suhee plopped on the bench after the call.

When she put her hand on her chest, she could feel the fast beating. Small sighs came out of her lips.

‘It must be a girl that he knows.’

Even though she repeated the thought, she wasn't comforted.

Suhee opened the photo folder on her phone.

When she put in the password, a photo came out.

It was a picture of her and Jaegun standing together in college.

‘Sigh, this is getting me again.’

Inside a cafe.

Jaegun sighed repeatedly as he was reading the story that he wrote on his phone.

‘The conversations with the female main are so bad. The scenes that have emotions are terrible. Her sex is a girl, but she acts like a boy.

It wasn't only Jaegun's thoughts.

Professor Han Hesun said the same thing when he sent it to her days before.

The female main's actions seemed bad so she couldn't get into the story as well.

'Rika, what do I do? I need your help.'

Rika's two eyes with a special light opened.

'I need the power that made me feel Somii's emotions that time. But what do I do? I can't ask Somii to come to my house. And I can't go to StarBook's office and write next to Somii. It's not even a fantasy book that was contracted with StarBooks.'

Jaegun wrinkled his face and shook his hair.

It was a serious issue.

To feel that he needed a female's emotions this bad.

"Isn't the hair a bit shorter than the picture?"

The two girls at a nearby table was looking at Jaegun and whispering. Jaegun was deep in his thoughts that he didn't feel the gaze that was headed towards him.

"He must have cut it. I think it's right. Look at this picture. It's the same."

“What if it’s just a similar person.”

“You say that now? Since you lost the rock paper scissor, you’re just saying stuff. Just go. Quickly.”

One girl with her phone came up carefully. And then she tapped the end of the table and said.

“... Hello.”

“Yes?”

Jaegun lifted his head, surprised.

A girl he had never seen before was standing in front of him with her face red of embarrassment.

“What is it?”

“I’m sorry, but... I was wondering if it was right.”

The girl showed her phone.

His gaze went to the screen.

It was the ‘Today’s book’ section on Navin.

The interview with writer Ha Jaegun who wrote ‘A Dumb Woman,’ was on the screen.

“Ahah.... Yes.”

“It, it’s right?”

“Yes, that’s me.”

As he answered, the girl covered her face with her two hands. And then she gestured to her friend at the table.

“It’s Writer Ha Jaegun.”

The two girls stood in front of him.

As their suspicions were confirmed, they were spitting out words quickly.

“I was unsure but it really was you. Ah, oh my god. I’m so happy.”

“As soon as I saw the interview, I bought the book. You have no idea how much I cried. And now I’m reading ‘90s Child and that’s amazing too.”

“How long has it been since you had a cat? It’s a Russian Blue? I also have one. It’s also female.”

“Ah, I should’ve brought my book. I left it. I need to get it signed.”

The girl pulled up her phone and asked Jaegun anxiously.

“I’m really sorry but could you take a picture with me?”

“Ah, yes... sure.”

As soon as Jaegun allowed it,. The girl asked a nearby employee to take a picture.

“I’m sorry but could you take a picture?”

“Yes, sure.”

The two girls crouched in front of Jaegun, each to their side of him. One girl was covering her mouth while one girl was posing with two Vs with her hands.

The employee took the picture.

“I also followed your twitter. It’s Dallebongbong. I would feel amazing if you followed me back.”

“Ah.... yes.”

Jaegun answered.

He remembered that he had told Navin his twitter. He hadn't used it in a while and he forgot it.

“Ok. I'll do it as I sign in.”

“AH, So good! Thank you so much. I'll tweet this picture too!”

A few people nearby were looking at them.

They had faces like who was that to deserve this commotion.

He was glad, but also embarrassed. It was a strange feeling. He couldn't believe that someone he didn't know could recognize him.

‘Navin is really strong. There's people who recognize me.’

It was just then.

“Please sign for me too, Writer Ha Jaegun.”

Is there another person?

As he turned around, he broke into a smile.

It was Suhee.

Her outstretched two hands were holding A Dumb Woman.

Chapter 43 – With The Night’s Protection

“What are you doing? Sign it quickly.”

Suhee moved her hands up and down and urged him.

Jaegun took the book and got a pen in his name.

On the blank sheet of paper, a signature became engraved. It was the first signature he gave to anyone and didn’t feel like it had confidence.

“It must be his girlfriend. She’s pretty.”

“We should go. Writer, thank you.”

“Yes, yes. Thank you.”

The two girls left the cafe. Looking through his window, the girls were still looking at the picture taken with Jaegun and babbling happily about it.

“Aww Ha Jaegun ~ already a favorite writer.”

Suhee said in a joking manner as she sat across from him.

“Don’t you have to wear a hat around now? Is it ok with just a

hat? You need a mask too.”

“Don’t tease me. It’s not that much. Those people just recognized me conceptually.”

A laugh came out as he looked at Suhee.

With a beige blouse and a gray scarf on top of it, it fit the color of autumn very well. He almost spits out the words ‘You look pretty’ out of his mouth

“Here.”

“Thank you.

Suhee checked the sign as she got the book.

It was a strange awkward sign. And there was a sentence on the bottom.

-Ha Jaegun’s first sign goes to Lee Suhee

“Haha, that’s cool.”

Her lips, with a red tint, had a small smile.

“I’ll keep it well. I read it too fast. I should have read it slower. I

already read the 90s Child as well.”

“Just wait. I’m working on another story.”

“Wait? Really?”

Suhee’s face had surprise now instead of laughter.

It’s only been so long since he won with 90s Child and A Dumb Woman. And now he was making another one. And the fantasy series was still printing.

She wondered how Jaegun’s 24 hours looked like.

“How long is it?”

“It’s about 16,000 words for the draft. There are a lot of errors though.”

“Jaegun, how many hours do you spend on writing?”

“I’m not sure if you ask the hours. I think I spend everything on writing except for the eating and sleeping.”

“You’re amazing... Really.”

Suhee muttered, shaking her head.

She was more than a bit worried. More important than writing is health. If you're sick, you can't even write. Jaegun's face looked a lot skinnier than before.

"Ah, sorry. You should drink something. I'll buy."

She pulled down Jaegun who was getting up.

"I'm fine. I drink coffee at the office a lot. We need to eat. I'm hungry."

"Ok, what do you want to eat? I'm good with anything."

"Anything?"

"Yeah, anything."

Jaegun answered with some gusto.

If it was king crab, or sushi, or steak, he could now buy anything that he couldn't even think about before.

"Ok, let's go."

Suhee stood up and pulled her bag around her shoulder. On her eyes, there was a smile.

“You’re not gonna regret it?”

“Of course. Go ahead.”

Jaegun answered confidently and went out the café with Suhee.

“There’s another store that recently came up near the office. It’s closed.”

“What do they sell?”

“You’ll see when you get there.”

When he got there, it was a store that sold spicy ribs as their main dish. Jaegun’s face got pale even before he went through the door.

‘It’s another spicy meal.’

He didn’t think he was bad at eating spicy stuff. But he wasn’t totally good either.

The chicken that he ate with Dasul before was spicy as well and he almost died eating that.

“Welcome. Two people? Come here.”

The employee said with an energetic voice.

Jaegun and Suhee sat across from each other at a table.

“Give us 2 cheese ribs. Hey, can you drink?”

“I’m fine.”

Jaegun answered immediately.

He didn’t bring his car so it was fine.

And it wasn’t with anyone but Suhee.

He didn’t want to feel awkward by refusing to drink because of writing.

“Give us a bottle of soju as well. Brand Liesel.”

“Yes.”

The food came out quickly

The ribs looked spicy just by looking at it. The cheese was boiling on top of it.

Suhee gave a rib onto Jaegun's dish.

"Eat it."

"Thanks."

Jaegun, with his gloved hand, took a rib and took a bite out of it. It was fine for a second, then in 10 seconds, his face burned hot red.

'Ahhhhhhh.....!! This isn't a joke!'

It was double what he ate with Dasul.

His tongue couldn't stand being in his mouth and was flopping around

"Is it that spicy? Eat the cheese."

Suhee gave some cheese onto his dish with a spoon.

Jaegun frantically poured cheese into his mouth,

Suhee was smiling as the whole spectacle was fun.

“You can’t eat spicy things like before.”

“This isn’t the spiciest thing?”

“You didn’t eat spicy things since college. Remember you cried when you ate that Tteok-bokki near the school?”

“That place was incredible as well. No, aside from that, you just eat spicy things really well. This is just... you win, you win.”

“Hahaha.”

Suhee pulled the bottle out to Jaegun.

As she poured a drink to Jaegun, he poured a drink to her as well.

“Ahh, this is great. Since it’s hot, it goes in better. I can’t eat this without soju.”

“It’s hot to me too. But when I came here with employees, I got addicted to it.”

“Yeah, even though it’s spicy, it’s amazing.”

The two people talked about small things.

The world, their friends, the college days that they both remembered...

Jaegun and Suhee's face were busy smiling.

"Here, give us another bottle."

Jaegun looked at Suhee's face as he took a 2nd bottle. Her face was a bit red, but it still had the strong and focused gaze.

Realizing the gaze, Suhee asked, putting the back of her hand on her face.

"Why are you looking at me? My face really red?"

"No, It's just, you're strong with drinks as always."

"What? You're thinking of MT at freshman year?"

Suhee looked at him.

Jaegun laughed instead of answering.

It was the freshman year at MT.

A few older girls gave Suhee a few drinks, making very stupid excuses for it. They wanted to break the strong and confident Suhee's will.

But Suhee didn't break.

She survived while standing up to almost 10 girls alone.

And in the end, the people who fell drunk were the older girls.

Then Jaegun already knew.

Suhee didn't have a huge capacity; she was just average. But she didn't back down because of her strong pride. The feeling of sympathy was still in Jaegun's heart.

So Jaegun helped her without anyone noticing.

When the people didn't notice, he poured water in Suhee's drink and made it weaker.

Suhee didn't know. Even his best friend Jongjin didn't know. It was his secret.

“What are you thinking? My cup is empty.”

“Drink slowly. You’re getting drunk.”

Jaegun laughed while getting a drink from Jaegun.

“That’s funny,. Since the words came out, but you know I’m really strong at drinks? I almost killed 10 girls.”

“Almost kill. Wow. Like the game company team leader, your language is very different as well.”

Suhee sighed slowly after a loud voice.

A shadow, that couldn’t be hid by the light, was present on her face.

“What’s up?”

“Hm? No nothing.”

Suhee waved her hand and answered.

Because of Jaegun, the company came up in her thoughts. She didn’t want to tell Jaegun right now that the game that they were developing was about to be scrapped.

“Ah, you were writing another story.”

Suhee clapped her hands and changed the topic.

“What is it about?”

“Ah, um.... It’s a romance about a girl and a boy. But there’s a lot of stuff when I started writing. It’s about society, or about the suffering of the office workers, and stuff like that.”

Jaegun lifted his cup and rank.

With a bitter expression, he continued his words.

“I said before, I finished the draft but there’s so many things wrong with it. The female main character’s emotion and actions are just awkward. She feels like a man.”

“You portrayed it well with A Dumb Woman.”

“But that’s because the model was my sister. I knew her from a young age so I could portray it well. This is different.”

But Suhee didn’t understand.

“What about the quest you did for our game. That was amazing. I saw that and thought you really understood women’s feelings really well. I was surprised.”

“Ah, umm....”

He couldn't say that he got Somii's feelings.

So Jaegun changed the topic with a loose voice.

“But it's hard. I'm writing all day except for eating and sleeping, and it doesn't work out.”

“Liar.”

Was it the drinks.

A word that was in her mind came out without even her realizing it.

“What?”

Jaegun asked with wide open eyes.

Suhee answered trying to look calm.

“When you called me earlier, you were at the karaoke bar. I think you have fun a lot.”

“Ah, that's That's not...”

Jaegun hesitated while putting his glance somewhere else.

Suhee one-shoted a cup, thinking that her assumptions were right. Her face was calm, but inside it was boiling like the cheese on the plate.

“You can say that you met a girl. Ha Jaegun? What’s up with you? You’re 27. Is anyone gonna eat you?”

Suhee grabbed the bottle.

Jaegun took the bottle away from her who was pouring herself a drink.

“Don’t do that. Drink slowly.”

“I’m strong, so don’t worry.”

The soju filled up the empty cup.

Jaegun said while looking at Suhee who was bringing the cup to her mouth.

“I went to see a karaoke helper.”

Suhee froze with her cup on her lips,

If it went in her mouth, she might have spit some out. She was that surprised. Jaegun quickly added, looking at her pale face.

“Don’t think of it that way. I went to go for an interview.”

“Inter... view?”

“The female main character is a karaoke helper. So I need to know things about it. So I went there myself. There’s no other way.”

Her suspicions didn’t disappear quickly.

She could believe that he went there for an interview. Since a long time ago, he was always the type to get directly involved for his writing,

‘But did it only end in an interview? When I heard the voice, it was really friendly’

The words were on her tongue, but she couldn’t say it.

Because she didn’t have any excuse to say it.

Suhee muttered because she was angry that she was probably overthinking this.

“I want to read that. That book.”

“The one that I’m writing?”

“What else? How fun would it be to read a book that you got directly involved in. I want to read it right now, but i can’t so...”

The bar was loud and the lights were dark.

Therefore, Jaegun didn’t recognize that she was just saying it and accepted it as her truth.

“You want to come to my house?”

“....Ah?”

“You want to read it now? I only have the ending on my phone. If you read it with your hawk eyes, that would be amazing. I thought you would be busy, so I didn’t ask.”

Suhee was completely shocked that she forgot her upset feelings and sat there with her mouth open. How did the conversation get like this.

“It’s only about 8. We were going to drink again so let’s drink at my room while reading. I’ll drop you off when you’re going. OK?”

“Uh, uh....? It’s fine but...”

“We ate so let’s go right now. I’ll buy.”

He was really happy. The feeling that a writer got when someone wanted to read his story was the best feeling. And it was even better with his smart friend Suhee reading it.

“You left your car? Let’s get a taxi.”

“Ah, umm...”

The two people sat next to each other in the taxi.

The night setting went by quickly out the window.

Suhee couldn’t calm her beating heart while looking out the window.

‘It wasn’t a passing comment. But did I come too easily? Won’t he think I’m weird?’

It felt very fluttering, and also a bit worrying.

She went during the day, but at this nighttime, and with some drinks, she was going to a room where a man lived alone.

It was on her mind even though it was Jaegun. Without any care about her anxious mind, the taxi ran nonstop to the destination.

Chapter 44 – With The Night’s Protection

“Thank you. Here.”

The taxi arrived at his house and Jageun and Suhee left the taxi.

Jaegun went first and opened the door for her. Rika, who was sleeping on the floor came up to Jaegun and raised her tail.

“Were you resting well? Today, I came with Suhee.”

“Rika, hello. Remember me?”

Suhee, who came up behind Jaeugn, greeted her.

Rika had the face that said she didn’t dislike Suhee, but she didn’t like her that well either.

She slowly turned around and went farther into the cat tower.

“She doesn’t like me.”

“This means she does. She’s really selective so. Come in.”

“OK.”

Suhee took off her boots and came in.

Jaegun quickly closed the door and turned on the laptop. He put up the draft on the screen and then he put his shoes back on.

“I’ll go buy some beer and something to eat, so read it while I’m gone.”

“There’s a store nearby?”

“There’s no convenience store, but there’s a small supermarket. I’ll be back”

“Ok, go ahead.”

It was Rika and Suhee alone in the house when he left.

Suhee sat down on the chair in front of the laptop and said to Rika.

“Rika must have been bored today. He only knows writing, he doesn’t play with you, right?”

Suhee turned her glance to the laptop.

Jaegun’s story filled the screen. She put down her bag from her shoulder, and started to read from the first paragraph.

“Hm, what’s this? The male main is just like Park Jongjin?”

There was the feeling of being pulled into the book even in the beginning.

Suhee was already deep in the book with just a few pages.

She drank a few bottles, and she was a bit tired because she came in to a warm room, but the story was keeping her entranced throughout it.

“How is it?”

It was about 50 pages, when Jaegun came in with a bag. Suhee answered with a smiling face.

“I read until the part they met and it’s really good.”

“Really?”

“Ah, yeah, but...”

Suhee hesitated and continued carefully.

“Maybe it’s because I heard you say it, but the female main character really feels a bit weird. There are some parts where I

can't connect to her as a girl.”

“Ahhh.... Is it.”

Jaegun sighed and sat down on the floor.

Suhee, in addition to Professor Han Hesun, was saying the same thing. It was a problem that couldn't be avoided.

“Try and revise it with a calm mind. You write well.”

“Thanks, I should but...”

Jaegun sighed heavily like the floor was gonna collapse.

Suhee's encouragement was nice, but truthfully, it didn't help much.

‘Look at that, Rika. He brought me in here, but he's only thinking about writing. Am I right? He only has writing on his mind.’

Suhee complained in her mind and took a can of beer that Jaegun bought in her hand. She was about to drink one out of politeness and leave.

‘I came for no reason.’

It felt like Jaegun was only concentrated on writing.

It slowly dawned on her that maybe her existence was making him distracted.

Suheee opened the bottle and turned around to the cat tower. Rika was lying on the tower, with her back to her.

‘Does he have no feelings for me?’

A question with an answer she could not bear to hear, a small drink of beer was going through Suhee’s throat

Just then,

Rika slowly turned her head around.

Rika’s two eyes had Jaegun and Suhee images put together in her two eyes.

The two people’s figures were becoming clearer by the second.

‘Ah? This, this?!’

Jaegun quickly lifted his head. With wide eyes, he was looking at Rika and Suhee.

“Jaegun, what’s wrong? Does your head hurt?”

“W, wait.”

Jaegun, holding his forehead, slowly walked towards the laptop. His two eyes were glaring at Rika on the cat tower.

‘We’re connected? This is Suhee?’

Rika’s face seemed like it was smiling

Jaegun’s face had a smile on it.

“Suhee, I have favor.”

“Favor?”

“I thought of a way to write about the female main. Just wait 2 hours, no 1 hour. I’ll quickly finish it and give it to you.”

“Don’t do that. Just concentrate. I’ll be leaving.”

“No!”

Jaegun’s voice unknowingly became louder.

He stood up and held her two shoulders and continued.

“You need to be here”

“I... why?”

“I thought of it by looking at you. I thought of how to write because of you. So just be with me. You’re a great help just by being here. Really.”

Jaegun’s face looked determined and confident.

Suhee was looking at Jaegun with a entranced look.

“I...”

Suhee breathed.

“I’m a help.... Just by being here?”

“Yes, please help me.”

Jaegun’s two hands were holding more tightly.

Suhee slowly turned her eyes downward.

As she looked at her foot, she slowly nodded.

“Ok.”

As she said that, Jaegun smiled widely.

“About 2 hours is fine.”

“Thank you. Just be comfortable. You can watch the TV and there’s the new laptop over there. Use that for Internet.”

“I’ll do whatever .Just write.”

Suhee pushed him towards the laptop.

Jaeugn opened the drawer and pulled out Se Gunwoo’s glasses. And looking at Rika, he cheered himself.

‘It’s only 2 hours! I need to use all my strength! I need to revise every sentence with Suhee here! Let’s start!’

Tap Tap Tap!

Tap Tap Tap Tap!

His ten fingers were dancing on the keyboard.

Suhee's smooth emotions were all heading towards the female main of the story.

A gray afternoon with rain,

A girl's eyes moving quickly to look for a person that she wants to see

A moderately touching but sincere feeling felt perfect with the story's feeling

Jaegun was completely into the word that he had created with Suhee's help.

'Rika, this is pretty good?'

Suhee smiled as she sat down.

With a happy feeling, her glance at Jaegun's back didn't seem to leave.

How much time passed.

‘Hm...?’

Suhee’s two eyes slowly opened.

The light was still bright. Suhee lifted her body up.

‘Look at me.’

As she looked at her phone, it was over 2.

The floor was warm, so she must have fell asleep. It was result that the recent hard work at her job contrived as well.

Suhee looked towards Jaegun, worried that she might have shown her messy side.

Jaegun had his head on his two arms, and had no movement like a dead person. He must have fell asleep while writing.

“Jaegun, sleep on the bed.”

“Hm...”

“Wake up. Go sleep on the bed. Now.”

Suhee took Jaegun’s arms and lifted him up.

Jaegun slowly stood up, but he wasn't awake. He moved one or two steps and fell on the bed.

'He must have been tired. Well he drank.'

But it wasn't only because of the drinks that he was tired.

The power with Rika really spent Jaegun's energy. He didn't have the energy to drink from Se Gunwoo's mug and just fell asleep.

'I should clean up.'

Suhee lifted up the stocking that fell when she was helping Jaegun and started to clean. Rika was following Suhee with a glance that she liked her now.

'He must eat ramen in the morning.'"

Suhee put some rice in the rice cooker as well.

There was no food on the refrigerator so she boiled tuna-kimchi stew, made eggs, and put a wrap on it.

'Sleep well. This one's gonna do well.'

Jaegun didn't feel Suhee's hand pulling the blanket on top of him.

Suhee, finished with cleaning, turned off everything except for a small light and left.

“The name Ha Jaegun is not a waste.”

“...Yes?”

Office 403, next to Myunggyung College.

Jaegun, about to drink coffee, was baffled. Han Hesun was smiling widely in front of him.

“This novel is the best that you have ever written. The completion of this novel is high and the entertainment value was good too. This should be good enough for the literary world.”

“I don't know what to say.”

It was very sincere.

He thought he wrote pretty well, but he didn't think Hesun, who never gave out compliments, would compliment him so much.

“You must have worked hard. You’ve grown so much. I can see you as an adult. I can clearly see your figure growing as a writer.”

Hesun tapped Jaegun’s shoulder and continued.

Jaegun put his head down and closed his lips.

His nose was tingling.

He could really feel Hesun’s care for her students.

“Look at this.”

Hesun pulled her phone out.

Checking the screen, Jaegun surprisingly looked at Hesun.

“Professor, this...”

“Go in.”

Jaegun swallowed.

What she showed was the Modern Teen Literary Contest.

It had a huge history and there was one winner every year.

Many books became bestsellers, and many books became movies and dramas. The prize money was also about 30 thousand dollars so it was a award that had a high standard.

“If you win here, you get a reputation greater than the metropolitan newspaper. I think your work has potential to win.”

“Professor, I don’t have any want to have a reputation. And as for that, I already have the Digital Literary Contest...”

“You know what our country thinks of the reputation as a writer and you say that?”

“...”

“I’m not saying to be one of the greats of the literary world. I’m saying to get more people to read your works. The people who read your winning work will gladly read your other books -even the people who throw books away if it’s not a literary award winner.”

“Yes, Professor... I get it.”

Jaegun nodded her head.

He confirmed his mind with Hesun’s urging.

There really was no reason to think because it didn't matter if he didn't win anyway.

"But you have no title. I don't think I missed it, so did you not choose one?"

Hesun was looking through it and asked. Jaegun answered while walking towards the sink.

"I decided when I was coming here."

"Yes? What is it?"

"Storm and Gale."

Hesun gazed with strange face.

Jaegun, with his back to the sink, continued with a unconfident voice.

"I made it so that the strong wind is like the karaoke helper... I felt it fit the story's mood well. Is it weird?"

"Ha...!"

Hesun laughed a little.

The laugh became louder and she doubled over laughing.

“Is it that weird, Professor?”

“No, that’s not it. It fits you. It fits you. It’s fits Ha Jaegun.”

Hesun waved, when she finally stopped laughing,.

Fixing her glasses, she gave him a thumbs up.

“I like it. Go like the storm and gale.”

Jaegun’s face had a shiny smile.

With a swelling chest, he bowed to the professor that he admired the most in the world.

Chapter 45 – Follow Me If You Can

The quiet study had only the keyboard sound clicking

Myunghoon couldn't control his nervousness. His glance was on the computer for hours straight.

Myungsuk was reading for 2 hours straight.

It was a draft of Myunghoon's novel. Since it was his brother's novel, he was reading it with more concentration.

The time read noon now.

Myungsuk finally lifted his body as he finished reading. Waiting for this, Myunghoon asked a question as he stood up.

“How is it? Is it good?”

“Hm.... I think it might be hard for the Modern Teen Literary Contest.”

Myungsuk was saying as he was rubbing his back.

Myunghoon dropped his head.

He was about to enter the contest. Dead line was the day after

tomorrow.

It might be hard...

He wasn't waiting for praise, but he was asking for, this is pretty decent at least.

'.....'

He lost his focus in one go..

"The sentences are clear and this is pretty good for this. I always tell you this, but your wording and sentences are great. But the story is shallow and has no depth."

Myungsuk was saying the same thing as before.

"The time that you could win with just good sentences is gone. You have to think of the entire story. The story that this contest picks is only one. And the standard is way too high."

Myungsuk tapped his brother's shoulder and added.

"There's the Gaunnuli Contest, try that. The awards are more than 1 and there's a better possibility."

Myunghoon couldn't say anything.

The contest that Myungsuk said right now wasn't a huge difference in standard compared to the Modern Teen Literary Contest.

The award for the grand prize was 1 million dollars and it was way more than the Modern Teen Literary Contest.

But Myunghoon had no reason to get the prize. He had way more than enough money in his household. He wanted to enter specifically the Modern Teen Literary Contest.

There was a reason.

He wanted to gain recognition from his father from getting an award from a respectable contest.

And furthermore, from Suhee too.

It was a high standard contest, but he had a place that he trusted. That was because, one of the judges, Professor Kim, was friends with Myungsuk.

'If brother could just help...!'

Myunghoon knew how good his brother's connections were. He had huge amounts of contacts. He was expectedly waiting for his brother to give him the honor and glory of winning the Modern

Teen Contest.

After a brief pause, Myunghoon said.

“Um, Professor Kim...”

Beep!

The vibrations on the table cut him off.

Myungsuk immediately picked up the phone and took the call.”

“Yes, Professor, hello. How were you. Yes yes, I’ve been doing good too. I guess you must be tired waiting for the judging.”

“....!!”

At the mention of judging, Myunghoon’s eyes widened

It had to Professor Kim’s call who was judging the contest.

“Ah, yes, Professor, ah Really?”

Myungsuk replied and stood up. He felt Myunghoon’s glance and moved the study next door.

‘What is this.’

It felt weird. Myungsuk wasn’t the person to move away unless it was an important call.

And the calling person was the judge Professor Kim.

Myunghoon went outside and stood next to the door his brother went in. Putting his ear next to the door, he could slightly hear Myungsuk’s voice.

“Ah that writer who won the Digital Literary Contest? Yes Yes, the name is.... Ah Ha Jaegun.”

Myunghoon widened his eyes and listened closer.

He didn’t mistake it

Myungsuk said the word Ha Jaegun.

The name that made his blood curdle.

But he didn’t understand why that name would be mentioned in a call with Professor Kim.

Myungsuk continued.

“It was a person who writes very well. A Dumb Woman. Yes, you read it too? Hahaha. Yes I know. That person entered the Modern Teen Contest, he must be a writer who writes very enthusiastically.”

“...?!”

Myunghoon’s breathes became quicker. It was a huge shock that he couldn’t even move. There was no blood on his face anymore.

“Yes, Professor, I will come. Yes, I’ll see you there. Good work. Yes.”

Myungsuk ended the call.

Myunghoon went straight back to his seat. And then the door opened and Myungsuk came back in.

“Professor Kim?”

Myunghoon calmly said to him.

Putting the phone in the charger, Myungsuk nodded.

“Yeah, about a dinner appointment. You know that I’m going to a publishing company. Professor Kim made the spot for me.”

Myunghoon nodded his heavy head. He didn't care for anything other than the name Ha Jaegun.

"Professor Han Hesun is also coming. Do you hear. She's a great person? Learn from her."

Myunghoon could only look at the red carpet on the ground with fierce eyes.

Myungsuk said as he lifted his jacket on the chair.

"Why is your face so stressed? You can write again. Let's go eat. Lunch."

"Help me."

"What?"

Myunghoon lifted his head slowly

The two eyes were shaking like an earthquake.

“Help me edit.”

“.... let’s eat separately.”

Myungsuk didn’t hesitate and went to the door. Myunghoon went quickly and blocked him.

Myungsuk’s face was already fiercely wrinkled.

“Move.”

“Help me one more time. Please. Last time. Please.”

“I said last time was the end. I don’t want to be a son that lies to his father. Move.”

Myungsuk pushed him away.

But Myunghoon couldn’t give up

He couldn’t especially after the fact that Jaegun entered.

“Please.”

Myunghoon blocked the person that he depended on the most in this world and held his arms.

Myungsuk’s jacket fell to the ground.

“It’s an easy job. If you put your connections and editing skills, this will be easy. Like the last book, help me. And just say something to Professor Kim. yeah?”

“This guy....!”

Myungsuk’s two eyes were about to break

To think his brother would plead this much.

He was asking to edit and he was asking to basically bribe the judge.

“Oh Myunghoon, there’s a line that you can’t cross. Do not say that in front of me again.”

Myungsuk lifted his finger in front of his nose.

Myunghoon couldn’t say anything because Myungsuk was really mad. He could only swallow his breath.

Myungsuk pushed the door.

After the door, a long corridor appeared. Two maids were cleaning the windows.

Myungsuk went farther and farther away.

The shivering Myunghoon shouted to him.

“You knew Ha Jaegun was my colleague.”

Myungsuk slightly stopped, but he quickly went back on.

“Why do you make a person feel terrible! Just call in front me! Who said I needed you to move? If you’re going to help me, just help me!”

The shout rang through the hallway.

Myungsuk had already disappeared.

But his shouts didn’t stop.

“That guy was a guy whose books didn’t even odd in tot eh stores! And I lost to that guy? That guy was a guy who wrote nonsense to get a few cents! There’s no pride?! Say it!”

Myunghoon hit the door as hard as he could

The cleaning maids shivered slightly, but they didn't turn around at all/

Myung Hoon's personality was well known to the maids as well

“Dang it!!!”

Myunghoon turned around furiously.

He could see Myung Suk's jacket next to the door.

He kicked the jacket in hatred of his brother.

It was that time

A paper came out of the jacket.

‘What... what?’

He saw the name Professor Kim on the paper.

‘Is it the judge’s names.’

Myunghoon looked through the names

It was the judges of the Modern Teen Literary Contest.

It had the names and contact information of the great literary people in their respective literary genres.

Myunghoon soon lost interest and threw it.

The paper flew through the wind. Hearing that sound, Myunghoon thought of a great idea.

‘AHhh....!’

Myunghoon’s two eyes opened.

He picked up the paper and sat next to the computer and opened the word document.

‘I need to tell that Ha Jaegun and Pyung Cheon Yu are the same person. I wonder what the literary writers would say if they heard about this...’

Jaegun didn’t tell any of the audience that he was writing a fantasy novel with a pen name.

There was no need to know why

He just had to tell the people this.

Myunghoon's ten fingers flew across the keyboard. For some reason, this went many times faster than writing his own story

“Give us two servings of tofu.”

“Yes.”

Somii turned back and laughed.

“This place is good. You’ll like it too.”

“I know.”

Jaegun answered as he sipped a drink

It was about 1 pm.

It was after the workers lunch time so it was not crowded at all.

“I’m sorry, I know you’re busy.”

“No, I’m not busy. Don’t care.”

Jaegun got Somii’s call who said she was going to buy lunch.

He wasn’t really comfortable either.

Somii was a StarBooks employee. There was no reason for Somii to meet him unless for a good reason.

‘Is it for the sequel.’

The time was good for now.

He finished all the novels he was working on. The Modern Ranking series and the Pegelon series.

The book for the Modern Teen Literary Contest was done too. There was at least 2 months till the announcement.

‘I don’t have anything I want to write....’

This was jaegun’s problem

He didn’t want to write anything about martial arts or fantasy. So he was wondering how to cordially decline Somii’s offer.

“The tofu is really good. Eat some before the main comes in.”

Somii gave the dish to him.

Jaegun smiled.

It was true that meeting with Somii was fun. She was a good person to be with and she helped him a couple of times too.

‘She got prettier.’

In Jaegun’s eyes, Somii was more mature and showing more feminine ability.

The turtleneck sweater and the brown shorts. With that, the black stockings and the sneakers showed the end of the fall.

He was slightly disappointed to

It felt that the college girl appearance disappeared.

And to be true, the end of the year was close.

He felt as though time went by very fast.

“What do you think that much.”

“No, nothing, but I guess the editor is busy?”

“Yes, he is. Really.”

Somii only said that.

Tewon stayed in StarBooks for now because of work or something. He said he would tell Jaegun the day he was leaving.

“And that, writer, I wanted to say.”

“Say it.”

Jaegun put his chopsticks done. It was probably about to be about the sequel.

But he was wrong.

Out of Somii's smiling mouth, a conversation was coming out of her that he didn't expect.

"How do you think about your novel becoming a webtoon?"

"Webtoon?"

"Comic KT gave an offer. They want to put your Modern Ranking series into a webtoon. You know comic KT."

"Ah yes..."

Jaegun knew them. They were the webtoon company that only did webtoons.

They had a top five presence in webtoons in the county and they had a huge audience and respect rate.

"And so I wanted to meet now to ask you."

Jaegun blankly stared at Somii.

Somii smiled as she slightly shook her body.

She understood that she didn't really need to ask Jaegun's

answer.

Chapter 46 – Follow Me If You Can

“How is it?”

“What do you think? It’s great.”

Jaegun said positively at Somii’s thought.

Who would dislike their work becoming a comic?

Jaegun didn’t think of anything else.

And it was Comic KT, so there was no need to hesitate.

“But I have no knowledge of comics, so I have no idea about the profit distributions.”

“I have no idea either...”

Somii explained with wide eyes.

“If you do this comic with Comic KT, that means your novel will be a contract. Comic KT will buy the drawer, the writer, and others. It’s also very hard to make the entire story into one comic.”

“Yes.”

“The editor said it will be about 10 percent. 10 percent of the webtoon. So 5 to 5 with StarBooks as well. Because it’s a derivative work.”

“Hm, yes.”

Jaegun was thinking about the contract that all had the word “derivate” work. Whether if it was a movie or comic remake, the original was his.

Jaegun didn’t pay any attention to this at all his entire life, because he didn’t know his work would be used for another work.

‘Modern Ranking will be made into a comic...!’

The movie that played in his mind was coming alive. It was Jaegun who still didn’t believe what was happening.

“There’s not gonna be a huge profit. If the profit is about 1000 dollars, you get about 50 dollars.”

“Yes.”

“But if the webtoon gets good, the novel gets good publicity too. The 3rd book of the Ranking series. If the paper books go out, then the electronic version goes out, and then you can let the webtoons go out. That would be great.”

Jaegun smiled.

Tewon's expression that said to not forget his focus came up in his mind. He could always trust that man.

"I'll do it."

Jaegun decided without saying anything.

"I hope it goes to a good writer and becomes well made."

"I hope it does. Don't worry. I'll see if it's good. And if the candidate is decided, I'll send him or her to you and ask for your opinion."

"Thank you."

The food was brought in and they started to eat.

Jaegun ate happily with Somii. The finished work relieved him.

"Uh, Writer Ha."

Somii said as she poured him a cup of water.

"Are you writing anything?"

“No, Not really.”

“Then... do you... do you have any chance of writing a sequel.”

Jaegun was thinking ‘Of course’ as Somii struggled to speak.

As the 3rd book was done, StarBooks wanted a sequel. As Somii requested the webtoons first, the order was pushed back.

“I’m sorry, but I have no idea of story currently. I can’t think of anything either.”

“You must be tired. Then I can’t really ask either. I’ll wait, sir.”

Somii backed off quickly.

Jaegun felt relieved, but slightly suspicious. He knew Somii was the type to put all her energy into her work.

But she gave up this quickly

He thought she would ask a bit more.

‘Maybe she really thought of my well-being.’

As lunch ended, Jaegun still thought it was suspicious. He glanced at her face, but still couldn't see her feelings.

"That was a good meal, Somii."

"No, this meal was good because of you, writer."

The two people went outside and stood by the road.

The wind was cool and soft. The heat was mild as well, so it would be good to go out somewhere.

"Are you going back to work?"

"No, Comic KT."

"Now?"

"Yes, I've heard your response, so I should go ahead. It's why I came out."

Somii smiled and said.

Her foot was brushing against the leaves on the ground.

Jaegun smiled as he thought of the time when Somii's shoe came off during a writer's meeting

“Why did you laugh?”

“No reason.”

“I’m curious and you’re always like that. Like that writer’s meeting, hm...”

Somii smiled shyly and stopped. She thought of the time that Jaegun picked up the shoe. It wasn’t as embarrassing, but still was.

“Where is Comic KT?”

“Samsung.”

“A bit of distance.”

“About 30 minutes by subway.”

The two people stood looking at different places but they had the same thoughts.

‘Should I go with her?’

‘Will he like it if I ask him to go along?’

There was no point in asking Jaegun really.

But Jaegun was the original writer for the webtoon novel. If he wanted to see the contract or the process, it wouldn't be odd.

‘No, I can’t do this.’

Jaegun made the decision before Somii.

He thought that he wanted to spend a bit more time with Somii. But now, it wasn't as appealing.

Somii was working and there was no reason to follow and bother her.

“Let’s go the subway station then.”

“Yes...”

Somii pushed aside her slightly disappointed feeling and followed Jaegun.

They walked slowly together along the red leaves.

Somii was avoiding the lines on the concrete.

“Are you going to go home right away?”

“I’m going to stop by a bookstore.”

Jaegun answered.

He was going to stop by at the bookstore after meeting Somii. He didn’t get to read anything because he was writing so much.

As a writer, he needed to read a lot to write good works.

And his life became more lax, so he wanted to read a lot.

“Be careful.”

“You too, Somii.”

The two people scanned their cards at their respective booths.

As they were about to go down the stairs, Jaegun turned around. At that moment, Somii looked towards Jaegun as well.

The two people’s glances went through the huge crowd.

Jaegun first smiled and lifted his hand. Somii again did a 90 degree greet and disappeared down the stairs.

‘Yeah, I should work too.’

Jaegun focused his mind. After seeing the hard working Somii, he felt better.

‘Let’s read some novels. Maybe an idea will come up.”

Using the karaoke helper Dasul to write that novel all occurred because of new experiences.

The ideas came up in unexpected places.

Jaegun was thinking that as he rode the train.

After about 20 minutes, he got off. He was headed to the bookstore that was connected to the mall.

‘There’s a lot of people.’

Even though it was afternoon, there were surprising a lot of people.

Jaegun moved his steps to the new books sections.

Out of the books, one book caught his eyes.

It was A Dumb Woman.

It had the DIgital Literary Contest winner banner around.

Jaegun stood there for about 30 minutes looking through the new section. And then he searced the people who were reading.

There were about 10 people who picked up his book. And most of them only looked through a few pages and put it down. No one bought it.

‘It might be hard for more.’

Jaegun smiled bitterly.

The 20,000 dollars were up front. To get the rest, he needed to get 20,000 dollars of books sold.

About 20000 books sold if one book was 1 dollar.

It was a world where paper books were terrible sellers.

He had no expectations of getting over 20000 books.

This reflected his position as a new writer who had just begun to show off his name.

‘Let’s start.’

Jaegun pulled out Se Gunwoo's glasses and put them on. It was something to help him read fast.

He could read about 15 books in 1 hour at the least.

"Ah this is really good."

It was when he went by the fantasy section.

He could hear the conversation between two college kids.

Jaegun's two eyes caught the two people. One person was holding Pegelon's Swordsman and was speaking.

"The prequel one was Pegelon's Magician and it was beast. I read it and I couldn't read anything else for a while. You know him?"

"Yeah, it's Pyung Cheon Yu. Haven't you seen the Ranking series?"

"Of course I've seen those. Ah frick. I want to read it, but it's wrapped. Ah, I'll just buy it. It's Pyung Cheon Yu."

The man pulled out every book in the Pegelon's Swordsman series and went to the clerk.

Jaegun couldn't move.

He could only listen to the employees and the money that went into his bank. But he never really saw the reader's reactions as close as this.

He was very thankful to the man that said his work was fun.

Jaegun held his gracious mind and walked toward the genre mixture section.

“Hm, this is good. Romance has this feeling.”

“Ah, this guy was the criminal? Wow?”

“Was this writer always this hardcore? This is kind of awkward. It's violent but it doesn't have the feeling.”

“Ah, ah, this guy isn't very good.”

About 2 hours since he came in.

His hands almost couldn't be seen.

Jaegun was leaning his body in corner and was flipping through the pages very quickly. The people who passed in front of him all looked Jaegun with curious eyes.

‘Ah, this line is done so let’s go here.’

Jaegun was reading through books at a massive pace.

He wasn’t just flipping through them

He was reading at the speed of light with these glasses.

Jaegun’s 1 year average reading was about 150 books. Even if he read 3-4 books in a week, he could only read about 150 books.

But now in just 2 hours, he had read over 50 books.

A writer learns from reading.

At this point, Jaegun was maturing at a writer, in this corner of a bookstore

‘That person is always like that.

The girl employee looked towards Jaegun and widened her eyes.

It was a strange customer that she couldn’t just pass.

He was flipping through pages and putting them back. And then he pulled another and put that back... it was about 2 hours of the same thing.

‘Is he looking at something?’

Jaegun’s hand became faster and faster as she looked on.

The girl employee went to organize the book and slightly stood next to Jaegun. As she glanced at her face, she could see his eyes. His eyes were shaking, looking at the pages as he flipped.

‘Really...?’

The girl couldn’t believe it.

‘...is he reading?’

At that moment.

Rippp!

“Ugh!”

Jaegun sighed as the book ripped. It was a consequence of his hands moving too fast.

Jaegun lifted his head and noticed the employee and said to her.

“I’m sorry. I flipped it too fast that I ripped it. I’ll buy this book.”

“Ahha, yes.... Hm...?”

The girl employee stared blankly. Jaegun’s face looked familiar to her.

“Uh.... uh.... Um...”

“Yes?”

“Are you..... Writer Ha Jaegun?”

Chapter 47 – Follow Me If You Can

“Ah....”

Jaegun said awkwardly to the girl

As he lifted his head slightly, the girl widened her two eyes.

“Are you Writer Ha Jaegun?”

“Ah, yes, it’s right.”

“Amazing...!”

The girl, as soon as he replied, covered her mouth with her hands.

She was smiling even though she looked completely surprised.

“Oh my god, I was so surprised. I didn’t know from away there, but I saw you from here...! I saw that you went on Navin as well.”

“Hahaha, yes.”

“You’re really handsome in real life. I’m reading A Dumb Woman very well. I read it as I was leaving work yesterday and I’m almost at the end. I cried on the subway!”

The girl didn't even care that she was working and said with her sighing voice.

Jaegun had no idea what to respond with so he could only respond with an awkward smile.

“Ah, I’m sorry. Could you sign for me?”

“Ahah, yes, of course.”

“Thank you, thank you. Wait, I’ll bring it.”

The girl employee looked around and went quickly to the employee lounge. And in just 30 seconds, she brought a book of A Dumb Woman and came back.

“I bought it last week. Sign it here.”

“What’s your name?”

“Kim Ha Eun.”

Jaegun put the book on the wall and signed it carefully

It was his second sign after Suhee.

‘Thank you. Good luck.’

A sign that was a lot better and clearer came on the ground.

“Here.”

“Ah... thank you. This is amazing.”

The girl employee muttered happily.

It was a huge deal with her meeting Jaegun. It was a boring job. In a place like this where it was completely schedule, a writer that she loved came here.

“Do you come here frequently?”

“Yes, it’s the closest store.”

“Ah, then why did I not see you... But you read really fast, ah I didn’t mean to spy. I looked while I was cleaning and you read really fast. Of course, you are a writer so you must be different too.”

Maybe she might be about 20.

She looked about Somii’s age and looked very enthusiastic and happy.

“I read it really well. I want to ask you so many things about writer and reading. Can I buy you coffee anytime you have time? I go home at 6.”

“Ahhh...”

Jaegun was sort of shocked at her aggressive and straightforwardness.

He didn't dislike it. The girl was slightly cute and attractive with her small size. She was a good girl to look at as a girlfriend.

Jaegun didn't make a decision right away.

A thought that he might meet her once showed up slightly, but he held off.

“If I have time, let's do that.”

“Thank you. Then... pen...”

The girl asked as she pulled out a paper from her pocket.

Jaegun gave her a pen. Then she wrote her own name and phone number and gave it back.

“I have to go clean the storage. I hope you contact me. Really. Thank you.”

“Yes, thank you.”

The girl went to the storage very happily. Jaegun felt her glance before she went in, but he ignored it.

‘Maybe I shouldn’t have taken that picture.’

The cafe, and now the store.

Jaegun had a thought that he might have to change his bookstore from now on.

‘I should go now.’

Jaegun took a bunch of books, including the book that he ripped, went to the clerk.

It was a store that a girl knew him. If he stayed, something complicated might happen.

‘This was the best thing today.’

As he was riding the escalator, he pulled out a book.

It was the book that he had ripped. It had a setting of middle ages Europe, a fantasy novel with a knight fighting against a dragon.

‘A dragon is cool. With two wings, flying across the land, breaking one city easily.’

Jaegun was holding the pen tightly now.

‘Maybe right one with that?’

He wrote the word ‘dragon.’ And then in his head, he was thinking of new characters.

‘A knight that is abandoned by a companion who is jealous of him! In the place of the execution place, a dragon falls from the sky.

Jaegun’s two eyes lightened and he was writing down the story quickly.

The man behind him tapped his shoulder and said irritatedly.

“Hello, could you move?”

“Ah, I’m sorry.”

Jaegun apologized and moved over. He didn’t know that he was

blocking others.

‘I’m sorry, I should go somewhere and write my story down.’

He needed to write the story that came out before it cooled.

There was a cafe near here. But there were a lot of customers and the light was too bright.

Jaegun looked for a cafe near here and finally found one and went in.

“Come in.”

“Could I get an Ice Americano.”

Jaegun took the drink and went to the corner and sat down.

He drank a few sips and started to continue the story in his head.

‘The place becomes a mess after the dragon who hurt his wings falls down.... The knight worries about the civilians that might get hurt by the dragon. But then he sees. He sees the dragon that saves a little girl even though he’s dying.’

The pen didn’t stop and moved across the paper.

Jaegun kept writing down his story across the small memo.

‘The main character understands. His companions and the others mistake the dragon as a threat. And then he breaks the curse on the wings and escapes together... That’s the intro.!’

Jaegun’s breath became fast and his heart beat very fast. It was a huge thrill.

This feeling that he had when he could think of a story that he wanted to write. This feeling is why he became a writer.

‘The main and the dragon makes a contract. The main character wanted to save the princess and the civilians while the dragon wanted to save his nest. Now, contract made!’

Jaegun made a fist above his head and smiled.

Two girls who were sitting next to him were moving seats with a pale face.

‘Now, the main character is the only one who can ride him. The dragon is so powerful that he needs a handicap. He becomes weaker by the curse or he can only use his power for about an hour a day...’

The story continued quickly.

The first book, the second book, the third book...

The story was gaining speed.

Jaegun didn't feel the speed of time. He also didn't feel that he was currently writing with Se Gunwoo's pen either.

'Ah? What time is it?'

As he lifted his head, he saw the darkness outside.

Jaegun drank the cup of coffee that the ice melted a long time ago and went outside.

'Let's write as soon as I get home.'

His feet hurried.

He had no idea other than to write. He almost even missed the station because of his thought.

Beep

As he almost saw Se Gunwoo's grave, he got a call from Dasul. It wasn't a text and it wasn't usual to get a call, so Jaegun thought strange as he picked up the call.

"Hello?"

"Hey, what you doing?"

"I went to the store, and now I'm going home."

"Ah, did you eat? I'm not going to work today."

"Ah, I have to do something today."

Jaegun answered quickly

He had no time to answer to Dasul's offer. He had to write today. He was going to eat a simple dinner by himself too.

"I won't say to drink. Can't you eat with me once?"

"I'm busy today, but I'll meet you next week. I'll buy it."

"Hmmpf, ok. Then let's just cut off contact entirely then. Hmph."

"I'm sorry. But I'll buy you something really nice. Write well, sir."

"Yes, you too."

Jaegun couldn't go by Se Gunwoo's grave and went closer.

He said as he looked at the grave.

Sir, I went to the bookstore. Do you know how many books I read with your glasses? Over 50 books. I've read for about 2 hours and I couldn't even count how many books after the 50th one. I've filled over a third of my yearly reading in just today. Does this make sense?"

Jaegun cleaned up some weeds that he found and continued.

“I’ve finally found a story after reading. I’m going to go and write. It’s fantasy. It’s very fun writing fantasy. There was no one who wrote fantasy in college other than me. You can dream in this world. Dreams are good.”

It was something that he had never said to anyone alive.

Jaegun spilled out his secrets next to Se Gunwoo’s grave.

“I’ll be going now. I’ll visit you after I finish. Have a nice night. Sir.”

Jaegun bent his waist to say bye and went down the hill

Se Gunwoo’s grave was looking at Jaegun as he walked towards his house.

About 7:30 in the morning, subway 1 was always full.

‘I should come out 30 minutes earlier.’

She had a driver’s license but no car. In addition, she didn’t have the power to maintain a car even if Somii bought it.

It was a life that she started without any of her parent's help

Her parent's motel was losing out to the new hotels and the situation was getting worse.

Beep!

'Ah, who is this?'

Somii couldn't move because she was sandwiched between the other people.

Luckily, the door opened a bit later and people went out.

Pushed by others, Somii left the train for now and looked at the phone. It was Writer Ha Jaegun.

"Hello, Writer Ha. What's going on in the morning?"

"Are you going to work?"

"Yes. I'm on the subway."

As the people left, Somii pulled herself up back on the train and answered. It was slightly less crowded now.

“Um, I made a new novel.”

“Yes? A new novel? You’re going to make a new series?”

“Yes, It’s fantasy. I thought of it and I started writing it since we last met. I’ve sent about 3 books to email.”

“....!”

Somii’s two eyes became lit.

She had heard that a new novel might be hard just 2 weeks ago. How did he make 3 books in just about 2 weeks?

It was very curious to Somii how he could write this fast.

“Read it and contact me. If it’s good, I can see you today.”

“Yes, yes, Writer. Thank you. I’ll contact you after I’m done reading.”

“Thank you.”

Somii immediately went to her email. The 3 books that Jaegun sent were there.

‘The title is Dragon Rider? Is it the main character riding a

dragon?’

Somii opened the novel with interest.

She left and she walked, but all her attention stayed on the novel the entire trip to work.

Chapter 48 – Follow Me If You Can

‘This is good....!’

Somii smiled when she flipped to page 30.

This was a completely different style than Jaegun’s previous novels. It had a fast-paced story and others, so even though it was a heavy read, the book was great.

‘So that’s why it’s Dragon Rider. The main character rides a dragon. But really. Writer Ha... doesn’t make great titles... Maybe it’s just me?’

Only when she had to open the door with her fingerprint, did she stop reading

And then she sat down and started reading on the computer.

A bigger screen was better.

“Somii, you’re early?”

Assistant Manager Lee said to her.

Somii answered while glancing away from the monitor.

“Ah, good morning.”

Lee was the person that she was most acquainted with in this company.

She had a friendly personality and didn't do anything impolite.

Therefore, even with the 10-year gap, she was great friends with her.

“But Assistant Manager Lee is here early too?”

“I have to come early until I understand the new work environment.”

Lee yawned and went to her seat.

She wanted to find the style of the new editor that was going to replace Tewon.

“Yeah, wasn't Assistant Manager Go really funny?”

Lee faced towards Somii and asked.

“He was really oily. He might be a personal assistant at this rate. If he could just work half as well as he can flatter. Why is he like that.”

“Haha.”

“StarBooks is on the decline. I don’t know why the representative is like this. His son, daughter, and son in law... Now it’s going to be the grandchildren too.”

“Assistant Manager, your voice is a bit loud.

“What do I say? There’s only us. Ah, I don’t know.”

Lee went to get a cup of coffee.

Somii started reading the novel again. Lee asked as she pulled a cup of coffee next to Somii.

“What are you reading?”

“Ah, thank you. This is Writer Ha Jaegun’s new novel.”

“Writer Ha? A new novel?”

Lee blew her cheeks as she was surprised.

“The end of the 3rd book isn’t even close to being released? How did he write one with that short of time since the newest one?”

“Yes. It’s amazing. He wrote 3 books too.”

“Completely amazing. I’ve worked in different places for 7 years, but I’ve never seen a writer like him who writes this fast.”

“Yeah?”

“This isn’t personal, but is it a group? He might have a writing factory with 10 people at the same time?”

“I’ve been to his office, and it’s not like that. He types on his keyboard alone.”

Somii smiled and sipped a cup. The hot coffee and the aroma was amazing.

“So how is it?”

“This one is good too. By my personal tastes, this one is his best.”

“That much? Then show me it too.”

“He sent it to the group email so you can check too.”

“OK.”

With Somii, Lee also started reading Jaegun’s novel.

“Ah!”

Only in about 20 minutes, did she mutter

“This spells success.”

“Yes? It’s amazing?”

“The representative will be very happy. He completely criticized Editor Tewon for missing out on 1-2 of his works. He’ll get his wish now.”

Lee said sarcastically.

Somii bitterly smiled and thought of Tewon. He was probably somewhere struggling.

“Sigh, sigh.”

Assistant Manager Go came up at the office at about 8:30

He was happy as he came here quickly.

He went to Somii and asked randomly.

“Somii, what are you doing?”

“I’m reading Ha Jaegun’s new novel, do you want to read?”

“Writer Ha Jaegun? No that’s not the problem...! Somii, do you know any good plants?”

“Plants?” Why?”

Somii asked.

Go answered as he put down his bag.

The editor gave me a message. “The office is a bit dry so it would be good to put some flowers here. Somii, where is the nearest place?”

Somii shut her mouth as she understood what was going on.

Lee was laughing quietly at her place.

“Can you come with me? I don’t know flowers, so can you help me?”

“But it’s almost work time.”

As Somii answered negatively, Go straightened his body and

looked at her seriously.

“Somii, this is the new editor’s flowers. This is work. Now come here.”

Lee came out to save Somii.

“Assistant Manager Go, how is buying flowers a job? And now, I think it’s not like you have to buy the flowers before the editor comes here.”

“Yes, Ah it’s not that...”

Go looked away from her glance.

Assistant Manager Lee was the one person that he had trouble with. She came with arguments that were often right, so he had no way to refute them.

“Somii is busy. There’s a new novel from Writer Ha. The flower store is on the next store’s 1st floor if you’re urgent. Why is the store owner there for? She will help you.”

“Hmm. Hm... that makes sense..... Then I’ll go alone...”

Go went out of the office because he had nothing to say.

Lee winked at Somii and went back to her monitor.

‘What do I do...?’

Maybe it was because of Lee’s words.

But Tewon didn’t leave her thoughts.

Jaegun’s novel was entertaining, but reality’s issues were blocking her.

‘Why didn’t he tell Writer Ha yet? I thought he would tell him directly? If Writer Ha knew, then he would go to the editor’s side...’

It wasn’t a thought as a StarBooks employee.

Tewon already left the company.

This was an issue for the company’s profit. These thoughts were unacceptable.

“Writer Ha Jaegun’s novel?”

A voice came from behind her.

Somii turned around quickly, waking up from her thoughts

surprised.

It was the new editor, Park Kyunguk

He was looking at Somii's monitor.

"Editor, y.. you came."

"How good was it that you didn't even realize I was here? I've been here for a while."

Kyunguk was completely like his father Park Jeguk.

Age was in the mid-30s. He had a masculine feeling to him.

"I'm sorry.... I was thinking."

Somii answered straightly in response to Kyunguk's joking manner.

She was uncomfortable with the new editor.

The two eyes that didn't laugh even with the laugh on his lips. The different feeling in his face and inside. It made her feel weird.

"This is the new novel, right? How is it?"

“Ah, yes, It’s good. I’ve read about 2 books and the story is good.”

“Really? Then contact him. Today is good so arrange a meeting. I want to talk to him about things too. I’ll have to go personally to meet Ha Jaegun.”

“Yes... OK”

He called someone as he was leaving the office.

“If he’s going personally, I guess it’s a writer contract?”

“Yes, I don’t know. He even rejected Editor Tewon’s offer.”

“He probably doesn’t want to hear that he just came flying in. He wants points. If he can get Ha Jaegun. He’ll be set.”

Lee pointed towards Somii’s legs.

“Somii, your stocking is ripped.”

“Yes? Oh.”

It was as she said.

Her black stocking had a rip from her left thigh to her knees.

“It’s a new one, but how did it get ripped?”

“I’ll give you one.”

“Thank you. I’ll buy you one just like it.”

“Just go get lunch and buy ice cream. Go change.”

As Somii went to the restroom, she became more and more nervous.

A stocking getting ripped from this morning.

She wasn’t the superstitious type, but she had a strange feeling.

In the restroom, Somii locked the door and sat on the toilet.

And after a thought, she pulled out her phone and called Jaegun.

“Yes, Somii.”

“I’ve read up to book 2. This one’s amazing.”

“If you say so, then this one would be good too.”

“My thoughts don’t matter. Your projects are good so you get good success. And sir, do you have time this evening?”

“Yes, I’m fine with today. Where should we meet? Guro? Is Tewon also coming? He must be busy. It’s been a long time since I’ve met him. I’m going to forget his face.”

Jaegun’s laughter could be heard. But Somii couldn’t laugh.

She had no idea why Tewon didn’t tell Jaegun this.

But she needed to tell Jaegun this before it was too late.

Waiting until Jaegun’s laughs ended, Somii continued in a small voice.

“Writer Ha, I need to tell you something.”

“Yes,”

“Editor Tewon.... He resigned.”

“Hahaha. It’s great to finally meet you. I’m Park Kyunguk.”

“Yes, thank you.”

It was an expensive Japanese restaurant.

The new editor and Assistant Go on one side, Jaegun and Somii was on the other side.

“This place’s sashimi is good. If you eat the special sashimi, you’ll think of it again. It’s expensive, though.”

The course was 150 dollars per person

Kyunguk chose this place thoughtfully.

It was also a praise for the best-selling writer in StarBooks.

If it was a regular writer, the meeting wouldn’t be here.

No, he wouldn’t even come to meet.

“Excuse me.”

Two girl employees wearing kimonos went and set the table first.

Assistant Go picked up a bottle of beer.

Kyunguk stopped him with his glance and took the bottle.

“Do you want a drink?” Kyunguk asked.

It wasn’t a place to drink laxly, but he was about to drink a bit just for politeness.

“I don’t have much experience with work as an editor. So I asked Assistant Go and Somii to follow me. I hope you understand even if it’s uncomfortable.”

It was an arrogant response that had no respect for Somii and Go.

‘I can tell he’s very inexperienced. as he said.’ Jaegun thought.

“I’ve read your new novel. The story is really good. It’s wonderful to see your relationship with StarBooks blossoming.”

“Would you say my previous works are good too?”

“Hahaha. Of course.”

“What was good about it?”

Chapter 49 – Follow Me If You Can

“Yes?”

Kyunguk’s smile froze in place.

Jaegun sipped his drink and added.

“I’m wondering what you liked about the new novel.”

“Hm, yes, Well first, there was a good flow... hm, and the writing is clear and... really amazing. Yes, that’s right.”

“I see.”

Jaegun smiled slightly and nodded his head.

He had already known from Kyunguk’s expression that he hadn’t read Jaegun’s novel.

Kyunguk coughed purposely once or twice and opened his mouth.

“Yes, but about Writer Ha’s new novel. I want to say something before the contract.”

“Could you talk to me about the webtoon first?”

“Webtoon...?”

“The webtoon that is going to be made by Comic KT. That’s first so I wish to talk about that.”

“Ahah, yes. That’s going great. Right, Somii?”

Kyunguk, slightly surprised, passed the baton to Somii.

He had no idea about anything going on at work or at the job, so Somii had to repeat the news that she gave Jaegun already.

“They are recruiting the drawer and the writer. It’ll take about a week or so.”

Jaegun nodded his head as if he understood. Somii looked at Jaegun in her peripheral vision and wondered.

What would be the reason to ask about the Webtoon in a place like this.

‘What are you thinking, Writer Ha...’

Somii wondered why Jaegun was even here in the first place.

She said that Tewon had resigned.

She also knew that Jaegun would push back the appointment with StarBooks and contact Tewon first.

But that's all Somii knew.

The question about the webtoons was meaningless.

The real reason was not because of himself, but for Jung Somii.

This was Jaegun's last favor that he could do to Somii, a StarBooks employee.

He came out here to directly say to the editor that Somii, his personal editor, could not be damaged in any way.

Silence continued.

Kyunguk opened his mouth to try and earn some points with Jaegun.

"I personally support any of your projects. I will do anything to make sure you can continue your writing career. Not even with a writer contract. The previous editor was a bit strict right? You must have struggled. Uh, what was his name, Go?"

"It was Kwon Tewon."

“Yes, Kwon Tewon. He worked under my dad... I mean, a representative, for a long time. He intervened with many writers, I’ve heard? So how could writers like him? He didn’t have the skills. Now with me, your writing process will be a lot better. I will support you. Obviously, I will support you.”

Somii was so embarrassed that she felt like she wanted to make a fist.

It was a foolish attempt to gain points that he lost.

She didn’t understand the representative’s mind to put this person as the editor.

She worried for StarBook’s future, and dropped her head.

“...”

Jaegun was sipping water stolidly.

And then

He lifted his head and said calmly.

“It was because of Editor Tewon.”

“...yes?”

Kyunguk tilted his head.

Jaegun continued as he pulled out his hand for his jacket.

“It was because of Kwan Tewon’s feedback that I’d got here. It wasn’t just because of me.”

Assistant Go’s face became pale.

Then Kyunguk’s face also became pale. Jaegun stood up from his seat.

“I don’t think I can eat anymore. I’m sorry but I’ll excuse myself.”

“W, writer? Writer Ha? Wait.”

Kyunguk and Go stood up after waking up from their shock.

Jaegun had already put on his shoes and left.

‘Writer Ha?’

Somii couldn’t be here now either.

She put on her shoes.

There was no reason for her to be stopped because StarBooks was a frequent visitor.

“What, where did he go?”

“He’s not picking up either, sir.”

Kyunguk and Go was in the front of the building looking for him.

It wasn’t an easy thing to find Jaegun in the darkness.

“Go, did I do something wrong?”

“No, no. What could you have done. Writer Ha must have been in a bad mood today. You know how writers get irritated.”

Somii stood in front of them.

She said to the two men.

“I’ll go to the subway.”

“Yes, Somii, if you see him, persuade him to come back. What is this? Go, let’s go this way.”

Kyunguk pulled off his tie and walked with Go.

When they were far way, Somii’s phone started vibrating.

“Writer Ha!”

“I’m sorry, you were a little surprised, right?”

“Not a little, but a lot. Where are you?”

“I’m on a taxi. I’m in a hurry.”

Somii couldn’t say anything

She knew why he was in a hurry and where the taxi was going.

“Somii?”

“I’m listening writer, go ahead.”

“Did I stress you?”

“No, nothing like that. And why are you worrying about me. You should worry about your work and yourself.”

“I don’t need to. If you’re fine, I’m ok with that.”

“What does that...?”

Somii stopped.

A thought in her head becoming clear.

‘Because of me...?’

A puzzle piece was finding its spot.

Jaegun’s actions made sense now.

And a new question came up.

Why would he be worrying about a simple regular editor.

“You were busy being my personal editor. Thank you. I’ll buy

you dinner sometime.”

Somii pushed the emotions away and smiled.

She did nothing to Jaegun. She never had any trouble with Jaegun. He was a good writer, and his works were almost perfect.

Now her work relationship with the writer named Jaegun closed.

Unless she stopped working at StarBooks, she would never edit his work again.

Somii lifted her head.

She breathed a few times and her energy came back. She said in her usual cheerful and energetic voice.

“I’m gonna eat a lot, so you have to do good.”

“Of course. I’ll do better than the entire 3 Ranking series.”

“I’ll be here. Be careful.”

“You too.”

Somii turned around as she hung up.

Her figure disappeared in the darkness.

Only then did Jaegun leave his hiding place near the building and catch a taxi.

– I'm sorry, Representative Tewon. The pay by part is a bit different from paper books so I don't really have confidence. I'll stop here.

– I really wanted to sign with the management you're doing, but I have a relationship with my last company, I can't. If I have another opportunity, I'll call again. I'm sorry.

– I can't. I said yesterday, but I don't have the confidence in your management. I know your skill but it's only beginning and I don't have data to work with, so it's kind of risky. I'll have to pass the first start to another writer.”

“Sigh....!”

A sigh came out

Tewon who had slept for over 12 hours woke up and had no idea what to do.

He got rejected from 3 writers he trusted.

His body was completely fatigued as well.

“Is it not good?”

A girl who was sitting on a computer next to his asked.

It was his wife, Sin Dongmi.

“I think everyone’s afraid. I have no previous work so.”

“Really though. You did so much for them.”

“If you think like that, it’s harder. Forget the past.”

Tewon comforted her.

She looked around her house with a complicated expression.. The two kids should be looked after by their mother.

“You know.”

“Hm?”

“What about Writer Ha?”

Dongmi knew her husband’s personality so she had waited this long. But she couldn’t wait any longer and finally asked.

“You said he’s good? He’s good at writing and you complimented him so much. You said you wanted to go to the end with him.”

Tewon’s couldn’t answer her.

The words that representative Jeguk said was still in his head.

-Don’t think about taking away any of our writers. Especially Ha Jaegun. I’m gonna find out if he uses a pen name and we need to earn too. I gave you 3 months of money with your resignation fee. Use it well and I hope you do well.

This was why he couldn’t ask Jaegun.

If Jaegun knew he resigned, he might not work for StarBooks anymore.

And this was a huge problem as well.

StarBook's influence was huge for every subject. If Tewon did something to hurt them, there was no knowing what harm that they could do to him.

A management had to sell the writer's works to the biggest market that it could.

This was what Tewon had to know from now. But if he lost his market before he could sell anything?

That was the end.

“Where are you going?”

Dongmi asked seeing Tewon taking his coat.

“I’m going to take a walk.”

Tewon went down to the first floor with the elevator..

He was holding a cigarette.

He was about to smoke one without his wife knowing.

Beep!

Then his phone vibrated in his pocket.

Tewon pulled in quickly hoping that one writer had changed his mind.

“....!”

He froze when he saw the name Ha Jaegun.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

The vibration continued in his phone

But Tewon couldn't answer.

What could he say to Jaegun at this time?

He had nothing to say and he couldn't think of anything to say.

Just then...

“I guess it's a vibrating machine instead of a phone.”

Tewon froze.

The voice behind him was so familiar.

Chapter 50 – Follow Me If You Can

“Ah, I guess it’s not the editor. I must be mistaken. I’m sorry. I apologize. So should I just leave now?”

Tewon slowly turned around.

It was Jaegun

He was smiling with his phone on his ear.

“Writer Ha...? How... did you get here?”

Tewon was completely surprised at his sudden appearance.

Jaegun put his phone away and answered.

“You said you bought a house here. I remembered the apartment building. I thought you weren’t about to answer, so the timing was great right? If I was unlucky, I may have left without meeting you.”

“Ah, writer don’t take it the wrong way. I was going to answer. I was just thinking. My head is really...”

Jaegun waved it off.

“What are you saying? I’m fine. But before that, you should check your email.”

“Mail?”

“Yes, your personal email.”

Jaegun's finger was pointing towards Tewon's phone.

Tewon with a dazed look pulled up his email. In his email, three books of a novel called Dragon Rider was there.

"Writer Ha, this...?"

Tewon had to ask even if he knew.

It was hard to continue with his overflowing emotions.

Recently, he had looked hard for a writer, struggling to even find one.

He pleaded with them to just trust him once so many times.

But no one answered.

A good selling writer, a bad selling writer, everyone rejected him with different reasons. No one trusted Tewon enough to follow him yet.

But...

Now a writer came here without him even asking.

A writer who wasn't the bottom anymore, a writer who had

lifted himself up to the highest ceiling. A person like that came to his house with his own works.

“It’s my new novel, read it and give me feedback.”

“Writer Ha...”

Tewon sighed.

Tewon knew Jaegun’s personality, so he had shut his mouth about resigning. He didn’t want Jaegun to lose money because of him.

“I came here, so I can’t leave just now.”

Jaegun said as he tied his shoes.

“I’ll go back with your feedback. If you want to sleep early, you’re going to have to be compliant.”

Tewon’s two eyes went back to his phone.

He answered quietly.

“If you say that, I must read it quickly. And you did write it really quickly.”

“I think I’m great this year.”

Jaegun pointed towards the opposite side of the street.

“Editor, I didn’t eat yet. If you didn’t either, then let’s go over there. There’s HOF on the 1st floor.”

“Yes, writer. Let’s go.”

He put his phone away. He needed a place to concentrate anyway.

“What do you want? You pick.”

“How’s chicken. It’s good.”

“I’m fine.”

“Here, one fried. Hm..”

Tewon looked around and asked.

“How about a drink?”

“Yes.”

“Give us two drinks.”

The two beers came out before the chicken.

Jaegun sipped his drink while Tewon started reading – his two eyes showing off his long-stayed editing skills.

“Here it is.”

The chicken came as Jaegun drank about a half of his beer.

Tewon didn’t lift his head once. His beer was losing steam quickly.

“Give us another drink.”

Jaegun got another drink.

And then Tewon started on Book 2.

30 minutes, then an hour.

There were no words between the two.

About 2 hours.

“I finished.”

Tewon smiled as he looked up.

Jaegun immediately asked, half-expectant half-worried.

“How is it? Is it good?”

“First, It’s entertaining.”

Tewon’s first sentence made Jaegun nervous. He knew this was the only compliment.

Tewon never made any useless compliments.

‘First? Then the negatives will come out now.’

In martial arts and fantasy, Jaegun trusted Tewon the most.

Tewon lifted up 3 fingers.

“There are 3 problems.”

“Ha, that’s a lot.”

“I’ll start with the light one. First, the title of Dragon Rider isn’t

very good. There are a lot of books with that name.”

Jaegun laughed with Tewon.

That wasn’t a serious problem. He could change it.

Jaegun asked for the other problems.

“Second.... Writer, do you know that my management is pay by chapter service?”

“Yes, of course.”

“It releases about 5500 characters repeatedly. And so it’s completely different from paper books. You need an outline for every chapter and you need to make the end very interesting so readers would want to know more like a drama. “

“Hm yes. I know.”

Jaegun answered.

He could change that. He read a lot of drama, so he had the confidence to change it.

“What’s the last one?”

Tewon couldn't answer immediately.

It was a really serious one.

Tewon first drank about half his drink before he answered.

"I got a warning to not take away any writers."

Tewon said truthfully.

It wasn't something to hide.

It was Jaegun who trusted him to come here.

He needed to be truthful about this. So Tewon continued.

"StarBooks doesn't want to lose you. If you sign with me, it might cause you harm."

"What harm?"

"They might harm your marketing."

Tewon cut him off.

"Like Mumpia or Zoayo, they don't need marketing. The system

is fair. If it's fun, readers will read it.”

“Hm, yes...”

“But in other places, it’s a lot different. There are places where profits won’t come without marketing. The real money’s in those places...”

Tewon spoke really quickly without even stopping to breathe and finished his entire drink.

Jaegun ordered another.

“There’s no place to put banners... Or the other manager’s project promotion schedule is strict so they have no time... All the excuses they might make. In this place, it’s a job with people and connections have a lot of power. Last week, I faced other companies and I just lost hard.”

At this, Tewon bitterly smiled.

They stopped talking and drank quickly.

“Haa, I’m sorry. I’ve only put a burden on you.”

“No, it’s not.”

Jaegun answered as he put his cup down

Now Tewon was done and it was Jaegun's turn.

"What about you?"

"Me?"

"As you said, it's not my problem only. It's your problem as well. Your management will be taking a hit but can you still sign with me?"

"Yes."

There was no hesitation.

"I want to have you even if the management fails. Although I don't think it will happen. Because..."

Tewon continued after a pause.

"Your writing is entertaining. Entertaining works always work. That's for sure."

Tewon smiled and cheered.

Jaegun smiled as well.

“I guess the pay per chapter I wanted to do with the 3rd Ranking series will be done here. Thank you.”

“No, thank you. I’ll do really well.”

“I’ll help you, editor, no representative now. It’s kind of weird.”

“Just call me anything.”

“By the way, what’s the management name?”

“Laugh Books. So only good things work. It’s better than Smile, right?”

“No, Editor, You shouldn’t be the one saying my titles are bad. How about KalKal Books”

(KalKal is another way of saying laugh)

“Why? It’s a good name. My wife made it.”

“Hm, then it’s really good.”

“Wow, that reaction. Well, there’s a reason why pay per chapter is the new thing. If it works, the profits will be amazing.”

“Yes, I’ll do well. So where should I start?”

“Navin Store or Munpia probably”

“I get it, representative, Cheers.”

“Yes, Writer.”

The cold food and drinks weren’t the issue. The night was getting darker and darker and the two people didn’t care, as their conversation didn’t know when to stop.

Chapter 51 – Follow Me If You Can

“What are you doing?!?”

The StarBook’s representative room.

Jeguk was screaming when he saw the report.

On the sofa in front of him was his son and Kyunguk, the new editor, with a frown. And then Assistant Manager Go was shivering behind him.

“I’ve called him 10 times and sent Go to his house, so there’s nothing I can do, father.”

“What? You called a couple of times and you sent an employee and that’s it?! Kwon Tewon never said anything even in situations with hundredfold difficulty! And you’re insulted because of just this? You need this much patience to be an editor in a company!”

Kyunguk lost his patience and fought back.

“Then why didn’t you keep him? Why did you let him resign and put me here?”

“You!! What age are you?! It was expensive to put you in college and you say stupid stuff like that?!”

“Ah, really! Why is the talk about college coming out now!”

“HMMM?!”

Jeguk lifted one hand.

Kyunguk was standing up from his seat with rebellious eyes.

“If you have nothing to say, I’m leaving.”

“Y, y, y, YOU! COME BACK HERE?!”

But Kyunguk left without even acknowledging him.

Jeguk plopped onto the sofa. Go was shivering, clueless as to knowing what to do.

“If you have a cigarette, give me one.”

“Ah, yes, representative, he, here.”

Jeguk took the cigarette and put it in his mouth.

Go’s hand, which was lighting the cigarette, shivered.

Irritatedly, Jeguk took the lighter and lit it himself.

“So the two will band together. Hmpf. Let’s see them do well.”

Go just put his head down.

He couldn’t know he was talking about Jaegun and Tewon.

Jeguk added as he burned off one cigarette.

“Don’t make a mess.”

“Yes?”

“Don’t try and catch the late bus. Don’t try and break the wheels or anything. They’re done. Let them leave and do their own thing.”

“I get it, sir.”

“Say that to that idiot too. Leave.”

“Yes, representative.”

Go left quietly

“Sigh...”

Jeguk lied on the sofa and looked up at the ceiling.

Finally, the sense of loss was coming clear to him and pressed against his chest.

Munpia

A place where over 9000 writers work with over 36,000 stories. A pay per chapter site.

There was a 120 percent growth compared to last year. It was the forerunner of the Korean web novel market.

About December, in the cold.

Today, there were new novels coming up at Munpia.

Writer Pyung Cheon Yu's new novel, the Breathe, was one of them

‘Phew, till that for today.’

Dongmi finished the update for ‘The Breathe,’ and yawned.

It was the first day, so she updated 10 books consecutively. In terms of a paper series, it was a little below half of a book.

‘The title is good, everything’s good...’

‘The Breathe,’ was the new title of Dragon Rider. It meant the breath and the powerful weapon of the dragon in the story.

The title creator was Dongmi.

She thought it was a good title to fit the mood and the story. Thankfully, her husband and Jaegun agreed.

‘Hope this goes well.’

She knew everything about Jaegun’s previous works.

She had analyzed them before. All 3 of the Rankings and the 2 Pegelon series.

Her reaction was simple.

They were impossible books to not sell well. The fast pacing and the good writing made the story just that interesting to read.

‘It should be good. A regular fantasy is a bit away from the popular side, but it still is Writer Ha,’

Dongmi’s nervous glance never left her monitor.

There were so many places that they needed money.

The rent was also a worry. She had to have big expectations for this new title.

‘It’s because it’s quiet. Why do I think such stupid thoughts.’

The house was silent.

Tewon went to meet other business partners so it was empty.

Dongmi drank a cup of hot coffee.

Now that she thought about it, there was nothing else to do.

There was only one writer in Laugh Books, and it was Writer Ha.

She had gotten about 100 chapters from him and she organized them neatly.

‘Maybe I should go clean the house for a bit.’

Dongmi, to clear her thoughts, started to clean the house.

“Phew, done...”

It took about 2 hours.

Dongmi put up the cleaning tools. She felt tired and yawned, but she went straight to her computer instead of the bed.

‘I wonder how many views it got?’

She was curious how many views the Breathe got.

She didn’t have a lot expectations because of the short time.

Dongmi poured herself another cup of coffee and hit the refresh button.

“Hm...?”

Dongmi widened her eyes at the monitor.

Her lips were shivering.

“It’s already at 3000?”

Dongmi was completely shocked. Two hours ago, it was 0. Now it was just going over 3000.

And the comments were in the hundreds already.

Hyunseung: Ah, Amazing.

(Crying of happiness)

Deserter: Ah but, the Pegelon and the Ranking series aren’t even

out, when did he make this?

Han Jehi: Probably not solo, but a company????

Mister H: I saw you during a writer's meeting, but I don't think you know. I'll see well. Thanks.

Pamo: Dragon are def fantasy.

Eun Eun Seo: Of course it's Pyung Cheon Yu.

Lee Mehwa: I worried after seeing Pyung Cheon Yu, I thought it wouldn't fit, but man, amazing afterward. Sorry, I can only recommend once.

Horse: AHAHAHA. AMAZING. CHEERS

Sapchi: First for a pay per chapter! I got surprised after seeing the name! Pyeon Cheon Yu! Follow till the end!

Invader: IT's too short tttttt.

Orange Back: Ackkk, more pleaseeee.

Pdel: Hopefully 10 more chapters again.

Yeong: Wow, this is really interesting.

The screen was filled with comments.

Dongmi was reading with a fast breath. She couldn't control her emotions.

'It's already 20?'

Dongmi couldn't stop. In the today's best, 'The Breathe' was already in 20th.

From 20, the project gets on the main page. Then, more readers will be able to come.

'It's the first day, and it's 20!'

Dongmi quickly pulled out her phone.

She wanted to share this happy news.

From a short ringtone, Tewon picked up.

"What is it?"

"Tewon! It's already the 20th! The Breathe!"

“20? Already?”

Tewon repeated as if he couldn't believe it.

Dongmi refreshed again and answered.

“Of course. Why would I joke about this? I cleaned up for a while and it's like this. And it got up a bit more as I'm talking. The last book has over 3500 views. This is crazy?”

“Of course it's Writer Ha's brand name. We can put money from probably the 30 now. I want to check but I'm driving. I'm so curious.”

“You're driving. Ok. Then let's hang up. Come early? Let's celebrate?”

“Ok, I'll go early.”

“Hm.”

Dongmi breathed hard to get her composure back.

But her happy heart couldn't be composed very well.

“Please go like this. Please... Don't slow. And the next books too. Ah, Writer Ha, thank you so much!”

Dongmi's eyes were wet from her tears. She thought of the rejections from the writers that they had faced.

The Breathe' success was taking all the pain and suffering straight from her.

Please let this continue until the start of the paid chapters.

Dongmi clasped her hands as if to pray.

Chapter 52 – Follow Me If You Can

Dongmi's prayer worked.

The success didn't stop after a day or two.

Finally, after the attention of the readers, the novel entered the top 10. It became a success not even a week into the release.

The readers of 'The Breathe' also included employees from Jongjin's company.

"Manager, aren't you gonna eat?"

Jongjin asked Manager Lee. It was 12 o'clock.

Lee didn't move from his monitor and answered.

"Yeah, you go eat. I'm gonna read a novel so I brought food."

"Novel? Another martial arts one?"

Jongjin asked and moved closer.

Lee was removing the wrappers from his lunch but didn't change his attention from the monitor.

“What is this? The Breathe? Fantasy?”

Jongjin tilted his head after seeing the title.

“You don’t read fantasy, though?”

“Yeah, but I read Pyung Cheon Yu no matter what.”

“What? Who?”

“Pyung Cheon Yu. You know, the Ranking series writer. The new novel isn’t a paper book but a pay per chapter. I like paper, but oh well.”

Jongjin’s face couldn’t hide his surprise.

“....!”

Many thoughts flowed into his mind.

A new novel as a fantasy. Jongjin thought he was writing a short story about a karaoke bar. Maybe he gave up, he thought.

“Anyways, sorry. Go eat.”

“Ah, yes... ok.”

Jongjin immediately called Jaegun after he left.

The ringtone continued for a while, and finally, Jaegun picked up.

“.... Ah, Jongjin.”

“Were you sleeping? Sorry. Go sleep. I’ll call later.”

“No it’s fine, I had to get up anyway. What’s up?”

“Yeah? But anyway, you released a fantasy? ‘The Breathe’?”

“That was quick. Yes, you probably didn’t read it. Is it that manager again/”

“Wow, straight on. Yes. The manager was reading your story while eating lunch. How did you manage to capture a guy who only reads martial arts?”

“I simply write. I’m thankful that your manager reads my stories.”

“But what happened to that story with the karaoke helper. Did you quit?”

“Oh, I finished and entered it already.”

“Ah really? What’s the competition?”

“I’ll tell you when I win. If I don’t say anything, you’ll know I lost so just be quiet.”

“I get it, but you write too fast. How much did you write this year? Are you taking care of yourself? I’m worried.”

“It’s fine.”

“Alright then. Go eat.”

“Thanks, you too. Talk later.”

Beep!

Jaegun put down his phone and turned to sleep.

Rika was lying down in front of him. She turned to him with tired eyes.

“You sleep well? I slept without knowing. Maybe the weather.”

The weather was cloudy.

Jaegun pulled away from his blanket and stood up. Rika stood up, too.

“Maybe I should rest. I finished about 100 chapters. About 4 books.”

Jaegun lifted Rika and asked. Rika tried to pull away, but Jaegun pulled her closer.

“No, it’s fine. I’ll write. I can do whatever I want because it’s a pay per chapter. It’s better to end quickly, right?”

“Meow..!”

“You hate me that much? Go away.”

Ring!

He put Rika down on the floor and the bell rung.

Jaegun asked as he went to the front door.

“Who is it?”

“Open, you idiot.”

“Sister?”

Jaegun opened it immediately. Jaeyn was standing there. In her two hands, there were food ingredients.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming? What is it?”

Jaegun took the bags and moved away.

Jaeyn started to pull her boots off as she went inside.

“I wanted to surprise you. You didn’t eat since you woke up, right? I know it..”

“I woke up 10 minutes ago?”

“Is that a brag? The sun’s already about to set?”

“It’s cloudy, what sun.”

Even with his attitude, Jaegun was secretly happy. He was glad to see his sister coming from far away.

“I’ll give you some Shabu-shabu, ok?”

Jaeyn asked as she took off her coat.

There were definitely no complaints.

Her sister was a great cook. No restaurant could match her amazing cooking.

“It’ll take about 20 minutes. You clean up.”

“OK.”

“And shave that beard. Don’t be a pirate. You need to be clean.”

“Ok. I get it.”

Jaegun went into the bathroom. Jaeyn started to cook.

When Jaegun came out of the shower, the kitchen was filled with ingredients.

“Should I clean the floor?”

“Hm, yeah. There’s nothing to prepare other than the broth. It’s good.”

The food was laid down. And around it were vegetables and meat.

“I’ll eat as well. I’ll see how much you eat. Don’t you dare leave any.”

Jaegun tried some.

It was his sister. The food was amazing.

“It’s amazing.”

“Eat the meat. A Lot of it. And a lot of vegetables.”

Jaegun ate a lot as to not disappoint her.

Jaeyn who looked satisfied gave him meat and vegetables on his plate.

“What’s up with father and mom?”

Jaegun asked.

The name was obviously different. Dad became father while mom was still mom.

“Not much. But mom is still worried. She’s not sure if you’re

eating well. So I came to check.”

Jaeyn pinched his cheek and laughed.

“You’re funny. Well now. It’s close to the holidays. You should come home sometimes”

“I can’t.”

“Why?”

Jaegun didn’t answer and chewed.

Jaeyn didn’t ask again.

She knew Jaegun and dad had a difficult relationship. She had no persuasion power either to talk to dad about it.

“Wait, until I get the money to buy a house.”

...

“House?”

Jaeyn looked with a surprised face

“What house?”

“I said before. Don’t continue to rent and go buy a house and move out. Not an apartment but a house. Why are you surprised?”

Jaeyn couldn’t answer and only blinked.

She knew that a house was very expensive and so did everyone else.

Jaegun continued nonchalantly

“Take the money out of the current villa, and you have the money I’ve given before. If I get the money of the new book, I can buy a house right now. Something’s that’s big and has about 4-5 rooms.”

“That big?”

Jaeyn was shocked.

For a house like that, Jaegun needed about 500,000 dollars

This was cheap compared to Seoul’s houses.

“You know. The house next to the barber of mom’s and the one next to the park.”

“Yeah I know.”

There was no way not to know. She went there a lot. It was a 2-floor house. It had only been about 5 years since it was built.

“I was searching and it came up. I think it will be good. Hopefully, it doesn’t sell.”

Jaegun thought of his parents living in that house.

Mom was gardening while dad was studying alone.

“How... how much does it cost?”

Jaeyn asked quietly

Jaegun immediately answered.

“I don’t know. About 500,000 dollars?”

“That’s expensive!”

“Don’t worry. I’ll get that in one year.”

“One year?!”

She couldn’t understand her brother’s confidence.

The money from Jaegun and the villa money combined only added up to 150,000 dollars. He’s gonna get 400,000 dollars in a year.

It wasn’t baseless confidence.

Jaegun gave a lot of money to his family with his books.

But this was too much.

She worried how much he would hurt himself over this money.

“I’ll take care of you after the house.”

“What. What now.”

“I’m going to get an academy for you built.”

Jaeyn widened her eyes at that. Her current job was a tutor. She had to visit people’s houses to tutor them. And she had no driver’s license or a car. It made it worse.

“Just watch. I’ll make you the principal. What, you seem very disbelieving?”

Jaeyn shook her hand, with a crying look.

“No, I believe you. You’re amazing. It’s just, I’m worried.”

Jaeyn’s hands held Jaegun’s two cheeks.

“Don’t try too much. The disappointment is big if the goal is too big. Don’t be too fast.”

“I know.”

“And your health. It’s more important than money. How are you gonna write if you’re dead.”

“Ah, the stress. I shouldn’t have said it.”

“Promise me. Take care of yourself.”

Jaeyn stuck her pinky finger at him. Jaegun pulled himself away.

“Don’t do this. I’m 27.”

“I don’t care. Come on.”

Jaeyn frowned.

Jaegun finally stuck his finger out.

“Promise.”

“Phew....”

“Copy.”

“AH, come on....!

“Do it.”

“Fine?”

“Ok.”

“Yes yes, I get it. Obviously.

Jaegun finally got freed.

Jaeyn smiled after and filled up the broth.

“Ok! What about that Suhee girl?”

Jaegun stayed silent. He knew she would ask something like this.

“Hm? Are you meeting her.”

“Sometimes.”

“Yeah?”

“I saw her before. I have work too.”

“Go meet her. She’s good.”

“Don’t worry about me, worry about yourself.”

“Bring her home sometimes? Hm?”

Beep!

Jaegun’s phone vibrated.

It was a call from Tewon.

Jaegun brightened and took the call.

“Yes, editor. No representative.”

“Just call me whatever. Did you eat?”

“Yes, I ate. You?”

“I ate. I wanted to talk to you about the paid chapters.”

“Paid chapters? Already? It’s only been about 20 books.”

“Not now but next week Friday. It’s going up 2 chapters per day so then it will be about 30 chapters. The likes will go over 10,000. And on the main site, there’s a banner promotion. Go there.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“No, It’s the first Laugh Book’s project. You should be our priority. It’ll be good. Trust me.”

“If you say so, that relieves me.”

Jaeyn was searching her brother. She asked as he hung up.

“It’s the new novel? What’s pay per chapter?”

“Ah, I didn’t say it. The new novel is a pay per chapter style.”

Jaegun explained it to her basically. Jaeyn nodded her head.

“It’ll be good. I say it a lot, but I trust Tewon. He has great skills so he can do very well.”

“I think so too. Now let’s just eat. You have so much.”

“Ok. Let’s do it. I’m gonna eat for real now.”

Chapter 53 – Follow Me If You Can

“Phew....!”

It was Friday afternoon, one week later.

Dongmi was drinking coffee. She went out on vandera to calm herself.

The Breathe's paid chapters were up today.

“I'm not gonna look. I'll check tomorrow.”

Dongmi muttered and tried to calm herself.

1-25 was free then from 26-100, it was going to be 10 cents per chapter.

It was the first day so she updated 5 chapters.

It was now 37 chapters and the book was now up to the market.

“Ahah is there nothing to do? I finished cleaning. I ate.”

Dongmi started to look for things to do. But there was nothing.

So she turned on the TV and started to watch a hero movie from Hollywood.

“Not funny...”

The movie wasn’t fun for her. Usually it would be but not now. She turned off the TV and sat at the computer. She was just about to kill time.

“Ohew, only an hour passed?”

Donmi sighed as she looked at the time. The time went by very slowly.

“AH no. It’s not gonna not go up if I look at it.”

She couldn’t wait anymore

She opened up the page where the Breathe was showing up.

And she opened her eyes.

“How....!”

Dongmi put her hands to her mouth. Her two eyes were holding the page in surprised eyes.

“One hour... 3000?!”

All of them were over 3000 already. The chapters that were free and became paid were over 1000 too.

‘This rate... it’s about to be 10,000 in a day!’

10,000 was amazing. Even if the market was better, it was still the market that had many books that stayed in the tens instead of the hundreds in paid numbers.

If money was given to Munpia, there were about 630 dollars of money. It was 5 chapters, so it was about 3150 dollars of money. This was 3:7 with LaughBooks and Jaegun.

“Amazing! This is going to be amazing!”

There were talks about releasing two chapters per day. The increased chapters will lead to increased profit.

Dongmi’s didn’t stop smiling.

‘Is this going to be on the top list soon?’

It seemed very likely.

The best novels were determined by the sales in 24 hours. It took

3000 views in just an hour so there were plenty of chances to be first.

“Ah, Writer Ha. Thank you so much. I’ll make you a feast sometime soon.”

Dongmi looked at the monitor and muttered to herself. Her husband who had made such a close connection with such a great writer suddenly seemed great.

At the same time

Tewon stopped the car and went out.

It was an old building in front of him. A middle-aged man standing near the entrance came over.

“Long time no see, editor. No, Representative Kwon?”

“Yes, you did well too? President Park?”

The two people shook hands.

This person was the storage's owner.

It was Tewon's purpose to visit here.

“Thank you for doing it for 5 cents. I'll pay this back.”

5 cents for one book. Tewon was planning to release some paper books along with online.

It was a promotional decision more than a profit. This is due to the paper books and the online books not overlapping.

This was also the case for Jaegun. Jaegun always liked paper

books so he rushed. It was nice to see this as such a good price.

Beep!

Tewon's phone vibrated.

He immediately answered with apologizing to the man.

“Yes, Kwon Tewon.”

“Hello. This is Team Leader Park Hyojun.”

“Ah, yes. I didn't know because it didn't show the same phone number.”

“An office change. But... sorry.”

“Yes? What?”

Tewon's face was already shaded.

He knew that this couldn't be good.

“I don't think we can do the promotion for 3 months anymore. I'm sorry.”

It didn't go against his instinct.

Tewon's hand was already crashing on his forehead.

"Are you listening?"

"Yes, I am."

Tewon answered with his hand on his forehand.

Team Leader Park's sigh could be heard.

There was silence.

No one said anything or asked.

It was obvious. Business did this.

"How is Laugh Books?"

The question broke the silence.

Tewon sighed a while and answered quickly.

"It's beginning. I can't tell you if it's good or not."

“But....”

Park slurred his words.

Tewon was waiting.

“If you are getting bothered like this, don’t you have a lot of writers so far. Weren’t you starting to promote big?”

Park’s question continued.

Tewon bitterly smiled.

“We only have one writer.”

“One?”

“Yes.”

“But.... then, what can they achieve. What’s the point?”

“I don’t know.”

“Ahhh, but this. That person wouldn’t do business like this?”

Tewon sighed to acknowledge that he was listening.

He knew Park was talking about StarBook's Jeguk.

Another face came up.

But he wasn't about to share it to Park.

"What were you going to do?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you. You only have one writer. And if they do this.... Carefully, how are you going to make this work?"

"I'll try."

He thought of Jaegun and opened his mind.

"Thank you. I'll see you soon."

"Yes, I get it. Phew. You too."

Tewon started to rub his hands.

It was because he wanted to stop himself from smoking.

The temptation of smoking appealed to him.

It was bad.

‘But let’s go work first.’

Tewon finished the contract quickly.

He left and as he went to the car, a message came through.

-This is Note Team Leader Yu. I don’t think we can do the big banner until February. I’m sorry.

‘Is it the start.’

He muttered and closed his eyes.

After about 10 minutes passed. A lot of messages came through.

‘This Note, Booking 24, Bookkeeping, Open Culture, Book Sale, Yuto Books... All out.’

A bitter smile was on his face.

All of them rejected Tewon’s offer for different reasons.

He was expecting this, but the shock was still big.

‘Navin and Cocoa Page is still working...’

Tewon thought.

StarBooks couldn’t touch them.

Those places were completely different from the other smaller companies.

Munpia and Navin Store, and Cocoa page would give him profits. But Tewon couldn’t stop there.

He immediately searched up Yuto Book’s Team Leader’s number. He couldn’t lose Yuto no matter what.

‘Please... please!!!’

The loyalty of Yuto Books was incredible with its stable system and long history.

Yuto was one he couldn’t leave. Jaegun trusted him. Now he had to make him to a bit higher.

Tewon was determined to put the Breathe on the main page.

“Yes, Representative Kwon.”

The marketing Team Leader took up

It was a tired voice, but he was human too.

The beer that he had gotten from Tewon was over his one month salary.

But Tewon didn't show anything. He tried to act bright and continued.

“Hello. This is Kwon Tewon. If you're not busy, would you like to have dinner?”

“Um, really I...”

Tewon answered cheerfully, cutting him off.

“I told you when we met before right? I know a good place. Let's go there. There will be nothing to worry about.”

“Hm, yes, I know. But...”

The person didn't know how to respond.

Tewon definitely knew.

It wasn't because he was sorry, but because he couldn't move off the temptation of such a good place.

The opponent was such person. He knew his personality and what bait he would take.

"Don't worry. We've met once or twice. I'm just trying to keep my promise. So just come out."

"Then... about 8?"

"Yes, that's good. I'll see you soon."

Tewon opened the drawer and took some medicine and ate it.

It was going to be another long fight, with drinks going in at every second.

Chapter 54

“Phew, I’m done”

A cold winter’s night.

Jaegun finished a chapter of The Breathe and closed his laptop.

No worries anymore till chapter 125.

“Let’s see. Rika. About 2 chapters per day. No worries for about a month and a half. Good?”

“Meow.”

Rika lifted herself onto Jaegun’s knees.

Rika didn’t bother Jaegun when he was working. But when work was done, Rika always helped Jaegun gain his energy back.

Jaegun was always surprised even with the times they had been together.

“It’s already 12. 7 hours since the paid chapters.”

Jaegun said comfortably

“How is it? Let’s see?”

Jaegun didn’t go into Munpia just yet.

He didn’t want it to be bad and ruin his confidence in writing.

Many of his previous works got good sales, but he couldn’t help it.

The fear of getting reviews on a new novel would probably never disappear.

“There are no calls. That’s weird.”

Jaegun searched up Munpia and pulled it up on the screen

He put the mouse on the link but stopped at looked at Rika.

“Maybe I should wait? What if it’s not good?”

“Meow.”

“Yeah, it’s weird. I don’t know. Let’s just check. I’ll know when I get a call from the representative anyway.”

Jaegun muttered and clicked the link.

The main screen filled the monitor.

He was about to enter his ID when something caught his eyes.

‘The Breathe....?’

The Breathe was twice as big as the other books on the left side of the screen.

He took it as a banner.

He thought Tewon paid money to put it as a promotion.

Jaegun didn’t know because he didn’t use Munpia as much.

‘Web novel.... 1st place?!’

Jaegun widened his eyes.

He finally figured out why the Breathe was twice as big.

It was the number 1 on the site.

“It’s only been 7 hours, but how am I first?

The today best for paid web novels, new today best, today best, all taken 1st.

Jaegun clicked on his web novel with shocked eyes.

And got surprised even more.

The books entered were all over 6000 views.

The books that were free and turned into paid were all over 2000 views as well.

“WOWWWWW...! Rika, I got 30,000 views already. 30 thousand.”

Rika turned his head.

Jaegun explained with a rush.

“It’s been 7 hours, but it’s 6000 views. In 24 hours, it might go up even more. It’s gonna be great, I know it.”

Jaegun pulled Rika away.

Today, Rika didn’t resist and welcomed his embrace.

“It’s gonna be good. I’ll buy father a study, mom a garden, Jaeyn a car and an academy. I’ll repay everything.”

It wasn’t only because of him that he was here.

“Then it’s Rika, you and me. After you, I didn’t know anything about cats. Let’s go move. The master is here so not far, but let’s go to a larger house. I’ll give you a place.”

Rika licked Jaegun’s neck.

He thought of Tewon and thought.

His hand went straight to his phone.

He wanted to call, but he messaged because of the late time.

Beep!

The message shook his body.

But Tewon didn’t have the strength to pull it out.

He was throwing up on the toilet continuously

“Ughh, ughhhh....!”

There was just liquid coming out of his throat.

It was because of the drinks that kept coming in because of the team leader. On an empty stomach as well.

“Ahhh.... Hahaa!”

Finally, Tewon sighed as he threw everything up.

Then he went to the sink. His two eyes were slurred.

‘This is good.;

Tewon cleaned his face with cold water.

The team leader poured his 5 strong ones.

What could he do when he said he would forget everything if Tewon refused.

His head hurt.

But Tewon didn't care.

Because of this. He had finally gotten the banner on the site and the event schedule in his hand. Just then.

Finally, Tewon pulled out his phone and looked at the message.

It was from Jaegun.

Representative, I finally checked Munpia after now. The 1st place is all because of you. I was about to rest but I guess not. I'm gonna stay up the night. I thought it too late so I messaged instead of calling. I feel like you're working through.^^^

Tewon forgot his pain and smiled for a bit. And immediately sent a reply

I told you it would be good. Don't try to write too much and take care of yourself. Good work Writer Ha^^

Tewon put his phone away. His face was wrinkled in the mirror. He muttered softly

"It's not just gonna be good, Writer Ha...."

He couldn't say that to Jaegun

A huge expectation brings a huge disappointment.

He knew that by working his life as an editor. There were many writers who got destroyed because of less than expected results. Therefore, he wasn't the type to compliment much.

But not now.

Once in a few years, there was this instinct, an editor instinct coming out alive. If it was wrong, it wouldn't be an instinct. The faith to The Breathe was huge. It was the first time he had gotten such faith in a work.

“Pheww....

Tewon cleaned himself up with water and straightened his clothes. He had gotten the motivation that the only writer in Laugh Books was going to work the night. As a representative, he was going to have to, too.

“Let's go.”

He was very close to going home to his loving wife. Just a bit more of time and the day was over.

Tewon went outside. He took the loud singing into his ear positively.

He took it as it was praise for the Breathe's achievements.

Chapter 55

“This is good, right?”

Assistant Manager Lee asked as she left. Somii put away the cash and nodded.

“Yes, I haven’t eaten fish in a long time. Thanks to Assistant Manager Lee, I got lunch.”

“Just call me informally, ahh it’s so cold.”

Lee straightened her clothes. Unlike her, Somii didn’t show that she was cold.

“I guess you’re not cold?”

“I’m from Donghae. This is nothing.”

“It’s cold there?”

“No, the wind is strong. The temperature is greater though. Ah, do you want to go into a cafe?”

“Sure, there’s a lot of time.”

The two people got something to drink. Instead of Lee who was

preparing to take her card out, Somii gave her card to the employee.

“Why? Let’s pay separately.”

“It’s the stocking repayment.”

“You remember that?”

“Of course. I borrowed it, so I have to repay it.”

“Ok, I get it, thanks.”

The two people went inside, instead of sitting near the windows. Lee said as she rubbed her fingers on the hot drink.

“It’s already been one year since you came.”

“It’s been fast.”

“How is it? Editor.”

“It’s good, It’s fun.”

“What? Fun? Ahahaha.”

Lee did a throwing gesture and Somii laughed.

“Not fun to you?”

“Is that a joke? It’s definitely not fun. It just hurts when you say stuff and the work is unlimited. There’s nothing that shows you did good.”

Lee continued with a little sad face.

“Maybe if I get a boyfriend. Why is there no one good around me. I don’t even want much.”

“You want to marry?”

“I’ll have to see. I’m not in a hurry. The world is like that. I’m only 32 so it’s not that late. Right?”

“I think so too.”

“But my family is in a hurry. So get a date. I feel I’m gonna die when I go there.”

“Hahaha.”

“Funny? This is a pain. If you don’t have a boy, they say go meet one, and then when you get a boy, they say get married. And then

when you get married, they say get a child.”

Lee poured out the stories in her heart as she looked outside.

“Really, I got a bit hurt by my last boyfriend.”

“Last... boyfriend?”

“About 2 years ago. It was good. He was humorous and romantic. Generous too. But it wasn’t good enough.”

Lee asked with a wink

“Guess his job.”

“Hm, I don’t know... I’m not good at these.”

Somii rubbed her hand together. Lee laughed and told her.

“Writer.”

“Writer?”

“Why are you surprised when you’re an editor? It’s the people we meet the most after our employees.”

“I didn’t know. StarBooks?”

“Secret. When you get one, you’ll know how they are. There are a lot of good writers, but there’s also a lot of bad ones. There’s also something weird every time.”

As she was listening.

Somii was thinking about Jaegun. Then his smile of the summer came up as well. And to that, she smiled happily.

“Ah? Somii, what is it?”

“...what?”

Somii asked as she woke up. Lee was tilting her head.

“You were smiling on your own. You have a person you like? Right?”

“N, nooo. Nothing like that...”

“What is it. Who? Tell me, hm?”

Beeep!

The phone rang at that time

Somii got the phone and asked for apologies.

“It’s Writer Ha. I asked him to call me for the Modern Ranking contract.”

“Go ahead.”

Somii took the call.

“Yes, hello Writer Ha.”

“Hello, did you eat?”

“I just ate. What about you, Writer Ha?”

“I just woke up. I called as soon as I saw your message. About the contract. I’m fine with whenever so you make the time.”

“Ok, then how’s between next Monday and Wednesday.”

“Ok, that’s good.”

Somii didn’t have anything to say and she felt a bit sad. It was a while since she had talked to him. She didn’t want to end without asking how he was so she continued.

“Writer Ha, has anything happened?”

“No, it’s the same. I just wrote and ate. What about you?”

“The same. Except the fact that I couldn’t read your writing as soon as it came out.”

“Thank you even though that’s not true. Oh, but I didn’t tell you about my new book. It’s for Munpia.”

“New book?!”

Somii’s eyes widened. She continued after seeing Lee’s glance of curiosity.

“Is it Dragon Rider?”

“Yes, but the title is changed. It’s called the Breathe. Search it up. I thought you knew. Don’t you go to Munpia to get new writer?”

“Ahaha... yes. But I was in romance for now so. There’s not many people here so I’m sorry.”

“What is there to be sorry about. Just give me feedback later. Your feedback is very important to me as well.”

“Yes, I’m do so. I’ll read it today.

“Thank you, and Somii, would you like to have dinner next week? I want to buy you something great.”

“Ah, really?”

Somii smiled widely. She nodded to the nonexistent Jaegun and answered cheerfully.

“Of course, Writer. I’ll get the schedule and call you back. Eat

well.”

“You too.”

Somii hung up with a smiling face.

Lee asked immediately.

“What? A new novel?”

“Yes, pay per chapter. It’s the Dragon Rider. But a different title.”

“Yeah? But is it that bad? Why did nobody say anything?”

Lee went into Munpia.

“What’s the title?”

“The Breathe.”

“The Breathe? Let’s see... Hm?!”

Lee pulled her phone closer to her face. It was a face that was in disbelief.

It brought curiosity to Somii.

“What is it? Assistant Manager Lee?”

“No, no, there’s nothing to search for. Look.”

Somii got the phone from her. And like her, she lost her breath as soon as she saw the screen.

‘It’s ... first?!’

Her glance couldn’t move away from Pyung Cheon Yu’s new novel, ‘The Breathe.’ It had twice as big of a size as the other novels. It was the power of the number 1 novel.

“If it’s number 1 on Munpia, that’s amazing. How many views?”

“Wait, wait, let’s look together.”

Somii put down the phone so Lee could see it and touched the screen. When the page came out, the two people opened their mouth and looked at each other.

“That’s amazing... Somii....!”

It wasn’t an over exaggeration.

A chapter's payment values were almost up to 15,000. There were 41 books as well.

"Looking at the date, it's 2 books per day? Wait, then let's see. 30 dollars per day. If you include Munpia, it's 63 dollars per 10,000 views? And then multiply by 30 is 1890, takeoff 30 percent and 1330 dollars! In one day!"

Lee couldn't contain herself.

"I told you. This was going for success as soon as I read it. How could the new editor and Go miss something like this?"

"It's amazing, Writer Ha."

"Not just amazing! This is only Munpia. A month with 40,000 dollars. And then there's the other companies. Navin and Cocoa come in and we have no idea how much it is. Wow, Writer Ha must be happy. So happy!"

Somii was just nodding her head.

She knew it would be good, but to be this good.

It was 3 times the 2nd rated book.

"You can see this kind of writer, right?"

“Yes?”

Lee laughed at the surprised Somii

“As we say it, he’s perfect? He’s a good person when I saw him at the writer’s meeting. He gets money. And finally ...”

Lee pointed at Somii’s chest.

“You have Writer Ha inside of you.”

“Wh, what? No.”

With a red face, Somii refuted back. But Lee didn’t budge.

“I know. Your call. You were smiling all over the place?”

“No, no. You’re not right. Just Writer Ha was my personal writer and I met him a couple of times. We had stuff together so we are a bit closer than other writers. That’s only it.”

“Ok, ok I get it. Now just drink coffee. It’s gonna cool.”

Lee smiled and took a sip.

Somii fanned her face to cool her rising temperature.

It was going to be a while to get her heart back to its regular beating speed.

Chapter 56

“Phew, I’m alive!”

Jaegun sighed.

He was about to die of exhaustion. He had just recovered his strength by drinking from Se Gunwoo’s mug.

“Now I have 150 chapters of the Breathe. Let’s rest and write 25 chapters more to 175.”

Jaegun lied down on the bed. Rika went on top of him. She started to lick Jaegun with her tongue.

“I’ll have to call him and say I’m gonna release 5 chapters per day.”

Jaegun asked as he shook Rika.

He had enough. Because of Se Gunwoo’s notebook, his speed was still fast and there was no problem if he released 5 per day.

“I’ll end it about 400 chapters. About 15 books per paper book. That’s good, right? The Representative should like it too?”

Beep!

“Ah, Representative?”

Jaegun pulled his phone to his face. A message came. It wasn't Tewon. A name called Kang Minho popped up on the screen,

“Kang Minho? Ah, Writer Kang?”

Jaegun thought of the writer that he met during the writer's meeting. It was that person that he sat next to. The politeness of the writer who took care of him was the first thing that came up to his mind.

“What is it?”

He gave out phone numbers with Minho and a couple of other writers. But till now, there was no contact between each other. Jaegun pulled up the message on the screen with curious eyes.

Hello Writer Ha, it's Kang Minho. I congratulate you for the 1st place on the Breathe. I'm really into it as well. It's giving me some good studying. I hope you write more like this.

It was a polite reply like the person that he was.

Jaegun replied back smiling.

Yes, Writer Kang, Thank you for the contact. I'm glad you're enjoying it. How are you?

Jaegun didn't mention writing and asked a common question.

Every writer was different. He might be struggling to write because of some issues.

Minho replied soon.

I'm sort of ok. I got an office with a few of my writer friends. I've been writing fantasy but it's not going very well. I feel like I'm trying too hard to write like the popular novels. And I'm been struggling for half a year.

He could imagine Minho's face being sad.

Jaegun knew how bad it was when writing wasn't going well. Minho was probably struggling from stress every day.

Jaegun wanted to help somewhat.

He gave a reply to Minho after a thought

I'll so could you send it to me by email?

Ah really? Aren't you busy? I'll be honored.

It's fine. I'll give it back soon.

Yes, Writer. I hope you can give me good feedback.

Jaegun went outside to get some ramen.

He was starving because he didn't eat anything. Minho's message

came when the ramen was readying to be eaten.

I've sent it. Thank you. I'll be waiting.

Jaegun went to his phone.

Minho's fantasy draft was on the first page.

The King Fallen on Earth

“Hm, the title...”

Jaegun clicked on it.

It was about 13,000 characters, good for a book.

Jaegun brought Se Gunwoo's glasses to read faster.

“Hm, it's fusion again.”

The character was a king that was mighty in his fantasy world.

And then a knight came and cast a spell on him and the king got pushed out of his world. His arriving place was none other than modern Korea.

‘Isn't it the same flow as the previous series that Writer Kang wrote? Hm...’

Jaegun read quickly.

In the middle, Jaegun started to wrinkle his face.

‘This is a serious issue!’

There was no problem with the plot. It was common and safe as well.

But the problem was....

It was boring.

It was so boring that it almost make him sleep.

There were too many extra details and the plot lacked realism.

It didn't make him want to read more.

If it wasn't for Minho, he would have thrown it away a long time ago.

“Ah, ramen...!”

He had completely forgotten.

Jaegun quickly started to eat. It wasn't too cold yet.

“Hm, how do I fix this.”

Jaegun carefully wrote a reply back on his computer.

When he wrote, he worried that it felt too direct.

There was nothing about complimenting.

90 percent was criticizing the negatives and the things that needed to be fixed.

Jaegun turned around and asked Rika.

“Rika, is this good? What if Writer Kang feels discouraged and can’t write?”

Rika only looked at him

Jaegun sighed and turned back. Yeah. I think it's polite to send a direct reply. It's the best way."

Jaegun sent the feedback and started to write on his own novel.

Rika stared at Jaegun. Rika's two eyes were blinking as if tired.

The next day.

Jaegun showered in hot water and put the rice in the rice cooker. He was thinking about his menu when Minho gave a message.

Thank you for the long feedback. I stayed up all night to fix the problems that you mentioned. I'm sorry but could you read it once more. And if it's not too much, I would like to take you out for lunch sometime.

Jaegun's face brought a smile. He stayed up all night to fix his writing. Maybe it was stupid to be worried that Minho would be discouraged.

Jaegun started to read while drinking coffee. And he felt surprised. The feedback that he sent was all in the new draft. And in just one day, it was so much better.

“Writer Kang has sense. It’s not easy to just fix with just feedback.”

He felt that this would be good enough for the market.

There were a few negatives, but it was a vast improvement from yesterday.

But...

Jaegun was worried.

It was only the first book.

He had no idea how it would be after the 2nd book.

‘Writer Kang fell off after the 3rd book of his previous series.’

He said that it was good during the writer’s meeting, but it really wasn’t. The good plot got destroyed by the 3 book. He forced himself to read more but it was bad.

‘Isn’t there anyone who can help him?’

Thinking about it more, he had to do something.

Jaegun pulled out his phone and called.

It was probably better to call than to message.

Hello? Writer Ha?

Yes, hello. Are you good to call?"

Yes, yes. Of course. I'm surprised that you would call though.

It's nothing, but your writing has really gotten better than yesterday. Seriously.

Really? I don't know but you think so?

I don't say something that's not true. But Writer Ha. Do you have this work on contract yet?

Not yet. And I think I want to put this on pay per chapter as well. I want to see if a management contacts me after I release free chapters

I see.

Jaegun thought the things that he wanted to say. He was thinking of Laugh Book's and the one writer it had.

The conclusion was quick

Writer Kang Minho needed to be guided.

Tewon needed a writer.

Since he was helping, he would go to the end.

Minho wouldn't forget this. There might be a time when he would need help too. And with this, Jaegun continued.

You said you were buying lunch. Is today good?"

Yes? Today?

Minho's voice seemed surprised.

Of course. Where? I'm fine. You can decide.

Jaegun continued while looking at Rika

You said your place was near Guro Station right? I have a cat so I kind of want to bring and go to your office.

Yes? My, my place? Re, really?

If it's not a bother.

A bother. Yes, yes. Of course. All the writers here like animals. And there's no one here other than me.

Then please send me your address. I'll be there in a short while.

Yes yes. Writer. Then I'll see you later.

Jaegun hung up and changed clothes.

Then with Rika, he opened the door and left.

Chapter 57

As Jaegun was getting on the car, he got a call from Tewon.

“Yes, Representative.”

“Did you eat?”

“No, you?”

“Not yet either. Oh, and the Breathe is still number 1 by a huge amount. And with Navin Store and Cocoa Page, this might be the best sales ever. You’re gonna be rich.”

“I’m surprised. It’s a fantasy so I didn’t think it would do this well. Ah, Representative. I wanted to ask something. Can I do 5 chapters a day?”

“Yes? 5 chapters?”

“Yes, I have a lot saved up so I think it’ll be possible.”

Jaegun wanted to do this for the money.

He wanted to buy the house for the family. If he could write more chapters. It was obvious that he could get more money.

“Writer Ha. One month is 150 chapters. About 5-6 books. How much do you have?”

“About 350 chapters.”

He actually only had about 175 but he lied

If he answered honestly, he would get rejected.

And besides, he had Se Gunwoo’s mug and laptop so he had confidence that he could write about 25 chapters a day.

“That much? How? When?”

Tewon’s voice was in surprise.

Jaegun answered with a smile.

“You know I’m hard-working. So 5 chapter per day, ok?”

“Are you fine?”

“Yes. Don’t worry. I have to drive, so I’m sorry Representative.”

“Ahah, Ok. Be careful and call me later.”

“Yes, Representative.”

Jaegun didn't say anything about Minho and hung up. It would be better if the thing was real first.

“We're going Rika.”

Jaegun started to go.

Rika yawned.

It was a short distance.

It didn't take him any time at all to get here.

There weren't many cars so he got here in about 20 minutes.

“Hm? What? Isn't this just a villa?”

The residence was a broken down villa. It looked to be about 20 years old.

Jaegun called Minho.

“Yes, Writer, Where are you?”

“I’m here. Is it the orange villa?”

“Ah, yes. Wait.”

The door opened.

In just 5 seconds, Minho flew out of the villa.

Jaegun came off with a surprised face.

“You’re fast. Writer Ha.”

“There weren’t any cars.”

“Come in. It’s old, but I hope you understand.”

Jaegun followed Minho inside,

Bo1 was Minho’s office.

The villa was about 12 acres. A big room and a small room and a small kitchen and a bathroom.

There was dust all over the place. It didn’t look like an office at all.

On an old table, there were a few computers. This at least looked sort of like a writer's office.

"Hahah, I'm sorry. It's bad, right?"

Minho embarrassedly laughed.

"Writers put the money together to get the villa. I was alone but with this, I save money as well."

"Ah, yes."

"What do you want? I have a yellow pages book, so pick whatever."

Minho was saying with enthusiasm.

Truthfully he was out of his mind. His mind was completely aroused by the presence of Jaegun.

A writer like Ha Jaegun who was rushing towards the top was coming to a no name writer like him directly.

"How is fish stew? Or seafood. Or sushi is good too. Only 30 minutes."

"Uh, I want jajangmyun."

“Ja Jang...mian?”

“Yes, I’ve wanted to eat it since coming here.”

Jaegun said while smiling.

He knew that Minho’s situation wasn’t great. It wasn’t good to ask for an expensive meal from Minho. It was hard to say that he would pay for it with Minho’s pride as well.

“Are you... sure?”

Minho asked again. It didn’t feel right to give Jaegun just a bowl of jajangmyeon. It didn’t seem polite.

“Do you not like it?”

“No, I love it, but shouldn’t we eat something better.”

“Something that’s delicious is good. Just give me that. I just like regular jajangmyun.”

“Ah, ok.... Then I’ll order. This place’s food is good. Ah, this doesn’t feel right, though...”

Minho ordered the food with a slightly embarrassed face.

As he hung up, Jaegun immediately asked the question.

“Writer Kang Minho, would you like to sign a contract with me?”

Chapter 58

“A contract?”

Minho asked with a confused look.

“Writer Ha, have you... made management company?”

“No, I have no skill to do such a thing.”

“But then...?”

“It’s a contract with me.”

Jaegun answered while putting Rika on the ground.

Looking at Rika who was walking to the window, he continued.

“I want to help you so you can make better novels.”

“Of, of course. I do, but you’re so busy that how could I ask for help...”

“No.”

Jaegun cut him off.

“It’s a contract. With me helping you write better, I have a condition.”

“Condition?”

“Do you know Laugh Books?”

“No, I’ve never heard of it.”

“It’s a very new management. There’s only one project it’s servicing as well. And the condition is that you contract with Laugh Books.”

“Ah... yes.”

Minho answered awkwardly.

He wondered why Jaegun would want him to join Laugh Books.

There was risk in signing with a new management with only one project. It would be hard to give something that he put in a lot of work to a new management that is yet tested.,

Jaegun answered first.

“Laugh Books is a management that the editor I admire the most created after he resigned in a company. I’ve gotten help from him and I still do. This is going to be a good thing for both you and Laugh Books.”

“Ahah, yes... hm? Then, does that mean?!?”

Minho was nodding as he understood. He lifted his head in surprise.

“Then is the one project... the Breathe?”

“Yes.”

Jaegun answered embarrassingly.

Then Minho opened his mouth.

Then, 3 seconds later.

He nodded crazily and answered.

“I’ll do it. I’ll do the contract.”

“You don’t have to decide now. The contract is...”

“No, it’s fine. I know I’ll do fine. It’s amazing that I’m just eating

with Writer Ha.”

Minho was being truthful and not just overreacting.

His trusted in the management that contracted the Breathe. It had given him unlimited faith.,.

Jaegun added.

“The representative is great too. You won’t have any regrets.”

“Of course. I know. I trust you. No, I don’t even have to say trust. I will follow you no matter what.”

“Ring!

The doorbell rang.

“Ah, I think the food came.”

Minho quickly ran out to the door.

It was the delivery man.

“This is the right place, right?”

“Yes, right. 9 dollars and 50 cents?”

Minho froze when he checked his wallet. He had no money.

He asked while pulling out a credit card.

“Does this work?”

“You should have said it earlier. I didn’t bring the swiper.”

“Uh, I forgot I had no cash...”

“Well bring it when you order later or when I come back. It’s not once or twice you ordered.”

The man said nicely and turned around.

As he was about to leave, Jaegun was holding out the money.

“Here it is.”

“Ah, yes, thank you. Here’s the change.”

The man went out.

Minho was so embarrassed and put his head down to Jaegun.

“I’m really sorry. I forgot to get money. I’ll return it when my brother comes.”

“No, it’s fine. Think of it as a contract money.”

“Yes?”

“You contracted with me. I’m trying to count that money as your contract money.”

“Hahahah...”

“Let’s eat. It’s going to cool.”

“Yes, writer.”

The two people started to eat.

Jaegun started to eat quickly as he was hungry. Minho was eating slowly.

“Uh, Writer Ha?”

Jaegun already finished and was cleaning his lips with a tissue.

As he looked at Minho's bowl, it was barely half eaten.

"Say it."

"I'm not sure what to say but..."

Minho continued after a pause.

"I know you want to help the Laugh Book's representative. But why me... there's so many writers better than me. Do you think I have potential?"

Then, Jaegun finally understood.

This Minho didn't have confidence. He was afraid that his work would harm someone instead of sell.

"There's definitely potential."

Jaegun answered with focus.

"I said earlier at the writer's meeting. I finished your previous series. You write well. You have the basics. But..."

Jaegun went to get some water.

He continued to the nervous Minho.

“My opinion is that you don’t have a great end. The story falls apart at the end. It was a shame at the weak ending.”

“Hm... I do get criticized for that a lot. I think that, too.”

“If you change that, I believe you will have a great career. I will help you.”

“Yes...”

Minho answered and put his head down.

Jaegun’s words were making him feel emotional. There were few people in his entire writer’s life who had said something so nice.

“It was luck that I was at that writer’s meeting.”

Minho muttered. He could see the writer’s meeting in front of him.

It was a meeting that he had swallowed his pride to go to. He wanted to meet writers, get opinions and advice, and become a better writer.

And then he met Jaegun there.

And now it came here. To Minho, that was one of the best things that had happened all year.

“I will try my hardest.”

Minho answered with determination.

He had no shame in learning from a younger writer like Jaegun. He was 34, 7 years younger than Jaegun. Learning had no age, he thought.

“I understood the difference while reading your comments. I want to learn more.”

“You’re lifting me up too much. Hm... then I want to see what the story will be after book 2.”

“Ah, yes. I’ll show you. Come over here.”

Jaegun read the outline of The King Fallen on Earth very carefully. And he commented on the parts that he disliked a bit.

Minho memoed diligently.

“...I think this is good. You’re good at writing. Just don’t make a story like that. I think you should write like book 1.”

“Wow, since you said that, I just have so much confidence now. I’m going to have to start writing after my job.”

“Job?”

“Ah, yes. I have a part time job at a nearby convenience store. I need to earn my living fees.”

Minho bitterly smiled and scratched his cheek.

He had to do anything to earn a living.

Jaegun smiled faded as he recalled his life.

“I worked at a convenience store just last year too.”

“...!”

Minho looked at Jaegun in disbelief.

“Really? No, but you have previous sellers than the Breathe?”

“All of them came out this year. I had trouble last year. I couldn’t even take a hot shower to save money.”

“Ah, I didn’t know.”

Jaegun turned his glance to the monitor.

He said as he looked at the outline of Minho's story.

"You will be able to stop your job as well. Write with confidence. You'll do well."

"Thank you. I will write hard."

Jaegun stood up and took his coat.

Rika sitting on the window edge saw him and jumped off.

"Are you leaving?"

"I should. Send me Book 2 when you're done."

Jaegun went to the door.

Minho went out first and opened the door.

"Don't come out please."

"It's up there anyway."

Jaegun said goodbye to Minho, who went out to greet him out, and got in the car.

The car slowly marched forward.

Minho was staring the car. To that, a teenager came behind him.

“Who is that?”

“Ah, don’t surprise me. I told you not to come up behind me.”

It was his brother living in the same office.

“Who is that? Is there a person who would come with a car to our office?”

“A writer.”

“Writer? Who?”

“If I say it, you’re gonna die. An amazing writer.”

His brother laughed at that.

“Oh really? What kind of a great writer? I guess Pyung Cheon Yu, the writer who wrote the Breathe, came over?”

“Hahahahaha.”

Minho looked up at the sky and laughed loudly

His brother, who thought Minho was laughing at his joke, also started to laugh.

The sky was looking very bright.

Chapter 59

“Again, very suspicious.”

Assistant Lee said as she stood behind.

It was the girl’s restroom at the StarBook’s office.

Somii who was tying her hair carefully shivered slightly.

“You’re tying your hair very carefully? You always tighten it, but what’s with the hair today? I guess you have a person you want to look cute too?”

“N,no. Nothing like that. I just wanted to change it.”

Somii answered looking at Lee’s glance in the mirror.

Lee smiled and pulled out her hands.

“Here, let me do it.”

“Ah, thank you.”

“This is nothing. You’re going to meet a boy you like.”

“Really....! It’s not like that, Assistant Manager.”

“Ok, Ok. It’s funny seeing your reactions.”

Lee laughed as she made Somii’s hair professional. And then she pulled out some makeup from her bag.

“Look here.”

“N, no. I’m not very good with make up...”

“I’ll just do a bit of it. Look here.”

Somii looked.

She knew Lee’s fashion sense. And her makeup skills.

“How is it? Look at the mirror.”

As she looked, a sigh came out.

“Wow, this is really different. There’s no mark or anything thought.”

“There’s nothing. Go do well.”

Lee said as she put away her make up.

Somii reddened as she answered back.

“If you say that, it’s weird.”

“No, I’m saying to go do the contract well?”

“Yes?”

“Hahaha, so simple.”

Lee tapped her shoulder and went out first.

Somii started to look at the mirror once again. She felt she was prettier than usual.

Her heart started to beat quickly as she thought of the person that she would meet today.

“I’ll be leaving then.”

Somii greeted the employee as she packed up. The Editor Gyunguk asked as he looked at her.

“What is it Somii?”

“Yes? What is it?”

“It’s only 5, why are you leaving already.”

“Ah, I said it yesterday. Today is the day with the contract with Writer. I have to go to Comic Kt and finished it. And I’ll leave there.”

“Hm, did you?”

Gyunguk muttered.

He continued as he leaned back on his chair and folded his legs.

“Don’t use the company card on him, ok?”

“Yes...”

Somii nodded, a bit down.

Lee’s face was wrinkled at that. Her lips were mouthing Cheapo.

“It’s not only to Somii. Listen up. The business now is all about going to writers and buying food and stuff. Give me that result. Are we a food truck? I don’t know how the previous editor did it, but I don’t do that. Get it?”

“...”

“...”

There was no answer.

Gyunguk stood up, a bit furious, and raised his voice.

“Get it?!”

“Yes, yes”

“I get it.”

A few voices came back.

Gyunguk sighed and sat back down. His face was filled with discomfort.

He looked around for someone to push his anger on and continued looking at Somii

“Come back to the office after you finish.”

“Yes? Today?”

“Come back and leave after giving me the contract.”

Lee lifted her head at this.

Even she didn't know that he would be this mean

“....Yes.”

Somii answered gloomily.

Comic KT was in Gangnam. It was about an hour and 30 minutes from there to the office.

Today was the day that she was about to eat dinner with Jaegun...

Did she have to give up that?

“Why's your face like that? Am I requiring too much? Let's finish the work today. Not tomorrow.”

“Ok I will come back then.”

Somii put her head down and turned around.

Lee hesitated for a second, stood up, and followed Somii

“Are you ok?”

“I’m fine.”

“Why is he like that. It’s going to be 8 when you come back. What happened to him that he’s being angry at you? He’s making me angry.”

Somii could only bitterly smile.

She felt glad at Lee’s defense of her.

“Be good, Somii. You look pretty.”

Lee smiled as she fixed Somii’s hair. The elevator was opening.

Somii got on.

“See you tomorrow, Assistant Manager.”

“You too.”

Somii headed quickly to the subway station.

As she got in the station, she luckily got on the subway right away. There weren't too many people. Somii stood with a glum face.

‘I guess I’ll have to move it.’

Somii looked at her dim reflection in the window.

She wore her coat for the first time. She didn’t wear jeans and wore a skirt after much thought.

Lee was right.

She did put attention to herself.

But it was fine whatever now. The dinner plan was over anyway.

She arrived at the station as she was blankly staring at the air.

Somii woke up and was surprised.

“I’m sorry. I’m leaving. Sorry.”

Somii finally pushed away the people and left.

“Phew, I barely got off.”

As she sighed, she looked at the clock. There were 20 minutes left to her meeting time.

‘When will I get used to subways.;

As Somii went to the place, she looked up the background at her rural home. It was her Seoul life that she was surrounded by people but was also lonely.

She wanted to see her family and the ocean.

The Comic Kt office wasn’t that far away from the station.

Somii arrived and quickly sat down on a chair on the first floor. She was going to meet Jaegun here.

‘I guess I’ll draw.’

Somii pulled out a pen and a notebook to draw on.

She thought about what to draw and started to draw the 2 characters of the novel that she was reading, the Breathe. A cute knight and a dragon were quickly coming up on the paper.

‘Ahaha, maybe the dragon looks a bit too childishly for such a fierce creature ?’

Somii laughed to herself.

She liked drawing since middle school. She got so into drawing that she didn't even notice the presence of Jaegun.

“Ah, you draw really well.”

“Ah, Wr, writer Ha?!”

Somii turned around quickly, very shocked.

Jaegun was slowly looking at her drawings.

“You have talent. How much do you have to draw to draw this well?”

“N, no, i was just scribbling. Writer.”

Somii reddened and tried to close her book.

But Jaegun grabbed the book first.

“Ah? Isn’t this my novel’s characters?”

“Uhhhh...!”

“Right? It’s the Breathe?”

Jaegun smiled and asked.

Somii was so embarrassed that she couldn’t answer. To that, Jaegun asked a favor.

“Give this drawing to me.”

“Yes? Wh, where are you gonna use it?”

“I’m writing the Breathe, I’ll put it in.”

“N, noooo..... It’s terrible.”

“It’s not. You will, right? Right?

She couldn’t refuse Jaegun’s two eyes.

Then Somii answered reluctantly.

“Then when I finish it...”

“This is great.”

“This is not great. I’ll finish it. I’ll do it as fast as I can so just wait.”

Jaegun nodded as he smiled.

It was as if the roles of them changed, she as the writer and he as the editor.

Somii stood up as she put away the notebook and the pen.

“Th, then let’s go?”

“Yes, let’s go.”

Somii went first.

She walked fast as out of embarrassment.

Jaegun followed her quickly and asked her.

“Did you draw?”

“Ahjhhhh, writer. It’s embarrassing so don’t ask.”

“What’s embarrassing? You draw really well.”

Jaegun was truthful. He never learned professionally to draw, but he could see it was good.

He was also a bit roused at learning a talent of Somii.

“Just a ... hobby.”

“I don’t think it’s just a hobby?”

The two people went on the elevator.

She pressed the 8th floor, then turned away from Jaegun and answered

“I glad you compliment me but... I have no skill. I don’t have enough creativity for illustrating, I can’t direct mangas either. I gave up during college.

“Hm, I see...”

So that’s why she became an editor. Jaegun thought to not press any further, as it might be a sensitive topic.

Chapter 60

The contract ended quickly.

The terms and conditions were done beforehand so they just had to see the finished contract and sign it.

So Jaegun and Somii finished in 10 minutes and stood up.

“Then I hope you do well.”

“Of course writer. The original is just that good that there’s no problem getting a drawer. I’ll send it when we get something to show you.”

“Yes. The good work.”

Jaegun and Somii left Comic Kt. Jaegun pulled out his phone as they walked.

“It’s only 6:30. We have time.”

“Ahhh...”

Somii opened her mouth nonplussed.

She had forgotten because of her picture being shown to Jaegun.

“Where do you want to go? Anywhere in Seoul is fine.”

“Uh, Writer Ha, I’m sorry.”

Somii put her hands together in front of her and looked at Jaegun. Jaegun was looking down with curious eyes.

“I’m really sorry, but I need to go back to the office. I need to put the contract in today. I wanted to tell you but I forgot.”

Somii continued, fearful of what Jaegun would say.

“I mean, if, I’m sorry, but if you could wait, I could come back, but you will have to wait here, and that’s a bit too impolite...! And I don’t want to miss your appointment...”

Somii didn’t know what she was saying.

Then the elevator opened.

Jaegun was pressing the B2 button.

“Let’s go together.”

Somii looked surprised.

“I thought you only had to put the contract up? I’ll wait.”

“Ah... writer. Then I’m...”

“Gangnam is a bit too loud to eat anyway. Your house is over there and we can go near the company, right?”

Somii left the elevator, following Jaegun with a confused face.

“Over there.”

Jaegun said as he pointed.

A black car was showing up.

“Writer Ha, you have a car?”

“I bought one because I need one for Rika and my family.”

“Ah yes. The car if clean and pretty.”

“Thank you. Get in.”

Jaegun opened the door for her.

“Just wait, the heater is coming on.”

“No, writer. It’s fine.”

Somii pulled on the seat belt.

Jaegun grabbed the handle and accelerated. He started to drive the road as he left the parking lot.

“I’m really sorry, writer. That something like this happened.”

“What is it. Work is more important . And it’s about to end anyway. Just think of it as a drive.”

“Yes...”

Somii looked outside at the window.

It was a completely different feeling from Tewon’s car.

The background was always amazing. The darkness of the city was beautiful

They arrived at StarBook’s parking lot a while later.

Somii opened the door and left.

“I’ll be back quickly, writer.”

“Take your time.”

Somii was about to jump up and down as she was going up to the office. Now with the work done, she was able to eat with Jaegun comfortably.

“You’re coming now?”

“Ah? Editor? You were here?”

Somii’s face slightly hardened.

Assistant Manager Go wasn’t here for overtime. Gyunguk who usually left at 6 was still sitting in his chair.

“I brought it.”

“Hm, ok. Here.”

Somii offered the contact with two hands politely.

Gyunguk said as he lifted himself up.

“You didn’t eat, right? Let’s eat together.”

Somii suddenly lost what to say.

But she answered quickly.

“Ah, Editor... I’m sorry, but I already have plans.”

Usually, this was enough to get people away.

And Somii thought too.

But Gyunguk asked once more.

“Oh really? I thought that it was time for you to come, and I was waiting for you to eat together. Is it important?”

“Yes, a bit....”

Gyunguk sighed and sat back down.

“I guess not. Then let’s do that for later. Where are you going? I can drive you there.”

“No, it’s fine. I’ll be leaving now. You go safely.”

Gyunguk looked at Somii leaving.

It was a glance like a hunter looking at a bird who was out of his reach

‘Does she have a man? Nah, probably just a friend.’

Gyunguk sighed and turned off his game.

It would have been better if he had asked her before.

But it was too late as he was packing his jacket, getting ready to leave.

‘She’s perfectly my style, though. Cute and cheerful. Her skin is great because she’s so young too.’

Gyunguk got up. There would be a lot of times because they were in the same office.

And now he called his friend.

“Hello, Is it Jungkek? It’s Gyunguk and how’s today for a drink? I’ll buy. Ah? That room? I could remember the girls’ faces. Hey, there’s another place, yea. I’m about to leave so I’ll see you in 30 minutes.”

He whistled and left.

As he came by at the elevator, there were a few people there.

‘She must have left already. She’s fast.’

Gyunguk got on the elevator.

And just then, Somii came out from the restroom.

‘It would be awkward if we met.;

Somii knew where he put his car. Therefore, she guided him to the opposite side of his car. It wouldn’t be good if they met again.

Somii took another elevator and went down. Jaegun was waiting with the music on.

“I’m sorry I was late. Did you wait a while?”

“It’s only been about 15 minutes. Are you done?”

“Yes, I’m completely done.”

Somii smiled and got on. The car was warm and made her feel good.

“Now, what do you want to eat?”

“Hm...”

Somii opened after a thought.

“How’s Spicy Seafood Stew. That’s good and hot. I know a place and it’s not far. We can go there.”

“Sure. Let’s go then.”

Jaegun accepted her offer and pressed the accelerator.

It would only be a 5-minute ride.

Chapter 61

As they went into the restaurant, there were many people as this was a famous place.

“Welcome, how many people?”

“Two.”

“Come here.”

The two people got escorted to a table in the corner. Jaegun took off his jacket and said to the employee.

“Get us a large Spicy Seafood Stew.”

“Writer Ha, we can’t eat that all with only 2 people.”

Somii tried to stop him but Jaegun didn’t listen

“We can. If we order big, there will be good sides too, right?”

“Hahaha, yes, we’ll do well.”

The seafood came onto the table.

There were so much seafood, shrimp, mussels, etc. The employee put the seafood inside the stew and cut it for them.

“Eat first, Writer Ha.”

“Ah, this is good.”

“Here. I’ll cut it for you. Here.”

Somii busily pulled out the food onto Jaegun’s plate. Then Jaegun started to return the favor as well.

“You too. You’re eating nothing.”

“I am. How is this place?”

“It’s good. I think I’ll come here more often. Are you frequent here?”

Somii smiled and shook her head.

“It’s a bit too expensive here to be frequent. We came here with my office employees. The food is good and the seafood is really fresh.”

“Yea, it really is. Thank you for telling me this place.”

“I’m thankful. I get food from such an expensive place.”

“Do you want a drink? I can get a ride.”

“You don’t have to for me. I don’t have to drink.”

“Then let’s just go for a coke.”

Jaegun and Somii talked as they ate.

There was no awkwardness between them.

It was already winter, and they met in the summer. They faced a lot together.

The two people were already very close without the help of a drink.

“Somii, couldn’t you show me your pictures?”

Jaegun asked as they were about to be full.

He was going to ask, but he was holding in the question. But it was getting to be hard.

“Mine?”

“You’re really good. I know. Because you have that profile that drawers have. I feel like there’s going to be a lot of things on that tablet you carry around everywhere.”

Jaegun smiled as he pointed at the laptop that was sticking out of the bag.

Somii immediately turned horrified, showing Jaegun’s guess was right.

“Ah, it’s really embarrassing. And there’s nothing that’s complete yet.”

“I want to see it. Yes? Please?”

“Hm, then just a little.”

Somii turned on the laptop and gave it to Jaegun.

As Jaegun got the laptop, Somii immediately put her head down on her hands.

“Wow!”

Jaegun complimented as he looked at the first picture.

He thought there would be girly cute pictures, but no. The beginning was filled with a knight in armor on a horse. The ferocity of the knight seemed to break out of the monitor.

“Wow! This is great. How do you draw these characters so well? This is crazy!”

Jaegun turned the page, spouting compliments.

It wasn’t about all cute female characters either.

There were great female characters that male readers would love to see.

“You’re this good and you have no talent? Aren’t you too modest?”

“Don’t say that. I can’t even lift my head.”

Just then

A young woman came over to the talking Jaegun and stood next to him.

“Um, excuse me.”

“Hm... yes?”

Jaegun and Somii both looked at her.

It was a female customer sitting just a few feet away from here. The group of 3-4 was looking at Jaegun and whispering.

“What is it?”

“Um, are you Writer Ha Jaegun?”

“Ahah, yes. It’s right.”

It wasn’t the first time that he faced this, so Jaegun answered her calmly. The girl covered her mouth and gestured to the group.

“Wow, it’s right.”

The group all came to Jaegun.

They were all girls in their 30s. And they all fought to speak to Writer Ha.

“Wow. This is really Writer Ha Jaegun.”

“I’ve read your book A Dumb Woman. Writer. We’re the reader group in our company. You have no idea how emotional it was to us. We must have read it about 3 times at least.”

“You’re so much more handsome than your Navin picture.”

“What are you writing now? Is it going to be a drama? I love those.”

Questions came like a bullet that Jaegun couldn’t answer them as quickly.

But Jaegun tried his best to answer them

“Why did they all go that way? Is he a famous person?”

“I don’t know. I know a lot of programs but I’ve never seen him before.”

The customers and even the employee started to glance at them

If they could hear the conversation, they would know that Jaegun was a writer, but the restaurant was pretty loud.

‘He really grown.’

The opposite side of Jaegun.

Somii was looking at Jaegun with a slight smile.

The two eyes were bright.

They were the light that was reflecting the growth of Jaegun in just half a year.

“Writer, I’m sorry but could you take a picture?”

Jaegun looked at Somii and nodded.

“Yes, of course.”

“I’ll take it, here give it to me.”

Somii took the phone from the girl.

The girls took place behind Jaegun and fixed their clothes and hair.

“I’ll take it. 1, 2, 3...”

The flash came and a picture stored on the phone.

The girl asked as she took her phone back.

“But... your girlfriend?”

Somii almost spilled her water at that.

Her face turned red as she tried to wave it off.

“No, no. I’m an editor.”

“Ahah, you’re really pretty.”

“Yeah, your skin is white and the hair fits really great.”

“How did you guys meet?”

“Hey, she’s an editor. Did you forget? Let’s clear out. They’re eating.”

A girl that was a little less drunk than the rest pulled out the group. Even as they went back to their seats, they nodded their

heads at Jaegun/

Therefore, Jaegun had to do the same out of politeness.

“Sigh, Sorry Somii.”

“No, I felt good, too. Being with a famous writer.”

“Don’t tease me. Ah, let me see the pictures again.”

Jaegun picked up the laptop.

And he continued on his compliments.

Somii was having fun on the opposite side, yet she was also very nervous.

‘When this ends...’

When would she be able to see Jaegun again?

That was Somii’s only thoughts.

There was no work reason to meet Jaegun again.

‘It will be hard to meet just an editor like me.’

Jaegun would pull out books after books. Therefore, he would obviously go higher up in the rankings.

This was Somii's belief. There was no another path.

"I saw them well, Somii."

Somii didn't even hear Jaegun call her name.

Jaegun pulled out his hand in front of Somii and then she finally looked at him.

"Yes, Writer, say it.

"I saw the pictures well."

Jaegun continued as he handed over the pictures.

"You have the skill to do outside work."

"Ah, yes. I guess..."

"There's no rule that you can't. If the company people say something, you can use a different name."

“Not that, but I don’t have confidence.

Beep!

Jaegun’s phone vibrated.

It was a message from Minho.

Jaegun laughed as he checked it and said to Somii.

“It’s a writer I know. He wants to me to introduce a good illustrator if I know any. He’s preparing for a pay per chapter book.”

“Ah... yes.”

“The management would do it for him, but there’s a possibility that he might not like it. How is it? Don’t you have any ideas on sending your portfolio?”

“...!”

Chapter 62

It was true that she had no confidence

It was something which could not be solved even with compliments and praises from Jaegun. Therefore, it was the kind of work that should've been turned down.

However, right now, Somii couldn't do that.

Because if she accepted this job, she would form a closer relationship with Jaegun

To be able to see his face one more time.

In the busy crowded restaurant, there was a silence between the two people.

Looking downwards, Somii had a serious expression cast upon her face.

In the end, there was a smile on his face as Jaegun spoke.

“I’m sorry. I think I was in too much of a hurry so I don’t mind if you slowly think things through if you find it uncomfortable...”

“-I’ll do it!”

Somii said with her head raised and a determined glint in her eyes.

She spoke to him with a clear tone.

“Although I don’t have any confidence, I will try. On the way home, I’ll gather up a portfolio of art and drawings and send it to your mailbox”

He smiled brightly in happiness and stuck out his thumb.

“That’s good. Talent shouldn’t be sitting around collecting dust after all. Make me a cover, too.”

He poured some coke in a drinking glass and held up the drink in the air.

“A toast. By day, a sarcastic and witty editor but by night, an illustrator with talent. A toast to Jung Somii. Cheers!”

“What was that for Writer Ha, Saying it so weirdly.”

“Nevermind. Drink it up. One shot.”

“What? Um... I’m not very good at these.”

“If you can’t, then you’re paying.l”

Jaegun began to chug down on his coke first.

Making a face, Somii followed and brought the cup to her lips and began to drink.

Neither of them could even manage to finish half of the cup without choking. Seeing that, they both stared at each other and laughed.

“My mood is getting better. After eating, do you want to go to the karaoke bar?”

“Karaoke? Well, I’m fine with it but will you be okay? Don’t you still have to write as well?”

“You know that I write at the speed of light. So, after this, karaoke?”

“...cool.”

Somii made circles with her fingers and bashfully replied.

There were no longer any feelings of nervousness or restlessness. Right now, this moment was priceless. Resolving herself to no longer be foolish and silly from now on, Somii finished off drinking the rest of her cola.

“Finally it’s pay day.”

After Christmas, the morning of December 27th.

With a clean, washed face, Dongmi pulled out the chair and sat in front of the computer.

Today, she had to work balancing accounts on Munpia. Munpia's calculation period was between the last month of 28th to this month of 27th.

Tewon in fatigue was still sleeping soundly in the other room.

Dongmi, listening to Tewon's snoring, accessed the munpia page. After entering in username and password, she checked the results for the novel ‘The Breathe’.

Project: The Breathe

Paid web novel purchases: 2, 681, 448

Paid web novel total sales: 268, 144, 800 won

Paid web novel sales (adjusted amount): 168, 931, 224 won

Tax: 5, 574, 730 won

Final amount paid: 163, 356, 494 won

(About 160,000 dollars)

“Wow...!”

Even though she checked every day, it was still amazing.

Today's was greater than yesterday's and it made Dongmi shudder in excitement. And that final amount probably wasn't even 3% of the profits of the books

This was all because of Jaegun's writing speed

Because he was releasing 5 chapters a day, he could pull off such a wonderful result.

“This is a real record setter. And it hasn't even been a month yet.”

‘The Breathe’ began to publish itself serially from the beginning of the month of December. If he had filled the entire month, there would be more profits.

And this was only from the munpia sales.

‘The Breathe,’ would now enter Navin Store, Cocoa page, and Yuto Books

There was no way to know how much profits those would make yet.

“Since Tewon is sleeping right now, I should make the call.”

Without delay, Dongmin took Tewon’s cellphone in her hands.

Dongmin had worried a lot about paying their bills. She felt that she needed to call the person who helped them get away from this worry.

After the phone rang a couple times, the line finally connected.

-Yes, representative.

“Writer Ha Jaegun. Hello. I am Representative Tewon’s wife Shin Dongmin.”

-Ahh, yes. Hello.

On the receiver end, Jaegun sounded slightly confused.

Dongmin laughed as she continued

“You’ve written such marvelous pieces of work so I wanted to say thanks. I’m sure you know that today is where we calculate the balance accounts on munpia? Writer Ha’s earning are very good.”

-Thank you. But really it’s all because of Representative Tewon.

“I really want to invite you over to our house. Ever since I saw you, I’ve wanted to treat you out to a feast. Talk with my husband and I hope you will come by.”

-Yes. Thank you. Of course, if you’re inviting, I’ll be there.

“Yes, Yes, if you could come, I’ll be thankful. Also, Writer Ha, if I were to send a package, where would I have to address it to?”

It was a question asked even though she knew that Jaegun lived alone by himself in Seoul. It was an important thing to send a present to a writer on the holidays.

Jaegun was Laugh Book’s sole author. Obviously, she couldn’t just forget it.

-Ah, I think it’d be good if you were to send it to Suwon.

“Ok. Then have a Happy New Year and I’ll contact you in the next year.”

-Yes, thank you for all your hard work and happy new year.

Beep!

Jaegun stretched

Rika, who was sitting on the bed, saw Jaegun and began to copy, performing her own stretch with her front paws being outreached in front of her.

“One hundred thousand dollars”

Jaegun mumbled to himself while staring at Rika. Even half a year ago, that was something that wouldn't have even been thought of. Now the day where he could buy his family a house wasn't so far off.

‘The Breathe, which was being updated 5 times a day, would reach over 400 chapters by the end of next February. Jaegun wanted to get profit fast so he didn't rest at all.

“Including some of the other works, this month's profit should be...I can't seem to calculate it. Rika, calculate it for me, please. How much is it?”

Rika didn't even pretend as though if she were listening.

Jaegun ran, scooping Rika into his arms and repeatedly nipped at her.

“Hurry up and calculate for me, I'm asking you how much is my income this month”

“Meow.”

Instead, Rika simply licked at Jaegun’s nose.

Ticklish, Jaegun began to giggle but kept rubbing his nose against Rika’s.

The delicate smell of shampoo was felt clearly as he held her.

“if it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t be able to write this way”

“Meow?”

“You’re not a normal cat. I know. You and master saved me.

Jaegun sat up straight and began scratching Rika at the nape of her neck.

Rika moved her body and made herself comfortable to adjust to the hands that were scratching her.

Her eyes slowly began to slant and droop.

“I have to do my best. Every day I’m learning something new. Master Se Gunwoo is an amazing person. Even a single word or sentence, when I did it the way he taught me, it adds a whole new

different flavor. I wonder just what kind of person he was”

Jaegun who had been muttering to himself while all of a sudden the Modern Teen Literary award came up.

For a long time, he had completely forgotten about it.

He was lying if he said he wasn’t anticipating a good result.

He wanted to be an author that was deserving of his professor’s encouragement. He wanted to be someone that could make his professor proud.

“Rika, wanna go out for a bit? To clean up the master’s house a bit, then maybe going to offer him a cup of wine at his grave.”

“Meow”

Rika jumped off the bed.

Jaegun grabbed his coat and stepped out of the door with Rika.

A cold gust of winter air blew their way. But with Rika close to him, Jaegun didn’t feel cold at all.

Chapter 63

“It’s funny, you see.”

Professor Gu placed down his cup of coffee. He decided to try his luck.

Around a luxurious looking table, there were 7-8 people sitting all around.

There was a single common factor amongst all these people.

Professor, novelist, critic. They were all famous people in the circle of the literary world.

They were also all committee members on the Modern Teen Literary contest.

“Isn’t it quite funny how the award will be going to an author who writes such low standard writing.

Immediately, the professor next to him spoke.

“I think so too. In literature, there should be something like dignity. For someone that writes fantasy martial arts web novels online to win such an award. How? It’s just not proper. I may even be considering a [ghost writer](#).”

(a writer who is hired to write.)

A neat looking female professor of around the age of fifty seemed to be the same

“I am of the same opinion as well. This is awkward, but it’s just not up to the standard. Just terrible project. Oh, so sorry. I apologize, it shouldn’t even be a project. After reading, it leaves your brain vacant. There’s no message. Are we really going to present the award to an author that writes such things?”

“That’s right. Although I’d rather not say this but, there are many bright young brilliant minds like my students who have also entered this year’s contest whom I believe to be far more deserving of this award. I don’t think it makes sense for us to award some writer who writes these trashy web novel over submissions of actual literary work.”

After the last professor’s words, a silence hung over the table.

On the opposite side, the other four people who were on the council had not spoken.

These were part of the party who supported the author that they were currently discussing.

They thought that it had been an overwhelmingly well-written piece.

“huhuhu.”

Among the four people, a female professor began to quietly laugh.

The other female professor from before that gave off an air of order furrowed her eyebrows and asked.

“What’s so funny?”

“Nothing much. I just found it so funny how agreeable you all seemed to be with each other when it came to this topic. You’re all saying the same thing.”

Upon giving her reply, the female professor pushed back her chair and stood up.

Since there was no reason for her to be sitting at this table anymore.

“Where are you going all of a sudden?”

“It looks like there’s nothing to talk about anymore. And I just thought of a critique to write on my monthly article.

At her words, the expressions on everyone’s faces became stiff for a moment.

It was because this particular female professor had influence in

the literary world that could not be ignored

“What-what topic are you planning to write?”

Professor Jung asked stiffly.

She stared at the ceiling for a bit before replying.

“A mark of an author? Just because of the genre he chooses to write. no matter how good and well written his work might be, he’ll never receive acknowledgment for it. A truly disgusting stigma. I’m going write if this is the mistake of the author or the literary world.”

“Look here! Professor Han Hesun!”

Professor Gu shouted in anger and stood up.

“Are you taking sides because it’s your student?”

She finally lowered her gaze from the ceiling and back on downwards.

And she stared at him.

“Are you saying that while already knowing what kind of person I am?”

A single phrase.

Professor Gu harrumphed and turned his head.

Although he hated to admit it, that was the truth.

The professor in front of him had never said something unfair.

“T-that may be so but you’re being too protective of this one?
You haven’t criticized the novel once.”

Professor Gu argued without looking at her.

The female professor burst out into laughter and said this.

“How are you supposed to criticize a novel that has no faults?

“.....?!”

It became suddenly quiet

Taking a book out of her bag, she placed it down on the table.

“it’s the author’s previous work. It seems as if those of you on Mr. Gu’s side haven’t read it yet. Especially you, Professor Jung. Seeing that you thought of a possibility of a ghost writer, I’m curious if those thoughts will be the same after you’re done with this book.

“Ughhh....!”

“I’ll be leaving first. Good work.”

She turned and left.

Everyone’s attention went towards the book that she had left behind.

The name of the book was ‘A Dumb Woman’ And the author’s name was Ha Jaegun.

“I’ve eaten well.”

“...?”

It was the time when they were eating fruit after dinner.

Jaegun picked up an apple and lifted his head. His two ears were surprised. His dad Sukjae was continuing with his head down

“It’s great eating with the family together with my son as well.”

His mom Myungja and Jaeyn was the same. They were all looking at Sukjae with disbelief.

“A, ah... Why are you saying that?”

“It’s good. You ate well too.”

Myungja turned red as she smiled. Jaeyn also smiled. The feeling of happiness was great once in awhile.

Jaegun choked up. He wasn’t thinking that he would hear any compliments as they were shopping for ingredients. He had just thought that it would be good if he didn’t complain.

But he ate well.

And it was great because his son was here.

It wasn’t his dad who said false words. It made him happy.

“I should go.”

Sukjae put down his fork and stood up. Myungja asked to Sukjae with sorry eyes.

“Can’t you rest on the holidays.”

“I can only rest when they tell me to. I’m the only person who can work. And I’ve rested before on the previous holiday.”

Jaegun stood up as well. Rika also went to him.

“I’ll take you there.”

“No. Stay here.”

“I have to go anyway.”

Jaeyn said too as Jaegun said that.

“Where are you going? You should say during the holidays. I have to go somewhere. I’ll be back. Suwon isn’t that far anyway.

The two family members went out.

The car was already on by remote control. Jaegun opened the passenger seat and Sukjae went in grumbling.

“It’s close by walking.”

“It’s cold. Let’s go by car.”

It was barely a few minutes. Jaegun derived and Sukjae only stared outside the window. There were no words.

“Father.”

Jaegun said as they arrived.

Sukjae was turning around as he opened the door.

“Resign from this job.”

He didn’t say anything else.

Sukjae opened his eyes in surprise. But he quickly turned unemotional and answered.

“Thank you for taking me.”

“Father...”

“Go ahead. And come again.”

Sukjae closed the door and went away.

Jaegun looked at his father walking away. His figure slowly disappeared from view. But he still sat there.

“Meow.”

Rika went over to the passenger seat and meowed.

Then Jaegun realized and shook his head.

“Sorry, Rika. I was thinking.”

Jaegun slapped his cheeks in self-encouragement as he accelerated.

He was going to write harder tomorrow. His will was strong.

Until that day when his usually unemotional father was not going to stop laughing.

Chapter 64

“Wow. Minho already has 3000 views?”

The office next to Guro station.

Yang Hyeongyung was surprised as he sipped some coffee.

Minho's new novel, The King Fallen on Earth, with 20 chapters was showing decent results.

“Awesome... this way, he's already going to be ready for paid chapters? Ah, I need to write a draft too.”

There were only sighs coming out

His age was 25. He left his hometown after the military and it was a month since he got here.

It was obvious why he did. To write something great and fun and get profit and live as a writer.

That was his dream. But he didn't even get to write a novel yet. Nothing he wrote was fun. He wrote something down, but he erased it later.

He continued that about 10 times every day. And now today, the end of the year, he couldn't do anything either.

“Ah, fricking loser. Editor of me! Idiot! What do I write? Just someone, give me a good story! Ah, I want to go out. I don’t have money or a girl, what is this in the new year!

Hyeongyung shouted like a madman.

Just then, the door opened with the password beeping sounds. Hyeongyung didn’t look thinking it was Minho.

“Excuse me.”

“...hm?!”

Hyeongyung was surprised at that and looked up. It was Jaegun who came in. In his hands, he had chicken and pizza. Rika was walking around him.

“I’m a person who knows Writer Kang Minho. I called him, but he said he had something to do. And then he gave me the password.”

Jaegun explained quickly

Hyeongyung nodded in surprise and stood up. It was the first time they had met.

“Come in. My brother will come in soon.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Jaegun put down the food on a table.

Hyeongyung’s mouth was watering. He was poor and he really wanted to eat those luxury foods.

‘Come quickly...’

He could eat when Minho came back.

Hyeongyung wanted to just break the seal and start eating. But he suppressed that and sat down. And he clicked on the Munpia site link.

“Sigh...”

A sigh that came out of habit.

It was the Breathe with 1st place on the monitor screen. He was envious of the writers who were successful. He thought he was dumb.

“He must have gotten 200 thousand dollars just this month.”

Jaegun looked at Hyeongyung’s monitor. When he saw him looking at his project, Jaegun looked back down with a bitter smile.

“He must be living the life, right?”

Jaegun lifted his head up again. Since it was a question, he had to respond to it.

“Who...?”

“Pyung Cheon Yu. Minho says he’s in his 20s, he must be living the life? He might be around somewhere living the nights of his days. Ah, I’m writing like this trying to get just 1000 dollars in one month. In the holidays.

Hyeongyung started word as he complained. And the draft that he had started showed up on the screen.

“Ah, this is really bleak.”

“Your novel?”

Hyeongyung turned around as if expecting it.

“Yes, it’s fantasy, do you like it?”

“Of course.”

“Then could you read it? I don’t’ know if it’s fun or not.”

“Ok.”

Jaegun sat down on the seat. Hyeongyung added.

“It’s about 15000 words. Just an intro.”

“Hm.”

He didn’t need the glasses because it wasn’t long.

Jaegun scrolled down and looked carefully.

‘A mess.’

Jaegun knew before the end.

It was a story of hunters in the world of monsters. Too many plot deviations, too many characters. Who was the main?"

'Kang Minho's draft was good compared to this.'

Jaegun stood up as he finished. Hyeongyung immediately asked nervously.

"How was it?"

"Hm, I think there are too many characters."

"Yeah? I'm writing a story with their different point of views. Like the story where many characters talk from their POV."

"Ah, yes. I think there's a tendency for the novel to be too dragged because everyone says their POV from the beginning. There's no real connection to the actual current story."

Hyeongyung froze.

Jaegun continued.

"I don't think there's a reason to introduce all the characters from the beginning. Isn't it good to just introduce when they are needed? And just say a man for a man and a girl for a girl. I think that's good for the story."

“Hm, do you? It’s a bit different from me.”

Hyeongyung frowned. It was the critique that he had gotten from Minho. He was hoping for some good reviews, but Hyeongyung was sort of irritated with the combined stress.”

“Are you a writer too?”

“Ah, yes.”

“If it’s not too much, can I ask what you wrote?”

Hyeongyung asked as a challenge. He wanted to see what sort of great projects the other person wrote.

Jaegun opened his mouth, sort of embarrassed, when the door opened and Minho came in.

“Ah, Writer Ha Jaegun? Ah, Rika too.”

“You’re here? I brought pizza and chicken, let’s eat.”

“A? What is this?”

Hyeongyung was looking at the two of them. He didn’t remember any writer called Ha Jaegun. Maybe he had a pen name. Or a writer like him who didn’t debut yet?”

“Hyeongyung, what are you doing? Let’s eat.”

Minho said as he took open the bag. Hyeongyung stopped and sat down on the chair.

“Thank you, writer.”

“I’ll eat too.”

“Yes, eat before it cools.”

Hyeongyung was already eating before Jaegun said that. He was waiting so long for this.

Jaegun poured cups of coke and gave it to them.

“Aren’t you eating?”

“I’ve eaten. Don’t worry. But, your novel, it’s doing good.”

“Ahaha, what. It’s all because of you.”

“I’ll call the representative. I don’t think there’s going to be anything changed. Maybe the title.”

“I can change that easily. Ah, I hope it goes well. If I can just do one tenth of yours, no that’s too big. Just for me to quit the convenience store job.”

“It’s going to be good.”

Minho’s words intensified Hyeongyung’s curiosity. What kind of writer was he talking about if saying that even one tenth was a good thing?

Hyeongyung didn’t have time to ask.

Because Minho’s next words were saying the answer

“When is the Breathe coming to Navin and Cocoa?”

“Probably about late January?”

Hyeongyung’s face turned pale. And his hand lost the grip on the cup. The coke splashed on the floor.

“Ah, I, I’m sorry.”

Hyeongyung’s quickly tried to pick it up. He lost his cup again with his shivering hands.

“Ah, ah, no... Minho... why didn’t you tell me...!”

Hyeongyung was looking at Minho with horror and regret. After laughing, Minho nodded his head to Jaegun.

“Sorry, I wanted to surprise my brother. Now I think it worked.

“Ahah... yes..aha ha.”

Jaegun answered with an embarrassed laugh.

Hyeongyung wasn’t alright yet. He opened his mouth.

“Ah, ah I’m really sorry about before...I’m sorry..... I didn’t think you would be Writer Pyung Cheon Yu. I only know the pen name. Ahaha, even if I did, I shouldn’t have said that.”

“No, it’s nothing anyway.”

“Hey, what did you do to Writer Ha?”

“No, it’s nothing. Really it was nothing, Writer Kang.”

Hyeongyung lifted his head. His hunger disappeared. Surprised by his determination from his eyes, Jaegun slightly shivered at that.

“I beg you, Writer.”

“Yes? What...?”

“Please help me. I’ll take anything. If you could tell me how to write, I will never forget this. Please.”

Hyeongyung stood up and gave a 90 degrees bow. Jaegun who was horrified also stood up.

“Don’t do this. Ok. I’ll help you as much as you can. I can help you with the basic guideline.”

“Re, really?”

“Yes, so just sit down.”

“Ah, Thank you. Thank you! Thank you! Really, Thank you! Writer!”

Hyeongyung kept bowing. Jaegun couldn’t stop him.

“Just eat first. I might change my mind if you don’t.”

“Of, of course. I’ll eat everything.”

He was sitting in his office with no one to meet until the end of the year. As with Minho, Jaegun was a great figure to Hyeongyung

as well.

‘Thank you, Writer..’

Minho repeated his praise. Jaegun was smiling with Rika in his arms.

In the office with only a few hours until the new year, the group with Writer Jaegun as the boss was slowly taking place.

Chapter 65

“Yes, Writer Kang, it’s Kwon Tewon. The Demon King’s Second Coming is doing pretty well. Just keep doing it. Don’t move away from the plot. Just make the main character like this.”

“Hello. Writer Yang, It’s Laugh Book’s Shin Dongmi. Yes. Congrats on making your novel views going over 6000. We’re going to be releasing paid chapters next Friday.”

The two employees of Laugh Book’s were getting busy.

2 new projects came in. Kang Minho’s Demon King’s Second Coming and Yang Hyeongyung’s Slaughter.

Two projects were doing above average. The tips by Jaegun once a week was doing great.

A day in January.

Today, Jaegun was also in the office with the two. He wasn’t here to look over their writing solely either. He wrote his own paper in a leftover computer.

‘This is good once in a week to change the mood up for a while?’

Jaegun thought.

He had never written with other writers until Minho and Hyeongyung. It was a new feeling. New ideas came up in conversations.

“It’s already been 5, Writer Ha. Aren’t you hungry? Would you like to eat?”

“Yes, I’m fine. You order what you want to order.

Jaegun answered with his hands on the keyboard.

Today was a good writing day. He was going to stay for a bit longer and eat dinner and leave. It was slow because it wasn’t Se Gunwoo’s laptop, but it didn’t matter.

Beep!

A call came from an unknown number.

“Hello.”

Jaegun answered. The words on the screen were still continuing.

-Hello, Writer Ha Jaegun?

“Yes, Who is this?”

-This is Modern Teen Literary manager Jo Segyung.

The hand stopped.

Jaegun grabbed the phone with one hand

-Hello? Writer Ha Jaegun?

“Yes, yes go ahead. I’m listening.

His voice was shivering.

His heart was pounding hard. His head was heating up.

-Congratulations. Your project for the Modern Teen Literary Contest won the award.

Jaegun sighed

He already knew since he heard the name manager.

Only one person would get the call anyway.

‘Me....!’

One person per year.

The Modern Teen Literary Contest that was so competitive. The contest that was honored by the literary world. It was the fact that he won made him silent.

“Why is Writer Ha like that? Is it bad news?”

“Shush. Quiet.”

Minho and Hyeongyung moved to another room. Jaegun didn't realize their movements at all.

-There's time since the actual release date. So I hope you can stay quiet until then. You'll have to write a speech, the amount is...

The manager was talking. Jaegun tried to listen, but the words just didn't go in his ear.

-Then I'll call you back again.

"Yes, yes, thank you."

Jaegun looked up at the ceiling blankly. He had no thoughts for a while. And then one girl's face started to show up on the ceiling's pattern.

'I have to meet her...!'

Jaegun stood up immediately and picked up his coat. He had to give this information to that one person. If it weren't for this person, he couldn't have even written this novel.

"Writer Kang, Writer Yang. I'm sorry, but I have to go."

"Is there, is there something bad?"

"No, nothing like that. Then I'll contact you later."

Jaegun picked up Rika and started the car. And then he searched up Dasul and called.

-The phone is turned off so ...

'Dang it!'

Jaegun dropped his phone.

Why now, why at this important time is the phone off.

Maybe she was changing the battery. Thinking that, Jaegun waited a few minutes and called again. But the phone was still off.

‘If this was right, I should have asked where she lived.’

Jaegun pressed the accelerator. He thought that she was still working there.

It wasn’t a long distance so he got off. The karaoke bar was still shiny.

He didn’t go to the elevator and went up the stairs.

He called again, but another beep came with no answer.

“Hello.”

The owner with the heavy makeup greeted Jaegun. Jaegun nodded and asked her,

“Hello. Do you remember me?”

“Hm? Um... Ah!”

The owner clapped her hands together.

“The person who writes?”

“Yes, that’s right. It’s nothing, but I wanted to find that girl from last time again, Dasul. Her phone is off so I don’t know how to meet her. It’s important.”

“I haven’t seen her in a while?”

“Yes? Why?”

“I don’t know. If she’s not here, she’s not. Why? Is the phone off? Did she borrow money?”

The owner asked with suspicious eyes. Jaegun shook his head with his hand on his forehead.

“How long has it been?”

“Hm, about a week?”

“Um... is there any way I can go through the office?

Jaegun asked hopefully. But the owner shook her head.

“I can’t go that. It might be complicated later on. You know?”

“...yes, I know.”

“Just wait. The phone might be broken.”

The owner comforted him, looking at Jaegun’s worried face. Jaegun nodded weakly and went out of the bar.

“Sigh...Rika. Where do I find her?”

Jaegun stood there, looking at the crowd going by. And with that, he was asking to Rika.

“It’s kind of sad actually. She called many times to get dinner, but I never answered. I said I would contact her, but I didn’t.”

The regret was coming through him in waves. Dasul’s face was still in his mind clearly.

“Meow. Meow.”

Rika turned herself in his grasp. And then, she jumped off. Jaegun was worried because there were many people so he turned around.

“Rika, don’t go away and come here.”

Rika was walking towards a building with grace.

And then she stopped in front of a girl's shoes.

"Oh hey~ you're cute. What's your name?"

"....?!"

Jaegun widened his two eyes.

The girl's face was stuck in his eyes.

Chapter 66

“Are you a Russian Blue? Are you a female? Where’s your owner?”

The girl who was crouching down and winking at Rika was Dasul.

Jaegun walked toward as if pulled. And seeing the shadow, Dasul slowly looked up.

“Ah? Writer?”

Dasul smiled happily.

It was a face that didn’t have any makeup. Looking at the pretty and cheerful face, Jaegun smiled as well.

“What are you doing? How was it?”

“I got it.”

“Yes? Got what?”

“The novel that I wrote about you got the award.”

Dasul’s smile froze.

The surroundings around them were loud. However, through the loudness, the two people were exchanging glances silently.

“Meow.”

Rika broke the silence and went in between them. Both people's glance went towards Rika.

“Why was your phone off?”

“Ah, the frame broke.”

Dasul stood up and answered.

“There was a bit of a rough customer. I said a message and I put it on the table, but he pushed the table so it fell. Well, I got the fees, so.”

“I see.”

Dasul smiled and came closer to him. And she looked up at Jaegun and tilted her head.

“So? Did you come to see me? To tell me that?”

“I wrote it because of you.”

“What is that. You’re just good.”

“Aren’t you working?”

Dasul answered with a horrified face and looked around herself wearing a jumper and jeans.

“How can I work with this? And I haven’t gone in a week. It’s the new year’s too.”

“Yes... so do you have anything to do?”

“I don’t so I’m here out to buy beer.”

“That’s good.”

“What”

“I’m keeping my promise of buying you something”

Dasul laughed with a phew. Jaegun also smiled a bit.

“How long has that been? There’s way too much interest?”

“I’m fine with anything.”

“I’m gonna eat till the bone?”

“It’s fine.”

Dasul went to Jaegun and crossed her arms with him.

She was reckless like they were old friends or in a relationship. Jaegun wasn’t that horrified, knowing her,

“But what about the cat? There are places where the cat can’t go.”

“There should be. Or I can bring her home and come back. It’s not that far. Just get on first.”

Jaegun and Dasul walked over to Jaegun’s car. Dasul widened her eyes in surprise.

“You must be having some money? You have a car.”

“It’s not that expensive. Get in.”

The car with the two and Rika slowly drove away. Rika was in between the two. Without both of them knowing, her eyes were shining brightly.

“Are you going to use Writer Oh Myunghun again?”

Nexon office.

There were two people. One was the planning team leader and one was the development team leader.

“It came out like that. Go discuss it with Representative Park when he comes.”

Suhee closed her mouth and looked down.

Nexon was creating another mobile game.

A genre with a free-roaming RPG game. It was about a writer to write for this story that was 60 percent done.

“I have no other words. Go ask the representative. But tomorrow, I’ll get a meeting with Writer Oh. Then, bye.”

The development team leader went out quickly. Suhee sat down in despair and didn’t know how to get up.

‘How...? There is no reason why Jaegun isn’t good enough for Myunghoon? Jaegun got many hit works and the Digital Literary

Award as well?

Maybe there was another force at work.

Suhee was about to make Jaegun the writer for this. The story for Jaegun's scenario for the mobile racing game was already over. But the writing was left. The entire team read it and understood his skill.

But now it was Myunghoon.

Suhee knew that Myunghoon's personality wasn't good enough for this job. He was good at writing. But it was different from writing alone and writing with others. She couldn't understand Myunghoon who bragged and didn't listen to others.

“Sigh, my head hurts.”

Suhee stood up holding her forehead. She needed a cup of coffee.

She went to the resting room with her slippers. Without knowing that there would be a visitor that she had no idea would be there.

“Are you gonna drink coffee?”

“...?!”

Suhee was surprised as she almost lost her balance.

Myunghoon was sitting alone in a chair near the window.

In his hand, there was a mug with coffee in it.

“Why are you here?”

She heard that there would be a meeting about tomorrow or so.

But there was no reason to see Myunghoon here today.

“Let’s drink coffee together.”

Myunghoon said that as he went to the coffee machine and picked up a capsule.

Suhee asked with sharp and cold eyes.

“What did you do?”

“Do?”

“Jaegun is here, but the game got scrapped and for the new project, how could you, with no meeting or anything, be the new scenario writer? What connection is it now?’

Myunghoon stayed quiet, looking at the coffee stream.

He opened his mouth as the coffee stopped.

“It might be because of the news. The drama for my novel is right ahead.”

Myunghoon was saying the words very unemotional.

“There might have been words between Nexon and Content Jinhyungwon. I don’t know what you’re thinking of, but there was nothing special that I did.”

Myunghoon turned around and pulled out the mug to Suhee.

Suhee just looked at Myunghoon’s face without taking the mug.

‘What is it?’

Suhee was curious.

Myunghoon was unlike his usual self. This new calm self of him seemed very different compared to the impulse, easy to get mad Myunghoon.

“Take it, drink it when it’s hot.”

Myunghoon gave it to him, shaking the coffee a bit.

Suhee took the cup and sat down in the nearest chair.

Myunghoon took it and sat down opposite of her.

Suhee avoided Myunghoon's glance and sipped coffee looking at outside the window.

She had no intention of talking with him. She was only here because she thought it was annoying to move seats.

“The representative told me to get a meeting.”

Suhee said when she drank about half of the coffee. It was probably good to talk about business while they were there. Her glance was still looking at the airplane flying across the night.

“Tell me when it's a good day for you and I'll make it.”

“Anytime is fine. You make it.”

“Ok, I will.”

Suhee put the cup to her lips again, with talks about business over.

She wanted to drink it quickly but she couldn't because the coffee was hot. She didn't have the feeling to rest and enjoy coffee.

‘I have to say this to Jaegun.’

Suhee's shoulders were drooping.

She wanted to make a game with Jaegun as the writer. He gave a great scenario that was above average. There was nothing bad at all about him. But even with all that, he was just gone.

“Suhee.”

Myunghoon said.

Suhee looked at Myunghoon

“Say it.”

Suhee’s voice was on the tip.

Myunghoon looked down at the table. And with a small sigh, his voice continued.

“I’m sorry.”

Chapter 67

“...?!”

Suhee's two eyes shined in surprise.

She didn't mistakenly hear it.

Myunghoon was wrinkling his face. It was a facial expression that matched with the words that he said.

“I apologize for all the things that I've done like an idiot. I came here to say that.”

Suhee couldn't believe it.

Myunghoon, that was so stubborn, was asking for forgiveness. She had no idea how to take in this situation.

“I know it's not an issue that's going to be fixed like a simple word like this. I can tell that I was such a bad guy. I wish you could forgive me.”

Myunghoon lifted his head and looked at Suhee.

He added, looking at the surprised and shocked Suhee.

“I won’t say anything more. I’ll try until you can see me as a good person. I’ll fix it one by one.

Suhee couldn’t say anything.

Myunghoon drank the last remains of coffee in one sip and stood up. He added as he went to the exit.

“I won’t let you down.”

Myunghoon’s figure left the resting room.

Suhee’s two eyes were still blank, looking at the door.

‘What happened?’

Was he really asking for forgiveness? Suhee wasn’t sure yet. She had faced way too much of Myunghoon’s bad side to just trust him with one word.

“Team Leader, what’s wrong?”

“Ah? Hemii?”

Suhee lifted her back quickly.

She didn’t even realize that Hemii was standing in front of her.

“I came in here early and you didn’t realize? You must be tired. You should go in early.”

“I think so. I’ll go after one call.”

“Yes, I’m going, too.”

Hemii left the room.

Suhee picked up her phone. Her fingers stopped as she was going to press the last number of Jaegun’s phone number. She had no confidence anymore to talk with a calm voice.

She put her two arms on the table and laid her head down

The restaurant was loud.

Sushi was moving across the conveyor belt in a row. Jaegun and Dasul were just getting escorted in.

“Wow, This is great! I haven’t eaten sushi in such a long time.”

“Eat well today.”

“I eat really well, you know. Your wallet is going to suffer. Ah, it’s shrimp.”

Dasul quickly picked up a shrimp sushi and put it in front of her. And she put wasabi in.

“Isn’t shrimp really good? Everything I get tired of, but not shrimp.

“Yeah. That’s why I eat that the best, too.”

“You’re a real eater. Here’s ginger too.”

“Thank you. Now let’s eat?”

The two people started to eat and talk. Small talk was going between them

Dasul was smiling and laughing. Jaegun felt happy looking at her.

“Ah, I’m full.”

Dasul moved back as she finished about 10 plates. Jaegun was at his limit. As he looked, Dasul’s cheeks were soaked with sweat.

“Take off your jacket. I think it’s a bit hot here.”

Dasul shook her head.

“I can’t.”

“Why?”

“I told you I came to buy beer. I just wore something randomly.”

Jaegun smiled.

“What does that matter. These are people you’re never going to see again. If it’s not rags, just wear it.”

Dasul narrowed her eyes and laughed. And she whispered to Jaegun’s ear.

“I didn’t even do a bra?”

“...?!”

Flustered, Jaegun turned his head and coughed

Dasul immediately clapped her hands and laughed. It was so loud that a few people looked at her.

“It’s a joke. Joke. You think I wouldn’t have one.”

Dasul took off the jumper.

It was just a simple plain black t-shirt.

Her white neck and the black shirt was combining very well. Her neckline was really beautiful, he thought

‘Maybe because her face is pretty, everything is pretty.’

Jaegun thought of Suhee’s face. Suhee was still the prettiest girl he knew. Jaegun thought for a long time that Suhee could be held with the world’s beauties and not lose.

“What do we do now?”

Jaegun lifted his head.

Dasul was smiling like a child. And like before, her two legs were on Jaegun’s thigh.

“You’re not gonna just buy me this, right? You got an award.”

“I get it, what now?” Just first, take off your legs.”

“Why? Are you embarrassed? I like this.”

“That’s a bar. And this has a bar shape, so customers might see. Take it off.”

“No, I won’t.”

Dasul held back.

Jaegun forced her legs off.

“Wow, really. Why do you care so much about other?”

“It’s not caring, but etiquette.”

“It’s fine. If you’re done eating, let’s go. Let’s drink.”

Dasul left first. Jaegun shook his head and stood up with the receipt,

“Thank you. Come again.”

“Yes, thank you.”

The two people walked. Jaegun walked slowly.

“But why don’t you do a necklace?”

“What. So random?”

“You have an earring. Don’t girls do jewelry before leaving home?”

“Then buy me one before I answer that.”

“Hm...?”

Jaegun walked slowly.

And he stopped and looked at a place. There was a store selling jewelry.

“What are you doing?”

Dasul turned around and asked.

She turned her glance to the store as well. And she ran over and slapped her shoulder lightly.

“Come on~ I was joking.”

“No, I’ll buy you one.”

“Ah, it’s fine. I don’t do necklaces. What now?”

“I’m not going to just buy you sushi. That’s good. I was about to give you a present anyway. Let’s go.”

“Uh, Uh, Hey!”

Jaegun walked to the store.

Dasul was embarrassed as she walked towards him.

“Come in.”

The store was shining with jewelry. Jaegun gestured to the Dasul who was standing near the entrance.

“Come on. There’s a lot of good ones.”

“Ah... It’s really fine. I can’t really...”

Dasul put her head down and stood next to Jaegun.

Jaegun pointed to all kinds of jewelry and asked her preference.

“How’s this? Flower-shaped.”

“It looks expensive.”

“Don’t worry. What about this?”

“It looks more expensive.”

Jaegun looked at her.

“I told you to not care about price. You helped me as much as to deserve this. And I have the power to gift you this.”

“I got all the money for the interview.”

“That’s that, and this is this. It’s my mind, so I would like if you didn’t care. Just look. Come on.”

Jaegun repeated.

Dasul lifted her head slowly.

“How’s that?”

“It’s too big...”

“Finally no talks about the price. Good. This one?”

“Hm... I want to try it on.”

“Hello, could you take this out for me?”

“Yes,”

Dasul was concentrating now, and so was Jaegun.

He didn't realize that the phone in his pocket was vibrating.

Chapter 68

“Looks good?”

Jaegun said as he saw the necklace. It was a thin, flower-shaped gold necklace. There was a small diamond in the middle.

“I think your neck is pretty, so it fits very well, ma’am. Try it on.”

The girl employee offered with a bright voice.

Dasul hesitated and held it up to her neck.

“Wow, it’s really good. You can try it on.”

“I think it’s good like this.”

“Then look closer. Here, a mirror.”

The girl quickly gave a mirror.

Dasul looked at her neck through the mirror. And a small smile appeared on her face

“You like it?”

Jaegun read her expression.

Dasul didn't answer.

"There's no rush. There's many, so just look slowly."

"No, I like this but..."

Dasul slurred her words.

Jaegun knew why Dasul was hesitating. She was worried about the price. The price was 649 dollars.

Not a small amount.

"Give it to me."

Jaegun said to the employee.

There was no reason to spend more time if she liked it.

Dasul swallowed awkwardly.

"Thank you. I will pack it for you. You can pay over here."

Jaegun paid with a card. The girl packed the necklace in a small

bag.

“Thank you. Have a nice day.”

Jaegun and Dasul left the store.

A few people were walking by drunk.

Jaegun put his back to them as if protecting Dasul and pulled out the bag.

“Here. It fits into the jumper pocket.”

“I don’t think I can take it. It’s expensive.”

“Don’t worry.”

Jaegun put the bag into her pocket.

He stretched as he walked on.

“I don’t think we can eat heavy stuff. How about going to a beer pub and getting some cream beer?”

“I’m fine with anything.”

Dasul answered quietly. Her hand held the bag in her pocket tightly.

“Your voice became so calm. I wonder why?”

Jaegun asked as if teasing.

Dasul looked up. And with a red face, she held Jaegun’s arm.

“Don’t tease me and let’s go quickly.”

The two people walked like a couple with their arms clung together. Dasul asked.

“Why did you buy it for me anyway?”

“You told me to buy you one.”

“But you brought out the topic first. Why don’t you do one.”

He couldn’t say that her neck looked too pretty so he wanted to buy her one.

And then he answered after looking at a pub.

“I just wanted to repay you and you just didn’t have anything... so yeah.”

Dasul looked dumbfounded.

“What is that? Then I don’t have a ring, and a bracelet, and other? You’re going to buy me everything?”

“Really? Let’s go then.”

Jaegun turned around quickly. Dasul, surprised, hit Jaegun’s back lightly.

“Joking, just joking. Let’s go. How’s that? It looked good.”

“Let’s go.”

The two people sat opposite of them.

It was a small store. There was jazz coming out the speakers. Jaegun liked the quiet mood.

They were full so they just order a cream beer.

Dasul pulled out the necklace before drinking.

“Can I try it now?”

“It’s yours, Why ask me?”

“Haha, yes.”

Dasul laughed playfully and pulled it out. She took off her jumper and tried it on.

“How is it?”

“It looks good.”

“So enthusiast. But can you buy me this? Didn’t you spend your month’s money into this?”

“I bought this with the money I got.”

“How much is it? 1000 dollars? No, too small. 3000 dollars?”

“30000 dollars.

“...!”

Dasul opened her mouth. Her two eyes were in surprise.

“30,000 dollars? In prize money?”

“Yes, so there’s no worry.”

“Haha, you should have said it first. Worry? No. I would have bought more.”

“Haha.”

Jaegun laughed. Dasul also laughed.

JANG!

The two people cheered.

“Tell me now?”

“What?”

“Your name. Tell me because you got 30,000 dollars because of me.”

“Ha, Jaegun.”

Jaegun answered immediately. There was no reason to hide his name.”

“Ha Jaegun? I don’t know about books too much. Are you famous? A person who comes up on the internet?”

“I don’t know if I’m famous. I should come up, though.”

“Yeah? Then I’ll search it right now.”

Dasul looked at Navin. She typed in the name and widened her eyes.

“Wow, auto fill-in? I put Ha and J and it came up.”

And she pulled up Jaegun’s profile.

She couldn’t close her mouth alternating looking between the real Jaegun and the profile Jaegun.

“Wow! Wow! There’s a star in front of me!”

“What star. There’s nothing there.”

“I don’t know but that’s great. Wow, I’m your fan now. Your picture went great too. You picked this?”

“It was a picture that Navin took for my interview. I accepted. I don’t take pictures too much.”

“Wow... You have a twitter?”

“I made one. I don’t really use it.”

“You have 5000 followers? Wow. There are so many fans. A Dumb Woman? Is that the title? Child of the 90s?”

“Stop looking.”

Jaegun tried to stop her to no avail.

Dasul was looking with surprise

“I want to read it too. I think I’m going to read because of you.”

“I’ll buy you one.”

“I’m going to buy one, you know?”

She pulled out her tongue. Jaegun smiled and sipped a drink.

“What’s the story of this novel?”

“Hm... read it when it comes out.”

“Just tell me. I’m curious. Hm? Hm?”

Dasul repeated and moved next to Jaegun.

And she put her legs on Jaegun’s thigh and smiled.

“There’s a wall, so it’s hidden from view. No one can see, ok?”

“OK.”

“Tell me. Now. I want to know the plot of the 30,000 dollar story.”

Dasul repeated. The beer glass almost fell.

“It was a story about a guy at work with a karaoke helper dating.

He opened his mouth as he pressed on Dasul’s knee.

Dasul shivered as he touched her knee.

It was a strange feeling.

It was different when she first touched him.

“The girl isn’t as young as you. She’s in her 30s and has a kid. She’s a hardworking woman who got divorced.”

“Go...on.”

“The man goes to the karaoke bar to relieve stress. And meets the girl. The man is attracted to the girl immediately. The girl sees only a customer out of the many customers she sees. Ah, we’re done. Give us two more drinks.”

“Yes, sir”

Dasul was entranced by Jaegun’s story.

“They start a weird relationship. They both live differently. The man lives diligently and tries to keep morals, but he also takes in stress from society. The girl has a different personality. She works as a karaoke helper to live, but she keeps her pride and lives. Recklessly. Like a storm and gale.”

Jaegun added awkwardly.

“So the title is like that.”

“Storm and Gale? Why did you make it?”

“The helper who is like a wind. Like that?”

“Wow...! Amazing. The title is really trash.”

“I think so too. I can’t make a title. I don’t know if the company might ask me to change the title.”

“You should. It’s going to bomb if you don’t.”

“Haha.”

Jaegun laughed. Dasul looked down at her necklace.

She muttered.

“You were really a great person. I thought you were a weird person. You came in and said you wanted an interview.”

“You helped me.”

“How does the story go.”

Dasul asked.

She wondered how the story would end.

“You really read that.”

“Tell me. Hm? Hn?”

“They get happy.”

“Wowwww.”

“They know what they really want. And they get happy. That’s it.”

Jaegun lifted his cup.

Dasul gave up and lifted her cup too.

Jaegun thought of her as he drank. If she could get happy like the female main character.

“Why did you become so blank?”

“No, just... dizzy.”

Dasul put her head on Jaegun’s shoulder.

A warm temperature could be felt.

Jaegun made a good angle to put her head on.

Dasul smiled. She thought he was a warm person. There was no way that this person’s writing would be bad.

“Do you think we should stand up?”

“No, I just have to be like this for a second.”

Jaegun sipped the beer alone. The customers had already left and the store was quiet.

The night crept on.

Translator's Notes:

I think Storm and Gale have some kind of meaning of being like emotionally unstable in Korean terms. It was the closest thing I thought of.

Chapter 69

“I’m sorry but a contract would be hard for a while.”

Jaegun said firmly.

The two people’s faces turned pale. It was Hetae Media’s Ma Jonggu and Park Gyungsu. The few pieces left of sirloin was burning away

“If I have to say it, I have solved my living conditions. There’s no reason to write forcefully, so I want to write something I want to write about. And I want to write fantasy or martial arts someday, but not now.”

“Hm, yes... If you think so... I understand. Then...”

Jonggu face turned pale.

The mission from the representative to get a contract was going to be failed. There was no way to avoid the screams from the representative.

“I’m really sorry. Manager Ma. And you too, Park.”

“No, no, no. It’s fine. We’re sorry. And thank you. You’re probably busy.”

“Then we should stand up?”

“Ah, yes, let’s stand up.”

Jaegun pulled out his money. Horrified, Jonggu and Gyungsu ran over and blocked him.

“No, Writer, we’re paying.”

“I’ll buy. You didn’t get a contract and it’s kind of bad to use the card.”

“There’s no reason. It was a place for us to buy you food. Please put it away.”

“Just think of it as my gift. I got your help a lot.”

Jaegun cleared Gyungsu and Jonggu’s pleas and paid. It was about 200 dollars because it was an expensive sirloin steak.

“Thank you.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Jaegun laughed as he left.

He remembered the time when he was shivering to pay for a

ramen. It didn't feel that different from now and then. He felt happy.

“Then I'll go. You go too.”

Jonggu couldn't even offer that he was going to take him home because Jaegun had a car. So suppressing the regret, they greeted.

“Go nicely. We'll see you again.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

Jaegun clicked the navigation to a saved place.

‘When are they announcing it?’

Jaegun thought to look at the time

Today was the time that the Modern Teen Literary Contest results were going to be announced.

The family, friends, and others. They were all going to be all surprised.

Jaegun pressed on the accelerator.

“Ahhh...!”

The basement office.

Hyeongyung put his hands on his head. His debut novel Slaughter that started paid chapters 4 days ago wasn't doing too well.

“How could... not even a half but by $\frac{2}{3}$.”

The number of likes that was over 6000 when it was free was now at 2000. It was not up to Hyeongyung's expectations.

“Stop looking and write.”

Minho said while turning around from his seat.

“How could you do that for 4 days? I'm not trying to be annoying, but you don't have any in storage. If you fail one day, it's gonna go down more.”

“I know, I should stop, but it's making me angry....”

Hyeongyung put his head down.

To the Minho who looks at Hyeongyung pitifully, Hyeongyung

continued.

“You must be happy. Each chapter is getting over 1000 payments. You already got 1500 dollars. Me... what is 300? I won’t even get 500 dollars.”

“You’re funny. Hey, be happy that you’re getting that much. There’s so many not doing so well.”

“Phew...”

“And am I the same? I’m 34, no 35, and I just made one good novel. You’re younger. For a debut, that’s good.”

Minho was trying hard to help Hyeongyung.

To Minho who failed his debut, Hyeongyung’s wasn’t that bad. It was only a debut.

“You’re good at everything, Hyeongyung. You have good writing, but you have a weak heart. Check that mental. Be confident.”

“I know...”

“That face isn’t a knowing one. Do you want to go out? Yes, we have to eat lunch. Let’s go out. I’ll buy you something.”

“I’m fine. Your wallet is still empty. You have to wait 2 months for the money.”

Hyeongyung sighed. He went to the kitchen and brought two ramen.

“This is it for ramen. We don’t even have any rice at all.”

“I’ll buy.”

“I’ll come. I’m staying with you so we should split.”

“We need more writers.”

This was an office for 4.

But now only two people used it., The 2 people gave up writing to get a job.

Now it was harder to survive. The money that was paid by 4 had to be paid by 2.

The situation was hard.

“What about that writer that we met?”

“Yes, he lives in Jinju. It might be hard for him to come to

Seoul.”

Hyeongyung answered.

Minho muttered as he looked up at the ceiling.

“Do I have to get this person...”

“Hm? What?”

“I have a person I know. A writer who wrote romance and adult novels. Just recently got divorced.”

“Oh...”

“I said I’m living in an office and the writer wants to come in. Of course, with the money as well.”

Hyeongyung brightened.

“Then come here.”

“It’s a girl.”

“What?”

Hyeongyung asked.

Minho yawned and continued.

“It’s a girl. She’s cool. But the problem is if we have a girl, there are so many problems. There’s one bathroom. And we’re going to have to give a room.”

“Yeah.”

“So I’m asking. What do you think?”

Hyeongyung put the soup and ramen in. And he said after a thought.

“She doesn’t have bathroom issues right?”

“What?”

“If she doesn’t use the bathroom too much, I’m fine.”

Minho smiled at that.

Hyeongyung bitterly smiled at that too.

“We don’t have much money. Why should I worry about that? And if her personality is good, I’ll agree. I don’t mind.”

“Hyeongyung, thanks.”

“What. Oh, the eggs.”

Hyeongyung opened the fridge.

Just then, the door opened.

“Ah? Writer Ha, what are you doing?”

“What? Writer Ha?”

Minho stood up from his seat and went out to the kitchen. Jaegun was smiling in front of the door.

“You were cooking ramen. I was late.”

“Ah? You haven’t eaten either? Then eat first. I’m not that hungry.”

“No, I’ve eaten. I’m sorry but you might have to help me.”

“What? Of course.”

“Then come out for a second.”

The two went out of the villa. Jaegun's car was in front of it. Jaegun said as he opened the trunk.

"There's too much so I can't lift it by myself."

"What? That...?!"

Minho opened his mouth as he looked in the trunk

There were 3 boxes of food. From rice, and dumplings, and beef, cold products, ham, eggs, milk, etc. Everything was there.

"Don't eat only ramen. Your faces look too skinny now."

"Writer Ha...!"

Minho was so happy.

He couldn't say anything with his mouth

Jaegun was Minho's savior as he helped Minho with writing. Now with this... He wasn't even a good writer yet.

Minho's eyes turned red.

“I, I’ll lift it.”

Hyeongyung said first. And lifting a box, he went in.

“Writer Ha, leave it. I’ll do it.”

“There’s two left so one for each. Ha!”

The two each brought a box into the office.

Jaegun said as he put it down.

“And two, some money will be coming in by 4.”

“Money...?”

Minho and Hyeongyung both tilted their heads. It was not a paper book but a pay per chapter style. There was no money beforehand.

“I called the representative. It’s not much, but it will be enough for now. Just wait for 2 months and write hard.”

“Ah, Writer Ha, ah really...”

Now Hyeongyung couldn’t open his mouth.

He felt very ashamed for being mad about his debut work.

This great writer was helping him, but he was just laying out complaints.

“Ramen is for today only. Eat it because you already put it in”

“Yes.”

“I get it.”

“Hahaha.”

Jaegun read a novel as Minho and Hyeongyung were eating. Hyeongyung was already reading the news with his phone

“Hm...?”

Hyeongyung let out a sound. Minho covered it.

“Wait, this...?”

Hyeongyung muttered louder. Minho asked while picking up a dish.

“What is it?”

“Wait, I’m reading the news, but your name is coming up?”

Jaegun lifted his head too.

Hyeongyung put his phone in front of Jaegun.

“This... is this someone else?”

It was the news of the Modern Teen Literary Contest results.

The name was Storm and Gale. The writer’s name was Ha Jaegun.

“Ah, this just came up?”

Jaegun answered indifferently with a smile.

Hyeongyung’s mouth started to open and kept opening.

“Ha, Ha, Writer Ha...! This really is you?”

“Wow, this is for literary? You write well for anything, writer. Congratulations”

Minho also congratulated Jaegun.

But Hyeongyung was way more surprised than Minho. He knew how hard it was to get this award.

“I, I, I was a literary major. But really. Modern Teen Literary Award?! Wow, I, I really can’t say anything. This is crazy.”

“Is that really that good?”

“Minho, really? There are writers who spend 10 years trying to win this. This is the award that gets you recognized by the literary world. Really amazing!”

Jaegun scratched his head embarrassed.

And he said softly.

“I hope you’re coming to the ceremony.”

“Me... Of Course! Of course, I’m coming.”

Jaegun looked at Minho

“You too, Writer Kang.”

“Of course, but if I go, are you buying us dinner?”

Jaegun laughed widely at that. The other two laughed as well.

The weather was cold outside. but now, the office inside didn't seem too cold anymore.

Chapter 70

About 1 hour after that.

Hetae Media also found the news. The first person to find out was the representative.

“Now, we need to get a contract!”

He was screaming to Gyungsu and Jonggu. The two people were putting their head down.

They got screamed at by their failure at a resign. But just 10 minutes later, they were back.

“Get a contract! Get the best! Really the best!”

“The representative?! What is...?”

“Are you asking me! 15 percent!”

“Representative....!”

Jonggu and Gyungsu couldn’t say anything.

There were 3 books that got 15 percent rate. It needed about 10000 books to sell to get a profit.

‘It’s not that bad! The situation is different. We have an electronic platform now too. We get money there, so just contract. Give him any money he wanted beforehand, too.’

Gyungsu carefully opened his mouth.

“Um, sir... I’m not trying to be... but the Modern Teen Literary Award is way away from this genre. These readers and those readers don’t mix. So.. ack.”

Gyungsu stopped.

Jonggu hit him from the side. Jonggu knew that Gyungsu was wrong.

The representative was saying to him now.

“Park, you know one, but not two. Don’t you know what will happen to Writer Ha? There’s going to be so many deals for him! And if he gets pride in writing a literary novel... what do we do now if he doesn’t write anything in this genre?!”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t think.

Gyungsu put his head down

The representative said in a quieter voice.

“Attend the ceremony. Make him annoyed.”

“Yes, representative.”

“What did you send him as a present?”

“We bought a beef set and vitamins to Suwon.”

“Weak. Give more. Not too more, though. I think he’s trying to cut us off as he paid for the meal himself. Don’t cut that line, ok?!”

“Yes. Representative!”

“Yes, I trust you. Now go.”

Jonggu and Gyungsu left.

The representative was scratching his head. Thinking maybe I should go the ceremony too.

“Phew....”

Myunghoon sighed as he stopped typing on the keyboard.

His three sides were covered except for his back with dividers

It was a place that Nexon gave specially to Myunghoon.

Myunghoon was going to work every single day as the game scenario writer.

He said that it would help concentration and help communication.

But of course, the main reason was Suhee.

To fix the bad relationship between them to act better and get better.

This was the main reason why Myunghoon went to this trashy place compared to his great study at home.

‘Why is it not that good.’

Myunghoon wrinkled his face as he looked at the monitor.

The cursor was flickering as he stopped typing.

He pressed the backspace until he erased everything that he had typed so far.

‘Concentrate, come one.’

Myunghoon wasn’t feeling very good today.

He knew why.

And he was trying not to think about it at all.

He tried to concentrate on writing the scenario for the entire morning.

He hadn’t gotten on the internet or looked at his phone at all.

“Umm... Writer Oh Myunghoon.”

Myunghoon lifted his head.

It was employee Hemii.

Hemii shivered for a second feeling Myunghoon piercing glance.

“What is it?”

“You didn’t give us a reply. The Team Leader was asking when the draft would be done by.”

Hemii looked like she was scared.

It was obvious.

She remembered the times that she gotten hurt by Myunghoon.

Hemii even cried during that time.

“Hmm...”

Myunghoon wondered in his head as he pressed on the shoulder.

He looked at the empty word document and said clearly.

“I’ll be there in a few seconds.”

“Yes.”

Hemii immediately started to turn back.

Just then, Myunghoon felt like he forgotten something and widened his eyes

“Wait, Hemii.”

Hemii stopped turning and stayed in a sideways direction

Myunghoon stood up.

He looked down on the small Hemii and said clearly.

“I’m sorry about the things before.”

“...yes?”

“I’m apologizing for the things I’ve done before. I get really sensitive when I’m working so I can’t take into consideration about other people very well. So I know I can be insulting and hurting. I know. I will try not to. To you and to the rest of the team.”

“Yeah... I... I’m fine...”

Hemii reddened and muttered.

He thought so, but she really was a simple and easy girl.

Myunghoon said again thinking that.

“So I want to buy you dinner in terms of an apology.”

“Din...ner?”

“If it’s too much, you can bring the others. But...”

Myunghoon slurred his words and looked around.

And leaned into Hemii and whispered quietly.

“I want you to know that I really want to apologize to Hemii the most.”

“Ah, yes... ah... yes...”

Hemii was wiping away her sweat in her cheek even though it wasn’t hot at all.

To say, Myunghoon had many qualities that Hemii liked.

He was handsome, with a dandy style, and the song of the biggest publishing company in Korea.

“I’m fine... Writer Oh...”

The bad feelings were already gone.

It was already a small feeling of dislike.

Now her heart was beating like a little girl.

“I will.... Bye...”

“You too.”

Hemii started to move towards the resting room instead of her spot.

Myunghoon laughed quietly to himself.

It was obvious she wanted to cool off.

‘It is good. There might be a time when I need her. Dumb girls are easy to control.’

He knew how much Suhee loved her employees.

There was no reason not to be friendly with employees here.

Apologizing to Hemii was the first step.

‘I can’t do this today.’

Myunghoon stopped even though he didn't write anything and stood up.

And he started to move towards Suhee's place.

"Suhee, no, Team Leader."

Myunghoon changed his words.

Suhee looked away from her monitor to look at Myunghoon.

She had a big smile on her face.

"Yes, Writer OH."

Suddenly Myunghoon felt his chest expand.

The air was coming through his chest quickly.

"Yes."

Suhee's beautiful face was still smiling widely.

It wasn't just any girl but Suhee.

She was smiling and looking at him.

He didn't even remember how long it was since she had smiled last.

"Uh... just today, I don't feel very good, so I might have to leave."

"Ah, yes?"

Suhee was answering like she was preoccupied with something on her monitor.

Myunghoon was curious about what she was looking at.

Just then, Myunghoon stopped and stood in place.

It was a feeling that a huge steel hammer hit him on the head.

A warning. That she wasn't smiling at him.

"Then when will you give it to me by?"

Suhee was still smiling a bit when she said to him.

Myunghoon tried not to show anything as he answered slowly.

“By tomorrow.”

“Yes, Writer Oh. Good work.”

Suhee said very formally as she hid her face back into her monitor.,

Myunghoon back stepped away.

‘I’m me....! I can go my way...!’

Myunghoon was saying to himself.

As he got on the elevator.

Myunghoon pulled out his phone and got on the internet.

It wasn’t a problem of hiding.

He needed to know why Suhee was smiling.

He entered Modern Teen Literary Contest in the search bar.

As he pressed the search bar, news started to come up.

-The winner of the 31st Modern Teen Literary Contest, Writer Ha

Jaegun, is the youngest winner ever...

-Writing about the hard daily life of a worker's life in such a sad but interesting manner...

-He had already swept the Digital Literary Contest before...

Myunghoon glared at his phone.

The feeling that he would fall was broken

He hated that smiling face on the news so much.

'That...! THE STUPID LITERARY IDIOTS!'

Myunghoon shivered as he clinched his fists.

The fact that Ha Jaegun and Pyung Cheon Yu was the same person didn't do anything to stop his winning.

It was a total defeat.

'Lee Suhee....!'

Suhee's smiling face was still on Myunghoon's face.

It was a cruel smile that hurt him so much.

Myunghoon started to scream as hard as he could in the elevator.

A huge roar.

Chapter 71

Many people came to the ceremony.

His dad and his family. As well as his friend Jongjin and Suhee.

Tewon and his wife Dongmi came as well, and Jonggu and Gyungsu from Hetae Media too.

Minho and Hyeongyung from the office gave up a day of writing to come.

“This guy actually cared about his clothes? Didn’t it get better from before?”

Jongjin whispered to Suhee beside him.

Suhee smiled and nodded.

She couldn’t get her glance off of Jaegun.

Jaegun was saying his speech up on the podium with his fancy clothes.

“This is really good, Jaegun. He looks so big even though he’s this far away.”

“Yeah, he doesn’t feel like my friend anymore. It feels so weird.”

“But, he’s not talking about the fantasy that he wrote?”

Suhee asked quietly.

Jongjin looked around and whispered.

“I think they wanted to keep quiet about that. Because there’s still the question of selling from the Contest side. The literary readers might feel angry.”

“I see...”

“It will get known someday. Just not right now. I understand.”

Suhee nodded as well.

Jaegun was concluding his speech.

“Thank you for everyone. But really, the motif for the main characters Sangjin and Heyoung deserves the most credit. The male main is one of my best friends. He came here together with me.”

Jaegun looked towards Jongjin.

Jongjin felt emotional as he waved.

“... and someone else. She created the female main character who carried this story, so I’d like to express my thanks. She said she was busy so she couldn’t come, but I credit this book to her. Thank you.”

From someone, the stage filled with claps of people.

Jaegun bowed his head 90 degrees.

The clapping noise didn’t know when to stop.

The cameraman took one more step.

His camera was only focused on Jaegun.

The ceremony was on the radio, the internet, and TV.

It was going up live for people with interest in literary works.

Myunghoon was one of these as well.

“That... IDIOT. He’s not saying anything...!”

His hand crumpled the empty beer can.”

Myunghoon threw the can across the table.

And he brought another from the fridge.

“You have something. Right? You’re feeling guilty. Why can’t you say it? That you write fantasy? Are you ashamed? Of course, you should be.”

Myunghoon muttered to himself.

He said he wouldn’t care. But he was still suddenly drinking one, two, three and more.

He turned off the TV and drank another bottle.

When he drank about half, he felt like he was going to throw up so he quickly stopped.

The beer spilled on his leg

“AHHH...!”

Myunghoon’s hands fell across the keyboard.

He had no thoughts in his blank head.

It was instinct.

-It's the winner of Modern Teen Literary Contest. He's actually that Pyung Cheon Yu;;;

-AH? That Ranking Series? That no meaning nonsense. I read anything but that, I really couldn't read...

-There's no way that should be a writer at all. To say it, fantasy shouldn't even be writing.

-It's nonsense for a reader who likes writing. This award to that type of writer. I'm ashamed.

-The judges should be better.

-I really feel worried about the writing of the future....

Myunghoon wrote criticisms of Jaegun using different IDs and social media sites.

His face had a huge smile.

The drinks were greatly increasing his happiness.

“Can’t you say it yourself. Then I will help, as a colleague.”

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Myunghoon didn't know the time going past as he kept writing

His hands didn't stop until he felt so tired.

"Ah... Ha Jaegun... Ha Jaegun..."

Myunghoon fell asleep in his chair.

His dark smile didn't disappear after he was sleeping.

The words were huge.

Through SNS, the news went across the internet.

The write Ha Jaegun and the writer Pyung Cheon Yu, the fact that they were the same person came to many internet users.

And then...

Many things occurred.

The 5000 people that were followers of Jaegun's twitter blew up to 50,000. The Breath's views went up over 10 percent.

The books, ‘A Dumb Woman.’ and ‘90s Child.’ was in the top 10 in many internet sites.

All in one day.

Myunghoon didn’t know that the things were happening in the opposite way of what he wanted.

‘Ughhh...’

Jaegun was dreaming

In front of him, it was completely foggy.

Just in a while, he could finally see something.

Jaegun now knew he was on the ground, which was parallel to his body. A car's engine sound was moving farther.

He felt a rough feeling on his nose

It was a feeling of fur. He could tell it was Rika. Rika started to lick his face everywhere.

‘Rika... rika...’

His voice didn't come

He wanted to move but he couldn't. His body was so heavy.

He felt someone's hands. It was a strong and heavy hand. The hand was moving his hand across his bag's zipper. And then, he could hear footsteps moving quickly away.

‘I didn't get to finish... it...’

His mind started to blur. At the last moment, Jaegun reached out his hand and put it on Rika's neck. Rika was crying at the sky.

“Jaegun, Ha Jaegun.”

“Um... ugh...”

“Hey, Jaegun, wake up. Come one.”

Jaegun opened his eyes quickly. He could see Jongjin's worried face. Jaegun lifted his body quickly.

“Hey, what's up. Nightmare?”

“...Dream?”

“Yeah, dream. Look at that cold sweat. Wipe it.”

Jongjin gave him a towel.

Jaegun sighed and looked at his body without even looking at the towel. His body was covered in sweat.

‘Only a dream...?’

It was too realistic to be a dream.

He was on the ground for no reason with Rika. He could feel that hand in his memories.

“What is it? I’m worried.”

Jongjin asked. Jaegun slowly turned and looked at him. Moving away, his glance was looking at the house.

‘Ah, that happened....’

Jaegun accepted it and took the towel. It was Suhee’s apartment.

After the ceremony.

Suhee and Jongjin and him went once more. Hyojin came in, and drinks were pouring. And they went to Suhee and the 4 friends drank till the night ended.

“Hey, Ha Jaegun. You’re still drunk?”

“No, I’m not awake. But the house is quiet?”

“Suhee and Hyojin went to the mart. To give us food. About 30 minutes? They’ll be here.”

Jonjin tapped him.

“Go and clean up.”

“Ha, Ok.”

Jaegun smiled and went to the bathroom. He could hear Jongjin’s voice as he closed the door.

“There’s a toothbrush and a shaver on the sink. Use that. Suhee put it out. Towels’ in the drawer.”

“Ok.”

Jaegun took off his clothes. It was a track suit.

It was something that his brother wore when he came, Suhee said. Jaegun opened the shower door.

‘This is good. Maybe I should get something like this. No water comes out of the tub.’

Jaegun cleaned himself. He used the toothbrush and the shaver.

“Are you done?”

Jongjin turned around.

Jaegun stood next to him. The view from above was beautiful.

“This is great. When will I have enough for a place like this?”

Jaegun smiled at that.

He knew Suhee’s family was rich. She never said it but he could feel it.

“About 500,000 dollars?”

“More, probably. Today’s houses are crazy.”

“Wow. Let’s see. My wage is 30,000... Save about 20,000... give me a cigarette. Are we allowed to smoke here?”

“Stop it.”

Jaegun turned around. He didn’t get to look around the house yesterday. He toured around the house.

‘It’s like Suhee.’

The interior was comforting and clean.

Jaegun moved around the TV and went to the next room. It was a study.

Chapter 72

‘Just like a literary avid.’

Jaegun looked in on the books in the bookshelves. Jaegun read many books, but there were many books he hasn’t read yet.

‘Wow, this is...’

Jaegun pulled out his hand. There were more books behind the ones in front.

Just then.

“Hey, so much stuff.”

With the sound of the door opening, he could hear Hyojin’s tired voice. Jaegun went out of the house. Suhee and Hyojin came back with a shopping bag.

“Hey, why didn’t you call us.”

Jongjin ran to them quickly. Hyojin looked at him.

“I called twice.”

“Oh? Yeah, I have it on mute. Then what about Jaegun?”

“I called him three times.”

Suhee looked at him and said. Jaegun, behind Jongjin, scratched his head.

“I also...”

Hyojin clucked her tongue.

“You guys... The strong men won’t help the weak ladies. Don’t block me.”

“Ack!”

Hyojin pushed Jongjin away and moved in. Suhee followed her. As she saw the open study door, her face hardened a bit.

“Ah, Suhee, you have a lot of books.”

Jaegun went to Suhee and said. Suhee looked with a stiffened face.

“Hm...?”

“You have a lot of books. I’m jealous. I wish I had something like this. I can read these books, right?”

Jaegun was already going into the study.

Suhee's face became pale.

She had completely forgotten. She had to stop him. Especially Jaegun who would read so much.

"Hm. What. Jaegun."

"What? Why?"

Jaegun answered as he was pulling out a book. Suhee said plainly, trying to hide her feelings.

"We have to eat. Read later."

"Ok. Just 10 minutes."

"No.. no...!"

Jaegun would pull out every book in 10 minutes. She knew how much he loved books. Suhee stopped Jaegun just as he was about to pull out a book.

"Wa, wait. You have to help me."

“Oh? Ok.”

Jaegun put the book back and went out of the study. Suhee locked the door and sighed in relief. It would be a horror if she was just a minute late. Her heart beat quickly.

“What should I do?”

“Hm? Ah...”

Suhee stopped. She actually didn't need help.

“Could you wash the rice? Only for 3 bowls.”

“Ok.”

Jaegun quickly cleaned the rice. He already knew how to do this.

He quickly went back to the study and pulled the door. But it didn't move.

“Ah? Wait, why is it locked?”

“Oh... I think it's locked. What do I do? I don't know where the key is.”

Suhee was saying calmly.

“Don’t worry. It’s somewhere here. I can search after you leave.”

“Oh? I’m sorry. I think it’s my fault.”

“No, I must have accidentally locked it.”

The problem was solved. Suhee moved away and started to cook. Hyojin helped.

As the girls prepared the dishes. Jaegun and Jongjin was sitting down.

Jongjin said looking at them.

“Such a girl who cooks is so pretty.”

“Not a girl, but Hyojin. You say that even though you went to go get a karaoke helper.”

“Shush. They can hear. And only that time. Not anymore.”

Jongjin warned him.

Jaegun smiled bitterly and shook his head. He thought of Dasul. She was probably sleeping after a working day.

‘Oh, I haven’t gotten a reply yet.’

He sent a message. When the book comes out, he would sign it and give the first one to her. But Dasul didn’t reply.

‘What happened?’

Jaegun was worried.

Dasul was now an important person to his life. He had gotten a huge help from her. Any person who had helped his life, little or big, deserved a place in his heart.

“Hey, what’s this?”

Jongjin muttered in surprise. Jaegun pushed his thoughts away and said.

“What?”

“This is ...crazy?!”

Suhee and Hyojin turned around at the loudness.

Jongjin pushed the phone into Jaegun’s eyes. It was the top ten search list of Navin.

Modern Teen Literary Contest Ha Jaegun

A Dumb Woman

Pyung Cheon Yu Ha Jaegun.

Digital Literary Award Ha Jaegun.

Pyung Cheon Yu previous works

90s Child.

Ha Jaegun Webtoon

Pegelon's Magician Download.

The Breathe

Pyung Cheon Yu Novels.

“What... What?!”

Jaegun widened his eyes at that too. He didn't know what happened. 1-10 was all about him.

“Hey, look at your twitter.”

“Ah? Ah.”

Jaegun pulled out his phone. He went on twitter and he breathed in shock.

Amazing writer... ㅋㅋㅋㅋ. Fantasy and Literary at the same time.. GGGG.

Those haters hate. Readers read if it's good. I hope people won't care about the genre.

Writer is a genius;;; Fantasy, martial arts, and just pure literature.

Is Ha Jaegun the name. Or Pyung Cheon Yu?

I'm in middle school. But my mom doesn't want me to read fantasy. But she bought me Ha Jaegun's the Breathe. She might let me buy the Pegelon series as well. Writer, Thank you.

Wrecking the Harry Potter in one year?

When he going into Hollywood?"

When the nobel literature prize???ㅋㅋㅋ

He thought it was someone else's.

But it was his. His 5000 followers blew up to about 55000.

What happened in one day? Even though the this award was a big one, it wouldn't have been this big.

Beep!!!

His phone vibrated. The name of Jo Segyung flashed on his screen. He remembered his promise to not reveal his fantasy novels.

He answered the call nervously.

"Hello?"

-Hello, [Teacher](#) Ha Jaegun, this is Jo Segyung.

(TN: Couldn't think of a better word for a respectable name)

“Yes, Hello.”

Jaegun felt weird listening to that.

He was a writer and now he was being called a teacher. It was kind of embarrassing to hear that.

-I'd like to talk to you. Are you busy?

“I'm fine. You can go ahead.”

Jaegun answered.

Jongjin went over to Suhee and Hyojin and showed them his phone. The two girls couldn't believe their eyes when they saw the list.

-The book is planned to be published in 4 weeks. There will be no changes in the schedule as of now.

“Ah, thank you.”

-And also, about the schedule. There will be a signing event at a store as stated on the contract. Do you have any problems?

“No.”

Jaegun was shaking his hand.

He was going to have to change his signature to something better.

-And there is a radio show.

“Yes? Radio?”

-Yes, Writer’s Night. It will just be mostly a question and answer show. It’s not that long either.

“Hm, ok. I will remember.”

-Thank you. Do you have any question?”

“There’s nothing really... hm...”

Jaegun looked towards the kitchen

They were still looking at him in surprise.

“Did you see the internet?”

-The internet?

“I think everyone knows I’m Pyung Cheon Yu and I wrote novels with that name.

The other person laughed slightly

An answer continued.

-Yes I saw. It's a better reaction than we expected. Personally, I felt that the readers are less stubborn with their choices now. It's a good thing. I don't think you need to worry.

“Yes...”

-Is there anything else?

“That was it. Thank you.”

-Ok. I will contact you later.

“Yes, thank you.”

Jaegun hung up. Jongjin and Hyojin both ran over quickly. And fought to ask.

“What? Where is it from?”

“It's the contest, right? Is it because of that?”

Suhee was also looking with worried eyes.

Jaegun waved.

“Nothing. She said not to worry.”

“And then. A radio?”

“I have to have a signing event. And a radio.”

“Radio?!”

“Yeah, Writer’s Night.”

Jongjin grabbed his neck and acted like he was dying.

Hyojin was also acting up.

“Han Hesun went there too. Wow, this is crazy.”

“Yes, Jaegun. You might become a star?”

Jaegun shook his head and smiled shyly.

“A star for one radio? And not many people watch that. How many people would watch that?”

“Who cares about who watches and stuff? It’s all about the fact that you’re good enough to make it on the show, no?”

Suhee came over and said the same.

“Yes, Jaegun. It doesn’t matter. That is good enough in itself. Congrats.”

Jaegun looked up at Suhee.

In her face, there a beautiful smile. Jaegun smiled awkwardly back when his eyes glanced at the kitchen.

“Ah, Suhee. The stew.”

“Oh. What!”

Suhee ran over there.

Hyojin ran over too.

Jaegun and Jongjin smiled at each other and fist bumped.

It was a personal signal. One that showed that spring wasn’t far away

TL NOTE - ≈≈≈ means a laugh. I don’t really want to replace it with like lol or anything so.

Chapter 73

The wind was really cold. The world itself was becoming cold.

But time was still moving without freezing.

One winter day.

Jaegun bought his book, Storm and Gale. He was going to see Professor Han Hesun.

“The book looks good.”

In the quiet office, there was a warm atmosphere. Hesun examined the book.

“I like this instead of some drawing.”

“I like it, too.”

Jaegun answered.

Hesun opened the book. On the first page, there was one sentence in the white paper.

I offer this book to Dasul and her life.

“Who’s Dasul?”

“Ahah, yes.”

He quickly explained to Hesun excluding the talk about Jongjin.

Hesun laughed when she heard that.

“Of course, that’s like you. An action writer. That’s good. A writer needs to feel a lot of feelings. You need to learn and feel more things and understand them”

“Yes, I know.”

The clock was heading to 12.

“Um, Professor, It’s lunch...”

Tap!

There was a knock noise behind Jaegun’s back. Hesun lifted her head.

“Come in.”

3-4 people came in.

When they saw Jaegun, they froze in place.

They forgot to even greet Hesun.

“Ja, Jaegun...?”

“It’s you. It’s been a while.”

Jaegun smiled and said.

They were his college colleagues. They had come to give a present and greet Hesun.

“Why are you all of you surprised? Sit down.”

The people woke up at that.

And then they greeted Hesun and politely gave the gifts they brought.

“Professor, I hope good things happen to you.”

“Thank you for helping me.”

“It’s nothing, but I hope you like it.”

Hesun didn't really care for their presents.

She didn't like the presents they gave for no reason. She told them not to bring these pointless presents so many times, but they didn't listen. She gave up a long time ago.

“Yes, thank you. Put it on the desk.”

Hesun said.

It was a terrible feeling. She didn't like her students who tried to gain her respect with this.

“Aha...”

One person's glance went to the book in Hesun's hand.

Everyone knew.

The winner.

That's why they were surprised from seeing Jaegun.

“You've heard, right?”

“Yes, yes... professor. Of course.”

“I hope you guys read it. It’s really good. It will help your writing as well.”

At that, the people smiled forcefully.

They were all shivering. With jealous eyes, they were glancing at Jaegun.

‘Hahaha...’

Jaegun only laughed to himself.

It was always like this.

There were only a few people like Jongjin and Suhee who didn’t become jealous.

“Don’t you have anything to say to him?”

Hesun said.

And then, they started to say congrats to Jaegun.

“Congrats.”

“I’ll read it.”

“I’ll buy it when I get home.”

It was a voice of no soul.

Even they didn’t know if this soulless praise came from their heart.

“Thanks.”

Jaegun also said. He looked at Hesun.

Hesun bitterly smiled and nodded.

“You’re leaving?”

“I think you’re busy so I will leave now.”

He didn’t want to waste time between these jealous kids. Hesun understood this.

“Professor, you should eat. What do you want?”

“I bought a car. What do you want.”

The colleagues started to say as Jaegun was about to leave.

Jaegun was heading towards the door.

“Ah, Jaegun. Wait.”

Hesun clapped.

Jaegun turned around.

“Yes?”

“I almost forgot. It’s nothing, but you should give a lecture.”

“Lect...ure?

“Yes, there’s an orientation. Come and give a lecture.”

Jaegun widened his eyes.

The colleagues did too. They were more shocked than Jaegun.

One colleague was having trouble even standing up as he leaned against the desk.

“I’ll give you the money.”

Hesun winked at him.

But Jaegun couldn’t answer back.

‘I... give a lecture?’

The orientation was not something to be taken lightly. Many people of the press came and it was a highly valued event. For some writers, this could be the making of a career.

No one who graduated from here has given a lecture yet.

If Jaegun accepted, he would be the first.

“No?”

“No, Professor...I’m just surprised. I’ll try my best.”

Jaegun answered. The colleague’s eyes were shaking hard.

“Thank you for this opportunity.”

“Yes. Let’s talk later. Go ahead.”

Jaegun bowed and turned around. He was smiling even though he felt the jealousy from his colleagues.

A lecture offered from Professor Han Hesun. It was an amazing.

Chapter 74

His footsteps were as light and happy as his mind.

His surroundings were getting prettier and brighter.

‘Phew, I still have plenty of time.’

Jaegun turned on the engine.

He needed to meet Dasul.

She was the person that had given him the most help. He needed to meet her today.

It would be fine if he met her earlier.

He didn’t really have anything else to do either. Jaegun called her.

-Hm, yes Writer?

With Dasul’s energetic voice, Jaegun smiled. He answered back with his phone between his head and his shoulder.

“I’m open now. Do you want to meet earlier?”

-Whatever you want. I'm at the bookstore.

“Store? Why?”

-Wow, not the best reaction. If someone heard that, they would think I'm an idiot who never reads books.

“No, not like...”

-Again, Being too serious. I came to buy your book. Haha.

“Wait, Don't buy it. I have it right now.”

Jaegun said looking at the book. He bought it today. It had his sign and everything.

-Come quickly. I'm at the 4th exit.

“Ok. I'll be there in 30 minutes.

The traffic was serious.

It felt like there was crash somewhere. Jaegun was waiting impatiently, tapping his hands.

“I'm gonna be late. Is there really a crash?”

He didn't think he would make it in 30 minutes.

Just then his phone vibrated on the passenger seat.

It was from his sister Jaeyn.

Jaegun laughed. She probably called as soon as she had gotten the book that he had sent to Suwon earlier.

“How is it? Is it good?”

Jaegun asked.

But just then, the next second. His face froze in place. He could hear Jaeyn crying voice.

“What. What is it? What happened?”

-Jaegun.... How....!

Jaegun turned pale as he heard the following words.

The cars were driving ahead in the green light.

However, Jaegun quickly turned to the 1st lane for a u-turn.

‘Hahah, I’m still gonna buy one.’

Dasul smiled like a kid and put his phone away. With her new shoes, she headed towards the store.

‘Ah, I found it.’

She found the book between the many books. It had the banner around it that said ‘31st Modern Teen Literary Contest Winner.’

‘It looks good. Even though he looks cuter in real life.

Dasul smiled again when she saw his picture.

She couldn’t stop the laughing when she kept seeing his face. And her fingers were turning the page.

-I offer this book to Dasul and her life.

‘...?!’

The one sentence in the blank page.

Dasul looked with a shocked face in that page.

Her eyes couldn't believe it. It was her name.

The people were moving around in the store.

There were people moving behind her. Yet, with this, Dasul felt like time stopped for her.

‘Ha....’

She sighed. Her body turned numb and she felt no sense at all.

And then, her two eyes turned wet.

Her lips were slowly moving up.

“Sorry, But excuse me...”

A person said to Dasul. Just then, Dasul nodded her head and moved away.

‘I’m so mad. Where is he.’

Dasul pushed her wet eyes with her fingers and headed towards the counter.

In her hand, she held the book that made her cry.

She ignored Jaegun who told her not to buy it and went out.

‘About 30 minutes?’

She moved to a cafe. She ordered coffee and started to read.

‘Wow, this is about me from the beginning/’

Dasul fell in the story. The feeling was amazing with her as the model for the character.

Dasul’s expression changed.

She turned surprised, happy, and sad, but the pages kept turning.

She had turned into the character Heyoung.

‘Can I live like that...’

Dasul thought as she read.

It was a feeling that she had felt. When she had gotten a scarf from Jaegun.

The character in the book was surviving by herself. She hadn't read the ending yet, but she was surviving by herself.

Dasul bitterly smiled.

She didn't have the confidence to go for her dream like Heyoung did. As she thought of that, she didn't want to read anymore.

She felt her relationship with Jaegun felt awkward as well.

'He doesn't fit with me.'

She knew from the beginning.

A totally different person from her.

She had avoided him since.

What did she come out her to meet him for?

Because of his personality?

He listens well?

A famous and good writer?

She had no answer. A sigh came out.

Beep!

The phone vibrated.

It was from Jaegun.

Dasul coughed and took the call.

“Hm, Writer.”

-Dasul, I’m sorry, but I can’t go.

“Why?”

“I think my dad had just been in a car crash.”

Chapter 75

“What?! A car crash?!”

Dasul said loudly.

A few customers looked at her.

“H, How? How did that happen? How badly?”

- I don't know, I have to go to the hospital. I got my sister's call so I'm going. My mom hasn't picked up. I'm sorry for calling so late.

Just then Dasul realized it's already been 30 minutes.

But she didn't care. She shook her head and continued.

“Don't worry about me. You're driving, right? Don't drive recklessly even though you're in a hurry. Ok?”

-Ok. I'll call later.

“Hm. Be ok. Your dad will be fine.’

-thank you. I'll call later.

The call hung up.

Dasul closed her eyes. She didn't have a religion but she still prayed.

“Stop it. No one died!”

Sukjae said annoyed.

He had just lied down in the bed.

Myungja, Jaeyn, and Jaegun were standing next to the bed. The two girls were sniffling as they had just cried.

“Stop, really. Jaegun, you take your mom and sister and go home.”

Jaegun only looked down at his body. His left wrist and the ball of his right foot was fractured. There were small hits around his body as well.

It was a crash from the apartment that he had worked in. A person had back up, not seeing Sukjae taking out the trash.

Jaegun felt horrible and guilty

If he had just told him more forcefully to stop working.

Then this wouldn't have happened. It was his fault.

"Now, stop."

Sukjae's glance turned to Jaegun. Jaegun continued.

"Don't work. Stop working. Please,"

Sukjae closed his eyes.

Jaegun waited for an answer.

But Sukjae didn't respond or open his eyes.

John sighed and turned around.

"Where are you going?"

"To get his clothes."

"Let me go too. I need to get stuff too. Mom, I'll go with him."

Jaegun and Jaeyn went away.

Myungja sat in the chair next to eh bed and said.

“I know you’re not sleeping.”

“....”

“Say something. How bad do you think he feels. Why are you so reactionless?”

“I’ll do better so don’t talk to me.”

“What if you had just stopped when he told you to. He’s doing well. He already got so many awards. His books are selling well? He comes up on the internet. Aren’t you proud? Why do you not like him?”

Myungja stood up. She didn’t really expect an answer.

Just then.

“It’s not that.”

Myungja stopped.

He was breathing heavily with his eyes closed. And his voice came out slowly.

“I don’t want to see Jaegun tirelessly writing. He doesn’t sleep or eat for 4 days to write. He smiles and cries in his own thoughts. He doesn’t listen. I screamed and told him to write while taking care of himself. But he doesn’t listen.”

“...”

Myungja sat back down.

He continued as he swallowed once.

“He became a writer even when I warned him. That summer, he didn’t come out of his room even once because he was writing.”

She nodded her head. She knew it too.

“Some days, I couldn’t sleep. So I got up pretending to go to the bathroom. And I looked at Jaegun’s room. And you know what I saw? He was bleeding from his nose but he was still typing.”

“....?”

“I knew then as a father. If this is a writer’s job, I’m not going to let him do that. What does it matter if you’re going to write

something for others but you can't help yourself?"

His face turned pale.

Myungja's hand was on his hand.

"That day, I hit him. I just had to. It hurts when I think of him. He's going to write like that forever. Probably yesterday, and today too if I didn't get hurt."

Myungja put her head on his chest.

Sukjae put his hand on her hair. It was the result of the years of age.

On Sunday, Bandi and Lunia had a lot of customers.

There was a place for one person just close to the entrance. It was the sign meeting for Writer Ha Jaegun.

'Phew, I'm nervous.'

Jaegun was looking at himself through the bathroom mirror. His clothes looked nice with a plain sweater and jeans. He wanted to look comfortable to the readers.

‘What if no one comes.’

Jongjin came in.

“Hey, It’s about to start. When are you going to be there?”

“So it’s not like no one came.”

“What. What’s that?”

“No, let’s go.”

Jaegun came out of the bathroom with Jongjin.

It felt good to be with Jongjin.

“Is there a problem?”

A 40s woman smiled at him and said. It was Segyung. It was the first time that he had actually seen her.

“No, I’m fine.”

“Sit down. It’s about to come on the announcements.”

“Jaegun, I’ll be over there.”

“Ah, yes...”

Jaegun sat down on his special place. The people were looking at him. It was so awkward for Jaegun.

“Um... you’re Pyung Cheon Yu, right?”

Jaegun lifted his head quickly.

A teen looking to be in college looked shyly at him.

“Ahah, yes. It’s right.”

“I’m sorry, I was wondering if you could sign this, too.”

The teen pulled out a book of Pegelon’s Magician. Jaegun smiled and nodded.

“Of course.”

“Ah, thank you. I thought you would only do Storm and Gale so I wasn’t sure if I should ask.”

“No this is mine too. What is your name?”

“Ah, Im Park Jusik.”

Jaegun signed carefully.

His practice paid off.

He didn't care that it wasn't Storm and Gale.

“Here.”

“Thank you writer. I'll be reading.”

“Yes, thank you.”

The teen was smiling to himself.

And he pulled out his phone and took a picture of the signature.
And went to twitter and posted it.

-ㅋㅋㅋ Pyung Cheon Yu. Got it signed. It was a Storm and Gale sign meeting but I got a sign with Pegelon's Magician. Haha

There were so many comments that couldn't all be read.

At the same time, the news spread through the many SNS users.

Not knowing this, Jaegun was only worried about getting embarrassed because no one would come.

Chapter 76

“The announcement is coming.”

Segyung said to Jaegun.

There wasn't music from the speaker.

Jaegun nervously nodded.

And then

The speaker broadcasted

Announcement. In 5 minutes, on the right side of the front entrance, there will be a signing from Ha Jaegun, the winner of the 31st Modern Teen Literary Contest, for the book Storm and Gale. One more time. In 5 minutes....

“Hm? What. A signing?”

A few people in front of Jaegun stopped and was listening.

And they realized that they were in front of the signing place and looked towards him.

“Who is that? Storm and Gale?”

“I don’t know.”

“Ah, let’s go. I’m hungry,”

“Ok, what?”

The people moved away, losing interest.

Jaegun didn’t really care too much, but Segyung smiled bitterly and said to him.

“Don’t worry.”

“Ah, yes. I’m fine.”

It felt weirder like this.

Jaegun sat down and looked down. It was better than to meet the glances of the people.

The time was moving.

About 10 minutes passed, he thought, and he looked up at the watch.

But it was only about 3 minutes.

‘I didn’t think this would happen...’

He didn’t care about how many people came. It would fine if it ended with that one person. He felt like that before this started.

But the problem was that time moved so slowly.

If this continued for a few hours with no one coming?

Seeing the glances of the people?

It was horror.

“Sign please.”

Jaegun looked up. He smiled happily.

“What’s up? I thought you had work?”

“I wanted to surprise you.”

It was Suhee. By her clothes, he could tell the coldness of the outside.

“Sign it.”

“Ah, ok.”

Jaegun signed carefully. He did it more carefully because it was Suhee. But the result was a mess.

“I’m sorry, I practiced...”

Suhee laughed as she check it.

“No, it’s cute. But you look nervous.”

“I’m a human. Ah, did you see Jongjin.”

“Oh, Jongjin. Hey.”

Suhee moved towards Jongjin. Her shoes made a sound on the ground.

Jaegun looked ahead of him. The presence of Suhee was giving him confidence.

“Hello. We want a sign please.”

Two girls came and pulled out Storm and Gale.

About 20 years old. It was a young face.

Jaegun asked.

“Thank you. What’s your name”

“Se Gisu.”

“I’m Jung Yehin. Oh and I’m your college junior.”

“Yes?”

“I’m a student in the literary department for Myunggyung University.”

The two girls laughed, looking at each other.

Jaegun stopped his signing and looked up surprised.

“Welcome. Wow, I will see you at orientation then.”

“Oh, really? Writer, you’re coming? To give a lecture?”

Jaegun answered with a shy smile and finished the sign. And added.

“I’ll see you then.”

“Yes... and oh! Can you take a picture with us?”

Jaegun turned around to Segyung. She smiled comfortably and said yes.

And then the two girls went next to Jaegun and took a picture.

“Thank you. You really write well. I brag about you alot.”

“No, he’s busy. We’ll leave. Good luck.”

“Yes, thank you.”

The two girls bowed to him and turned around.

Jaegun looked at them with proudness in his heart. It was the good feeling that he was a good senior for them.

“Hello.”

“Aha, yes, thank you.”

A few readers also came and got a sign. It was about 3-4 minutes per person, so it wasn’t huge.

‘Maybe there wasn’t enough advertising...?’

Segyung felt a bit worried.

It was already 30 minutes.

And there were only 11 people who came to get the book signed.

Jongin and Suhee was worrying as well. There were way too little people coming.

Just then.

‘Hm...?’

Suhee looked.

The girl that came out Jaegun felt familiar. She remembered that it was Jaegun’s previous editor. She saw her at Jaegun’s room.

“It’s nice to see you here.”

Jaegun was taking the book from her. He didn’t know that Somii would come as well,

“Of course. I’m a reader of yours.”

Somii smiled cutely and shook her body from side to side. She had a bun with her hair.

“Is it doing well?”

“Of course. My wrist already hurts. I forgot how much I signed from the 10th book.”

Somii laughed at that.

Next to her, a few teens came to him.

“Um...Writer Pyung Cheon Yu, could you sign this?”

“Me too.”

It was the Modern Rankings and the Pegelon’s Swordsman.

Jaegun signed. The teens couldn’t hide their joy.

“Somii, did you eat?”

Three more people came at that. They all pulled out the Ranking series.

“Could you sign this?”

“Of course. What’s your name?”

Jaegun told Somii to wait a bit with his glance.

But before that, more readers came.

“Ah thank you. Here. What’s your name?”

“Kim Jung Tek.”

More readers came behind those readers. And after that, more readers stood behind those.

There were already 10 people in the line.

‘Ah? What.’

Jaegun was surprised at the sudden increase, but he started to sign.

There was no Storm and Gale. They were all previous books he wrote with the name Pyung Cheon Yu

“Writer, here. Won’t you write more Pegelon?”

“When is the Ranking webtoon coming out? And could you sign all 10 books?”

“Writer, can you take a picture with me?”

Jaegun had no time to stop talking or writing.

He could feel the sweat dripping from his forehead and the stress from his hands and shoulders.

Chapter 77

“Ah, what is this? Jongjin.”

Suhee asked in surprise.

She went to the restroom and all of sudden, everything changed.

There were 30 people in the previously empty line.

“No idea. I think someone posted on Twitter.”

Jongjin said.

“On Twitter and Facebook, there’s news of a Pyung Cheon Yu signing meeting. I searched it up. They’re all Ranking books or Pegelon books.”

“I see, then I guess those genre readers are more active?”

“I don’t know. But it’s more like a Pyung Cheon Yu signing meeting.”

Jongjin laughed.

Suhee smiled as well.

Yet Segyung couldn't smile.

'This is awkward.'

She liked that the line was getting more attention. But it wasn't for Storm and Gale by Ha Jaegun.

But the line blew up again.

It was about 50 people now.

'I need to do something. Let's split the line.'

Segyung moved after a thought. There were people who wanted to get Storm and Gale signed. It was fair to get their books signed first.

"I believe we need to split the line."

Segyung said to him.'

Jaegun nodded without stopping his hand. Segyung went to the see the director.

'Phew... I'm thirsty.'

Jaegun wiped away his sweat.

There was no time to rest. The line had no intention of moving away.

“Writer Ha. Here take this.”

Somii brought a cold coffee. Jaegun smiled and reached out.

But it wasn’t coffee that he got but corn tea.

“If you drink coffee, it makes it worse. Here.”

Suhee said as she gave him it. She was smiling. Yet, she looked at Somii a bit suspiciously before turning normal.

“O, oh. I’m sorry. Writer.”

Somii greeted Suhee after putting the coffee down.

“Hello. I am Jung Somii that you saw before.”

“Yes, Hello.”

Suhee said in a sort of a cold voice.

That was it.

The two girls had no conversation between them.

Jaegun didn't have time to look at either one of them.

Jongjin ran quickly just then

“Hey, Jaegun. where’s your director. The line is all the way out of the front entrance.”

“What? Really?”

“The door’s just not open. There’s about 200 people. Twitter and facebook spread the news.

Jongjin said it. Suhee was taking off her coat. Her figure with the skinny one piece was very pretty.

“I’ll help.”

“Suhee? Are you ok?”

“I will. I’ll get interest back so don’t worry.”

Suhee smiled as she put her coat away.

Somii also put away her coat with a determined face.

“I’ll help too. I will try to turn the line right.”

“Ah I’m sorry. I’ll repay you.”

“No, I like this.”

Suhee and Somii both moved away in different directions.

Jongjin had no idea what to do when the director came back with one employee.

“Are you a friend of Writer Ha? Could you help us set this up?”

“Ah, of course. Here.”

Jongjin with Somii and Suhee had work.

The line continued.

The store employees in the genre section also became busy.

“Hey, do you have any more Modern Rankings?”

“Lee went to the storage. But the Pegelon series might run out.”

“What? Don’t you have 100 books? Crud. Give me everything, but call me.”

Pyung Cheon Yu’s books were selling fast.

The customers were choosing the books quickly.

The employees were busy putting the books back in place from the storage, replacing the taken ones.

About 1 hour from the meeting.

One picture came on the internet.

It was the picture of the line of the signing event.

-Ack. Pyung Cheon Yu signing event. Hahah. One loss to the Writer Ha Jaegun.

-I came to get the Storm and Gale signed, but the line was too long so I barely got it. The line was separated but it got split all of a sudden....

- I don't like it. Maybe they didn't realize that these many people might come. It's not the writer's fault but..

- Pyung Cheon Yu's novels are all gone in that store. There are no books. They can't sell it because they don't have anymore. ㅋㅋㅋㅋ

-Is everyone who says this in the store? I'm in the line too.

The attention was all coming to the event. The most attention went to the two girls helping the event out.

-I'm in the line. I was close so I came to get a sign. But the girl who is helping out the line, she's really pretty.

-Ah that, girl with the bun hair? I saw her. Really cute and pretty.

-Not that girl, but the one piece girl???

-I don't know what;; it's the bun girl and not the one piece but with skinny jeans and sneakers

-Nah, the brown one piece girl. The stocking is really great. ≡≡

-The two girls are different. Writer must know them.

-I just talked to the one piece girl. Wow, amazingly beautiful. Thought she was an actress. His girlfriend???

-What. ≡≡≡≡ Not about the signing event? I gotta go too.

-I'm going too. I want to see what this is all about.

-I think the bun girl is cuter. My favorite style.

Suhee and Somii didn't realize because they were helping out

with the event.

That they had turned out on SNS to be a hot searching word with ‘one piece girl’ and ‘bun girl,’

Chapter 78

So the first signing event of his life ended in a success.

It was more of a Pyung Cheon Yu than a Ha Jaegun signing event, but Jaegun was happy. Everyone was readers who read his books.

“Teacher Ha, Thank you.”

Segyung was happy as well.

About 1500 books were sold out during the event.

About 300 were Storm and Gale, and that was enough to make Segyung happy. It was the effect of Pyung Cheon Yu and ha Jaegun combined.

“Thank you for everyone who helped. I’m sorry for asking for such help.”

Segyung thanked the others.

Suhee and Somii and Jongjin, if it weren’t for them, this event would have been a fail. Everyone forgot to calculate the power of Jaegun’s fantasy novels.

“Then, Teacher Ha, I’ll see you on the radio. I’ll contact you as soon as the script is out.”

“Yes, Thank you.”

Jaegun and company went to a cafe after saying goodbye to Segyung.

Jongjin was talking to Somii about their businesses while Suhee was reading a book.

“Let’s eat. Somii too.”

Jaegun said as he wore a coat. It was all because of them. He needed to buy them something.

“I’m sorry, I have to go.”

Somii said in an apologetic tone.

“Our family came home today. I need to go back to meet them.”

“Ah, Really? If that’s the case, there’s no way out of it. But if you can eat quickly...”

Jaegun’s two eyes were filled with shame

Somii continued.

“I told them I was going to eat with them. I’ll eat next time...”

“Ok. I’ll buy you next time. Oh, and Writer Kang Minho and Writer Yang Hyeongyung really like their work.”

Somii smiled shyly.

The two books that Laugh Books were hosting. The pictures were her artwork.

She got about 500 dollars in total

It was a huge money for a young worker in a famous company. It was all because of Jaegun.

“The representative said too. He didn’t know that your drawing skills were this good when he was working at StarBooks.”

“Thanks for the compliments.”

“I’ll contact you if I have any more work. I think the representative feels it’s a bit weird to contact Somii who is in StarBooks for work.”

“I’m sorry, and thank you.”

Somii glanced at Jongjin and Suhee.

Thinking she wasted time, she bent her waist and said goodbye.

“Then have a nice dinner. I’ll go first.”

“Yes, Go in safely.”

Somii turned around and thought of what to eat.

It was a lie that her family came to visit.

She didn’t want to eat with the cold Suhee so she lied.

“Let’s go, what do you want to eat?”

Jaegun asked them

“How’s a mixed soup?”

“Yeah, it’s good. We ate it a lot at school.”

“I’m fine.”

The three people decided and went to find a store. Jaegun was wondering how to refuse when Jongjin asked him to drink. He couldn’t visit his father with a beer smell.

“How is it? It’s good?”

“Yes, I like it. It’s a good idea.”

Hyeongyung said as he looked down.

It was cheap gloves. The fingers part was cut off so his fingers stuck out.

“Where did you learn this?”

Hyeongyung’s mouth was breathing out cold air. Minho

answered.

“When I was working at the gas station. Our hands get cold in the winter.”

“You cut it like this at the gas station? Why at the gas station?”

“I have to give them their receipts. It’s sticky so it’s really hard to take it off with gloves.”

“Ahah. That’s really cool.”

Hyeongyung started to type again. It was the novel that he was working on. The novel didn’t get better, but he wasn’t as sad as before.

‘If it was just me, I would have given up a long time ago.’

He would have never gotten here if it weren’t for Jaegun and Minho.

He thought of it as he started working.

Just then

The door opened with a sound of someone pressing the password.

Seeing Jaegun, Minho and Hyeongyung smiled at him.

“Writer Ha, what’s up with no before call?”

“I had time left so I came here. I was going to work with the help of your energy.

Jaegun’s glance was heading towards the bathroom. There was the noise of someone taking a shower. It meant that there was someone else here.

Minho said to Jaegun.

“Someone else came.”

“Ahah, I see. Eat this.”

Jaegun pulled out a bag.

“It’s sushi. It’s for 4 people, so eat it well.”

“Writer Ha...”

“I ate. Oh, you can eat it with the writer that’s coming out of the shower.”

Jaegun put Rika down and sat on his seat.

Today was the Writer’s Night radio show

He was going to waste time by writing here.

“Writer Kang Minho, I’m sorry but could you look after Rika? I have to go somewhere.”

“I’m fine. I would actually like it. I write well with Rika for some reason.”

“Me too. Hahaha.”

Jaegun laughed and turned on the power.

He needed to think. He had finished the entire story of the Breathe and now he could think of a new novel.

‘I want to write something I want to write. Hm...’

He was thinking of what to write about without concerning

about genre.

It was a thought that he had since a week ago.

He came here because maybe a story would come up when he was talking to others.

Like he did with Dasul.

‘Why is Dasul so busy all of a sudden.’

After his dad’s accident, Dasul put up a lot of excuses saying that she couldn’t meet him. So Jaegun couldn’t meet Dasul since then.

“Ah, that’s good.”

The bathroom door opened and a woman’s voice came out.

“Hm?”

Jaegun was surprised and lifted his head up.

A young girl was coming out with a towel.

“Ah? A person came?”

“I said a lot of times? It’s Writer Ha Jaegun. Writer, this is Jang Eunyoung. She’s a year younger than me. A romance writer.”

“Aha, Hello. I’m Ha Jaegun.

“Jang Eunyoung. I’m sorry that I had to greet you like this. I’m reading the Breathe’s really well. You write very well.”

“Thank you.”

The two people shook hands.

Jaegun didn’t show it but he was surprised.

First, a girl came in.

And then from what Minho said, she was 34, but she looked like she was in her 20s. She was just a girl with beauty.

“Oh. What’s this? Sushi?”

“Ah, yes. I bought. You should eat.”

“Ah. If you thought I was going to say no, that’s wrong. I’ll eat well. Writer, you too. Hyeongyung, Minho, come on.”

Jaegun could see her personality with that. She was a very easy

person.

Jaegun sat back down in his spot and answered.

“I’ve eaten. You guys eat.”

The writers started to eat. Jaegun started thinking.

Nothing came up.

He couldn’t think of anything until the writers finished eating. The word document stayed empty.

“Wow, this is really funny.”

Eunyoung said baffled. In her monitor, there was a Japanese website.

“What is it? News?”

“It’s not the news. I was looking for things and just randomly found it. A schoolgirl killed herself and she was 4 months pregnant. The person who wrote this is her friend. The family didn’t want the baby, so the body just got burned.”

“Ah...! But the law is like that?”

Jaegun was listening to her story with shame

At such a young age. Giving up on life. How much would the parents hurt at that news?

Just then...

‘Hm..?!”

Chapter 79

A powerful energy came into Jaegun's mind.

It was the feeling when he had thought of Storm and Gale.

Jaegun looked like a madman as he thought of the story in his mind. His shaking ten fingers were moving up to the keyboard.

Tap! Tap!

Taptaptaptap!

Jaegun's laptop was waking up again.

His ten fingers started to move quickly throughout the laptop.

'This is it...! I'm going for this!'

Jaegun lightened up.

He wasn't going to miss anything.

'A bunch of students in college go a MT to meet with kids. A deep night, with a girl's scream, there's a situation that is believed to a sexual assault case...! There is a person who might be the criminal, but there is no evidence...! And the girl who screamed was a person

who wanted attention usually...! And then suddenly she just kills herself...!’

Tap!

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The keyboard was looking like it was going to break.

His fingers were moving so fast throughout the keyboard.

Looking at that, Minho warned Hyeongyang and Eunyoung.

“Writer Ha is writing. Let’s work.”

“Ok. I have to work too.”

The other writers shut their mouth and started writing.

Rika jumped up on the desk.

She sat right next to Jaegun.

And then Jaegun looked away from the keyboard and asked in his mind.

‘You know too, Rika. That I met the Muse. Good thing I came outside.’

Beep!

A phone rang in his pocket.

Jaegun pulled out his phone with an exasperated expression. He was just about to be working

But it was from Tewon so he had to take it.

“Yes, Representative.”

“Hello, is there anything going on?”

“Nothing. Are you ok?”

Jaegun was still typing with his attention on the monitor.

Tewon laughed.

“You’re writing right now. A new novel?”

“No, not yet. It’s just a draft so far.”

“Write while taking care of your health. You already got the Breathe in. You’re running too hard. Oh and Writer. I called to tell you.”

“Yes.”

Jaegun’s voice was quicker than usual because he was thinking.

Tewon also knew that Jaegun in a hurry so he continued.

“Do you need an office?”

“Office?”

Minho looked up at that.

Hyeongyung was also looking at Jaegun.

“Yes. if you get tired of writing at home, you can go out and write. Because of you, we can finally have a office for LaughBooks. I wanted to do something.”

“Ah. Yes.”

Jaegun put down his hands and put his attention to the call.

And then he looked around at the place he was it. He sighed

unconsciously.

“How is it?”

Tewon asked.

Jaegun turned around his chair.

Minho and Hyeongyung immediately turned around and pretended like they were typing.

Jaegun laughed without noise and answered.

“Representative. Must I use that for myself?”

“Yes? Not alone? What do you mean?”

“I mean that... wait.”

Jaegun stood up.

He went outside and continued in front of the villa.

“Writer Minho and Hyeongyung.”

“Ah...”

They had an office. But the villa and the background is a bit weird. Space is crowded. The temperature is hard to control.”

Jaegun said.

“I don’t know how big my office is going to be. I don’t really care where the location is.

“No, Writer Ha, the problem isn’t really the cost. Hm. Do you write a lot with them? Does it help for you to write with them?”

“Not daily, but I come here when I don’t have any ideas. New ideas come up when I’m with them and it might be better to write alone sometimes, but there is good things about writing together.”

Jaegun was serious. It helped them as it helped him.

And today, because of Eunyoung, he thought of a new story.

It wasn’t a bad idea to be with writers who had their future ahead of them.

“And it helps too. Each of us can be a surveillance for each other. There’s that.”

Tewon laughed a bit and said.

“I wanted to make an office towards Bucheon.”

“Ah, There. It’s pretty close.”

It was about 30 minutes by subway. If he took a car, it would be faster. The other writers would live there so they wouldn’t care.

“But it’s a bit too small for a lot of people to use. Of course, I could get a bigger one if we put more money. Except...”

Tewon said hesitantly

“I’ll say it because it’s to you. I don’t really care if you give me a project or not. You can use the office writing anything you want. And then if you make a good fantasy or martial arts, then I would like it if you would give it to me to host. This is the thought of me as a person and as the representative of LaughBooks.”

Jaegun was listening.

They had worked together for so long and suffered many things together. It would be just awkward to say thanks now.

“But the other writers, they’re different. I don’t know how their sequel will be. Do you understand?”

“Yes. Of course.”

Jaegun immediately understood his worries.

“What if as a condition of moving, they contract with Laughbook for a sequel.”

“A sequel?”

“If you make them a Laugh Books personal writer, they aren’t proven just yet so it would be awkward for both you and the writers. What if you can move them there as long as they are using

LaughBooks to service their books?”

“If you do so, that is great.”

“Ok. I’ll ask them.”

“I’m sorry. For such work.”

“I only have to say one thing. Then I’ll call you again. And I think Somii wants to work again as an illustrator. If you have anything, you should contact her.”

“Ok. I’ll call her as she leaves.”

“Yes, Good work.”

“You too. Thank you.”

Jaegun went back into the office.

As he came in, the office suddenly turned quiet.

Jaegun laughed inside and said.

“Everyone, do you have any intention of doing a sequel with LaughBooks?”

“Seq...uel?”

“LaughBooks said they would be able to make an office for a sequel. A large one.”

He didn't put any unnecessary details.

Minho and Hyeongyung were looking at each other. Eunyoung was also looking, listening to that.

“If you don't like it, I can't do anything. But if you could think about...”

“I'll do it!”

Minho answered as if he was shouting.

He wanted to contract with Laughbooks. He liked the representative, the marketing. Nothing was off for him.

“Me too. I'll follow anything.”

Hyeongyung continued

And with a bit of a silence, Eunyoung asked.

“Um for Laughs Books... do they accept romance or adult stories?”

“LaughBooks does anything. If writers are just able to work.”

Jaegun laughed and went back to their seat.

Eunyoung laughed with her hands on her cheeks. An office. She was about to shout in happiness.

“Then I’ll write as everyone understood.”

Jaegun put Rika on his leg and started to write again.

Looking at Jaegun going back to work, the writers started to write as well.

In the quiet office, there were only sounds of typing.

Chapter 80

“Good work Dojun.”

“The PD and the writers did the work. I’ll be going first.”

Park Dojun greeted them with a smiling face. When he went out, his face was wrinkled with stress.

‘I’m so tired.’

It was already over 8.

Because of a drama that he was filming, he had to be at the set by 3 am.

‘Too late to go home.’

8 years since his debut.

He debuted as a magazine model and he piled up skill and fame with small roles in dramas.

Last year was the first drama he had gotten a lead role in.

The drama went on to be a huge success and now he was molding from a simple star into a real actor.

Dojun went into the bathroom and went to the sink.

He looked at himself with his eyes while calling his manager with his other hand.

“Where are you? You went to get the tires fixed? Why is it breaking so much? Call me when you’re done. I’ll be resting. Ok.”

Dojun put the phone down next to the sink and washed his face with cold water.

It didn’t totally remove his sleepiness, but it helped. He pulled out paper towels, wiped his face, and started to walk out when he hit someone that was coming in.

“Ah, Fu...!”

He couldn’t finish the word. In front of Dojun with a furious face, Jaegun was picking up his script from the ground.

“I’m sorry.”

“... Watch where you’re going.”

Dojun said as he went past him.

Jaegun smiled bitterly at that.

It was his fault who didn't see where he was going. He moved away to the side, but the man still moved towards him.

'I think I saw him before tho. Is he an actor?';

He didn't watch the TV much. He didn't know unless it was a really famous actor.

'Ah, this?'

There was a phone next to the sink.

Thinking it was that man's, he picked it up and went outside of the bathroom. He was at the vending machine taking out a drink.

"Hello, Excuse me."

As Jaegun said, Dojun narrowed his eyes. He didn't want to talk to anyone. He was planning to rest until his manager came.

'I don't think he's in this business... Ah, I'm lazy.'

Probably waiting for a signature.

Dojun looked away hoping he would understood and leave.

Jaegun pulled out the phone and continued.

“Is this yours?”

“...?!”

Dojun lifted his waist with his eyes widened. His hands went towards his pockets.

“Ah, I must have left it...”

Dojun muttered as he got the phone back.

He had forgotten this. He must have been really tired.

“Thank you.”

“No problem.”

Jaegun, finished, went towards the vending machine. He didn't have any change and only had 10 dollars bill.

Seeing that, Dojun pulled out his own wallet.

“Are you going to eat?”

“Ah, it’s fine.”

“I have a lot of change. Just say it.”

“Then a coffee.”

Dojun put the money in and pressed the button.

He picked up the coffee and gave it to Jaegun.

“I’ll drink it well.”

“It’s nothing.”

There were 2 chairs next to the vending machine, looking at each other.

Jaegun sat on one.

Dojun sat on the other. He was trying to sleep, but his glance kept going to Jaegun.

“Hello.”

“Yes?”

“What do you do”

“I’m a writer.”

“For what program?”

“No, I’m not for producing shows. I write stories.”

“Ah, a novelist...”

Dojun looked at the air and nodded.

“Where are you going on?”

“Writer’s Night.”

“I see. There’s a program like that. But, do you not know me?”

It was the time to see if he was a real actor or not. Sensitive about these things, Dojun couldn’t wait and asked Jaegun.

Jaegun answered apologetically.

“I’m sorry. I think I’ve seen you but I don’t really know.”

“You don’t watch the TV.”

He said cheerfully, but he was a bit irritated.

Even though he didn’t watch the TV, how could he not know the person who had 5 commercials going on the air. And they looked about to be the same age.”

“Teacher Ha Jaegun. I think you have to standby.”

Segyung said looking for Jaegun. He nodded and said thanks to Dojun again.

“Thank you for the coffee. Excuse me.”

“It’s fine.”

Dojun sniffed slightly looking at Jaegun moving away.

He didn’t understand what kind of writer he was to deserve being called a teacher at such a young age.

Beep!

The phone that Jaegun got back rung.

It was the manager, so he pulled himself but. His two long legs

with his over 6 feet body went towards the elevator.

Chapter 81

“I’m sorry, Dojun, I’m a bit late.”

A manager in his 30s quickly opened the back door for him. He was waiting in the basement parking lot.

Dojun got in and laid down.

“Can you turn on the radio.”

“Isn’t it better to get a bit of sleep while you’re going?”

“If it’s too quiet. I can’t sleep. Let me listen to it as a lullaby.”

The manager turned on the radio.

There was loud pop music coming out of the speaker. Seeing the Dojun’s wrinkled face, the manager turned down the noise.

“Is this good?”

“I think that’s fine.”

The car went out of the parking lot.

The road was a quiet one.

The manager drove with a steady speed.

“Ah wait! Do you know Writer’s Night?”

Dojun asked as they went into a toll gate.

The manager nodded his head and answered.

“I know. It’s Writer Park’s show. The show must have started a few minutes ago. There aren’t not many views, so there’s a lot of worries.”

“Could you turn it on.”

The manager was surprised.

It was about one year since he got this job

Dojun wasn’t a person who like shows like Writer’s Night, But he followed his orders and changed the show.

- ... As the winner of the Modern Literary Teen Contest, you had a signing meeting just recently right? Do you have anything that you remember memorable?

The female's clear voice came out.

The manager turned the volume up.

Dojun listened with his eyes closed.

I'm surprised with the amount of people here today. There's a lot of individuals who wanted to see Pyung Cheon Yu instead of Ha Jaegun.

Yes. It means that there's a lot of fans of your genre novels. Do you think that the readers combined?

I think so. The person who directed the signing meeting was also surprised at some individuals.

The person who is sitting outside the booth right now? Hahaha. You must have been surprised. About 1500 books got sold during that time. Storm and Gale got 300 books as well. As a newcomer, I think that's a great result. What do you think?

I can't say anything other than thanks to the readers

'Hm, idiot.'

Dojun thought.

He thought of his girlfriend who liked books and called her.

-Hm, yeah.

“Where are you?

- I finished dancing practice, and I’m at the horse. I was about to call. Are you going to Gangwon Do? Tired?

“The same as you. Chelyn, do you know a writer called Ha Jaegun?

-Ha Jaegun? What novel?

“I’ve heard it’s Storm and Gale? The winner of the Modern Literary Teen Contest?

-I’m not sure? Hm... Ha Jaegun? OH! Yeah. The writer of a Dumb Woman? I was reading it on the car, and you asked me why I was reading a book with such a stupid title.

“I think so.”

-It’s probably right. Um, I covered in sweat. Can I call you after I shower?

“OK.”

Dojun searched up Ha Jaegun on Navin.

His projects were coming up in the profile picture.

A Dumb Woman was also there with Storm and Gale.

‘There’s an electronic book.’

Since his girlfriend knew him too, he was interested.

Dojun bought the book and pulled it up. But before he read the 10th line on the first page, he couldn’t resist his fatigue and fell asleep.

The radio was heading towards its end.

There were many people who were watching. His dad, his mom, and his sister, Suhee, Jongjin and Somii as well.

Everyone wasn’t sleeping and was listening.

All people who were close to Jaegun.

Of course, there were others.

The son of the representative of Eunsung Publishing Group and editor Myungsuk was also listening in the study.

‘And amazing person.’

A genre writer who came out of the sky.

Taking the Digital Literary Contest and the Modern Literary Teen Contest. A star rookie.

It was Myungsuk’s thoughts.

‘It’s hard to write pure literary novels when you’re used to genre novels...’

There were others connections.

Since Storm and Gale were published with Eunsung Publishing Group’s brand Sky Sam so he was a writer that Myungsuk had an interest in.

‘Phew...’

Myungsuk drank a sip of coffee.

He couldn't stop the pain in his head. He was worried about one thing.

A brand with a mystery/horror novel was in planning, but he didn't have any projects to release.

'Everyone is just...'

On Myungsuk's desk, there were many drafts of many writers. About 20 projects.

All of them, in Myungsuk's eyes, were trash.

'They send this saying it's writing, what do they think? Do they think their name is amazing? These idiots who live off of winning just a few awards.'

Myungsuk got angry and ripped up the drafts.

The drafts that many writers took days to work on dropped on the ground in rips.

Just then, a last question from the female radio announcer came into his ear.

-When do you think we can see your next work?

-It's in planning. Just today, no yesterday because it's after midnight, yesterday, I thought of a story. It's about 10 hours since then.

-I see. What is it about?

-I'm not trying to hide, but I can't answer it because I don't know for sure. One thing I can tell is, I think it will be a mystery novel to find out why the college girl killed herself.

'Hm?'

Myungsuk widened his eyes.

He heard it. Jaegun said a mystery in his show.

'A mystery...?'

Only a few seconds of disbelief.

It wasn't impossible for a writer like Jaegun to write a mystery.

'I don't know, but it might be interesting to see.'

There was a good probability that JAegun might write something good as a mystery.

Anyway, Writer's Night ended with the ending song playing.

Myungsuk turned it off and thought to himself.

If Jaegun wrote something great as a mystery, he was going to get a contract.

It was easy for the publishing company to market such a rookie like Jaegun as well.

Costs would be decreased, and readers would love the rookie as well.

'I'm worried about Myunghoon, but this is a business.'

Myungsuk took his phone and added a line in tomorrow's schedule.

It was a meeting with Writer Ha Jaegun for talks about the mystery novel

Chapter 82

“Why is everyone coming to visit me?”

Sukjae wrinkled his face when he saw his son.

Jaegun answered as he put down the box of juice

“Eat one after you eat food.”

“Why did you buy so much? I have so much to eat. It’s better to move. Do you think I can stand up because I’m so full.”

“Dad, what are you talking about. You can’t even walk yet. Ah, you know you like it. I know you listened to the radio yesterday.”

“Stop talking about useless things. You and your mom forced a sleeping person to listen. Ugh so irritating. I can’t see the TV. Move.”

Jaegun moved while smiling slightly.

Sukjae was looking at TV show that he never watched. Jaeyn laughed at that.

“Ah, I need to go home. I need to bring dad’s clothes.”

“I’ll go. You stay.”

“Just go together ok?”

Sukjae said, but the two siblings didn’t respond. Jaegun went outside, and Jaeyn started to cut an apple

“Is that your son?”

A woman in her 50s asked from beside.

She was another patient like Sukjae who had one leg fractured. She came here a lot and chatted a lot.

“Yes.”

Sukjae just looked at her slightly to be polite. He had no intention of trying to talk with her. She talked to him, but they were all statements bragging about her family

“You know, the economy isn’t very good... it’s hard to get a job.”

He already knew about the things she talked about. She thought Jaegun was unemployed. He knew because of experience.

Sukjae didn’t respond and only looked at the TV. But the woman, like always, was continuing.

“But then, my son is pretty lucky. When he graduated, he went into HG, and he’s staying there well for three years. It’s hard to even to get into such a big company, but it’s harder to survive there. I’m proud but really worried.”

“I see.”

Sukjae responded dryly. It was her power to talk about things without anyone to talk to.

Then she even asked him a question.

“How old is your son?”

“He’s 28.”

“Ah, I see. He’s one year younger than my son. Then he’s not a student. Sigh, it’s hard to live. I don’t know when the economy is going to get better.”

Sukjae stayed silent, but Jaeyn was different.

She answered while cutting the apples.

“I see. My brother is a writer, so good thing it doesn’t affect him that much.”

“Writer? A novelist?”

“Yes.”

The woman sighed heavily.

“An amazing thing. Sigh, a writer is a hard job to live unless your a top one. Isn’t it?”

Jaeyn knew that she was slightly insulting her

Listening, her words were very insensitive

“As my son, I think his salary is about 50,000? I mean that’s good enough since he’s alone. How much is your brother’s salary? Nothing else but... haha, I’m curious of what young people make. I don’t know if my son is earning well. Is 50,000 enough?”

“I don’t know. My brother earns about 2 million.”

The woman’s smiling face froze.

Jaeyn gave an apple to Sukjae.

“2 million....? His salary is ... 2 million?”

“Not salary, but monthly.”

“Mo, monthly...?”

“He’s a writer, so it’s a bit awkward to say salary. Seeing the money that comes in from the projects every month, it’s about that much. I’ll be back after seeing a nurse.

Jaeyn left answering like it was nothing.

To the shocked woman, Sukaje asked while giving his apple dish.

“Do you want one?”

TL - REKTTTTTED!!!!

“I brought all the clothes, ah yes.”

Jaegun turned around as he was about to leave the house.

He was about to bring a few books for his dad.

‘I’ve haven’t been in here in awhile.’

It was his dad’s study and his storage room. Since he wasn’t in a good relationship with his dad, he wasn’t here for a few years.

There were so many things in one corner.

In one wall, books were stacked up to the ceiling.

They were all his dad’s book.

‘Wow, my dad read Japanese novels?’

Jaegun pulled up a book in interest.

As he looked at the book, he leaned against a wall.

But it wasn’t a wall but was a pile of books.

“ACKK!”

The books fell apart.

When Jaegun moved his arms from his eyes, the room was filled with books.

“To make this mistake...”

He bent to lift up the books.

He saw a box that was hidden in a corner.

The box was open.

“...!”

Seeing the things inside the box, Jaegun froze in place.

Chapter 83

‘How is this here...?’

In the box were Jaegun’s debut fantasy novels.

The unfortunate novels that got ended quickly.

The painful novels that he didn’t even want to think of were discovered in his dad’s closet.

Jaegun opened the entrance of the box. All the books were in there.

Not just them either.

All the books, even the two series that he made before the hit Ranking series, were there. The only ones that were not there were the 90s Child and the Breathe that weren’t made into paper books.

“Ha...,”

Jaegun sighed.

Jaegun picked up his debut book with one hand.

It was obviously read. The pages had signs of a person carefully

reading them.

The last page.

-Jaegun's first project.

I don't know why, but it got ended at the good part.

His dad's writing filled his eyes.

Jaegun bit his lip and looked at the other books.

As he expected, all of them had his dad's writing.

-Jaegun's second project.

It seems like he was less stressed than the first one.

-Jaegun's third project

It's really good, but maybe it's too dark for the readers?

-Jaegun's fourth project.

Like my son, he finally uprises.

-Jaegun's fifth project.

It's good to hear from my son by my wife and daughter, but I don't know if I should laugh comfortably or not.

They were books that were not published either

The drafts that he wrote in college were all there. It was the draft that he had ripped and stuffed in the trash can. The drafts that should have been ripped were taped together.

Jaegun closed his eyes and sniffed.

He tried to press down his emotions.

If any tears came out, he would feel like such an idiot for being so distance from his dad.

In the time he was pressing his emotions, he saw another one. A bank account.

Why?

“Ha....Ha....Ha.....”

Jaegun kneeled as he opened the bank account.

It was money that his dad had saved up for him

There was a memo as well.

-Gonna be given at age 30

Since the first month seven years ago, 150 dollars were inputted every month. His dad's mind continued until just last year's summer.

The first month of his hit novel.

Beep! Beep!

Jaeyn called him

He couldn't pick it up, though.

The only voice that he had was a crying one.

He kneeled and put his head down on the ground. His tears flowed quickly and dripped on his dad's study.

“Somii, are you done? Let’s go eat.”

“Yes, Lee”

Somii turned off the monitor. She stood up, turned around and shivered slightly.

The editor was right in front of her.

“What did you say?”

“I don’t...”

“What you called Assistant Manager Lee.”

He looked down at her.

Somii stayed silent awkwardly as she stood.

“Editor, it’s because I told her to call her by my name...”

“Is this work?”

“Yes?”

“Did you come here to work? You have to keep society rules in society. It’s easy to break the workplace. You know?”

Somii put his head down.

Thinking that Assistant Manager Lee was getting chewed out as well, she didn’t know what to do.

“I’ll keep it in mind.”

She answered quietly.

Kyunguk laughed slightly and added looking at Somii.

“And also, are you not the bun girl today?”

Somii only stood quietly.

As the nickname grew, Kyunguk mentioned it many times to make fun of it.

It was probably Go who told him, Somii and Lee thought.

“Hey, let’s go eat, Go.”

“Yes, editor. Let’s go.”

Kyunguk stood up and left. And then when they couldn’t be heard, Lee went over to Somii.

“Are you ok?”

“I’m sorry, for me...”

“I’m sorry. It’s my fault. I didn’t know he would be like that. An idiot.”

Lee said as she rubbed Somii’s back.

Somii forced a smile. If it weren’t for Lee, she would have cried.

“How’s Albap?”

“I’m fine.”

The two people went to a restaurant and ordered. Lee said as she poured water.

“Men are idiots. Don’t worry.”

“...”

“It’s hard, right? He’s worse on you in particular. Maybe because of the hatred for Writer Ha. He became quiet after he’s gone towards me.”

Somii lightened up.

“The editor went for Assistant Lee?”

“Call me Lee because we’re outside. Yeah... but he asked me to eat lunch with me a lot, and he got reprimanded.

Lee continued.

“There was a time when he called at 11. It’s so hard being an editor, so I had a drink? He asked if I can come out. Am I crazy? I rejected him.”

Somii's phone rang from a message

Somii brightened as she looked at her phone

It was from Jaegun.

-Writer Jang Eunyoung likes the picture. You're eating, right?
Have a nice lunch.

"It's Writer Ha, right?"

Lee asked mischievously.

Somii brightened red and asked.

"How?"

"Look at you. You were dying of happiness. Dying. What is it?"

"Ah, just that he liked the picture."

Lee was the only one in StarBooks who knew about Somii's other job.

Also, Somii only knew that Lee worked at another place on the weekends.

“Yeah. Earn while you’re earning. It’s not like it’s hurting you.”

The food came out.

Lee quickly tried to mix the rice together.

Somii before eating sent a reply to Jaegun.

She revised it many times because she was worried that it might be a bit too much.

-It's all because of you, Writer Ha ^^ You should eat lunch well and be careful of the cold. Contact me anytime you have anything going on. Fighting!

Chapter 84

-It's all because of you, Writer Ha ^^ You should eat lunch well and be careful of the cold. Contact me anytime you have anything going on. Fighting!

Jaegun checked the message and put his phone back in his pocket.

It was the hospital. His sister went and his mom had work so he was here since morning.

'It's time to eat.

Jaegun stood up. He was writing. His face was confused. He had way too many things he didn't know.

'I don't know anything...'

Mystery. It might have been a mistake to write mystery.

Crime, and police. He didn't know anything in that section.

It was hard to write about something he didn't know about. It was just so uninteresting even as he looked at it.

'How do I fix this? I should ask the local police station? Or somewhere else?

When he went back to the room, his dad was already eating.

Jaegun quickly went over.

“I’m sorry, I was going to eat.

“Does it get any better if you bring it?”

“Eat quickly before it cools.”

“What about you?”

“I got a hamburger and ramen/”

Sukjae wrinkled his face.

“You should eat. What is that? “

“I’ve eaten too much. I’ll come back quickly.”

Jaegun quickly went over to the other room and poured hot water on the ramen.

His dad hadn’t eaten at all.

“Why are you not eating?”

“I’ going to.”

He finally picked up his spoon.

Jaegun realized that his dad wanted to eat with him. He smiled as he sat next to him

“Is it not going well?”

His dad asked suddenly.

Jaegun lifted his head as he was eating.

How did he know?

What is it?”

“Ah, it’s a mystery.”

“Mystery? Are you writing that?”

“I’m challenging myself.”

Sukjae’s face was filled with respect for a split second.

But Jaegun didn't notice it because it was so quick

Sukaje continued calmly.

"What is it about?"

"Hm. It's about... One girl goes to a MT and she was sexually assaulted. And then she commits suicide..."

Jaegun quickly said/

Sukaje was listening. It was a conversation as a reader not as a father.

"...but there's so many things. I don't know about law. And it's weird to keep looking it up. And there's so many questions."

Jaegun swallowed.

"I want to meet someone in this section, but there isn't anyone. I'm going to go to a local police station. Maybe the officers would help me a bit if I bought them something."

Jaegun said jokingly. Sukjae smiled very slightly.

"Wow, You are eating nicely together?"

Myungja came in the room smiling. Sukaje, embarrassed, waved Jaegun off.

“You should go.”

“I can stay.”

“Ah, just leave. It’s weird with you here.”

“Ok. Then I’ll come back.”

“Don’t come back.”

Jaegun left the room

Sukjae quickly picked up his phone after his son left and looked at his contact list.

“Where?”

“Somewhere.”

He wanted to help his son write. Even if he wanted to, there was no way to help. But now, Sukjae had an answer to that.

Sukaje called when he found the number. And then after a ring, his college colleague picked up.

-Who is this? Isn't this Ha Sukaje!

“Are you comfortable now. Retired and all.

-Comfortable? I have to go work and stuff. It's so weird being stuck at home after I've worked for so long. It's so boring. Ahhhh!

“Haha, I see. That's weird.”

-Whatever, when are we going to have a drink? Right?

Sukaje coughed slightly and ignoring the glance from Myungja, he said to his phone.

“Hey, Can you help my son?”

Chapter 85

Jaegun turned the handle as he was heading towards his one room.

“This fast? I thought it would have took at least a few week. Ah, I’ll go. I’m coming.”

Jaegun stopped the car and reinserted the directions in his navigation. The road didn’t have much traffic so it wouldn’t take much time.

Jaegun turned on the new audio story that he had bought.

It was a habit that he had recently gotten.

‘Here.’

Listening to the audio, he arrived faster than he expected. The office was in his eyes. Jaegun’s flew into the parking lot.

“Yes, I’m here. 1601? I’m coming.”

“Ah, Writer HA!”

Eunyoung shouted as she saw Jaegun. And then Hyeongyang and Minho looked as well.

“You’re early, Writer Ha.”

“There wasn’t traffic. Wow, the office is really big and good. There won’t be any difficulties in living here.”

Jaegun’s words weren’t completely false.

The office was definitely larger and bigger than he had thought of. Everything including the refrigerator, washing machine, etc. were there.

Jaegun looked throughout the room simply.

There were 3 rooms next to the kitchen. One bathroom in the middle and one in the small room.

“Eunyoung should have to use the big room.”

Jaegun said as he toured the big room. Eunyoung tilted her head in wonder.

Jaegun replied back.

“You’re a girl so it would be best for you to use the room with the bathroom.”

“No, Writer. You don’t have to give me female special deals.”

“I’m uncomfortable.”

Minho jumped in as he was setting his laptop up.

“Hyonegyung and I am used to using the bathroom messy, but you’re too clean. It’s too tiring when I have to clean it everytime I take a shower.”

“Wow, Oppa, If someone heard that, they would think I’m a complete nagger. You know I don’t care?”

Eunyoung pouted.

Everyone laughed at that. And then Hyeongyung said as he pulled out a drink from the frig.

“We don’t know if more female writers will be coming. So use it until someone comes it/ Right?”

“Can I...”

Eunyoung couldn’t erase the feeling of sorriness in her face.

Her two eyes were looking at the office. It was the first time she had seen something good like this. Her writer life wasn’t as

plentiful. Her life with her ex-husband was definitely not plentiful.

“So that’s that?”

Jaegun went to eh balcony.

He could see the far people below him. It was so tall.

‘He picked well, well he is that type of person.’

It was way different than the office that was in the basement. It was like a 30 year old bathroom changed into a 24 hour sauna.

What would it feel like.

Jaegun smiled as he looked forward to writing.

Then a hand came up on his shoulder

“Ah, Representative.”

Tewon was standing right behind him.

“How is it? It is good?”

“It’s not just good. If I write here, I’m gonna pull out bestsellers”

“It’s goold that you like it. Tell me if you need anything. And also... this is your office, remember?”

Tewon lowered his voice and said jokingly.

Jaegun only nodded his head embarrassedly.

Just then.

“Wow, Writer Ha is on the top list of Navin again.”

Eunyoung muttered.

Her eyes were looking at her phone

“What is it?”

Hyeongyung went over with curious eyes. Eunyoung answered as she showed her phone.

“Apple Tea Cheylin must have read Writer Ha’s Storm and AGale. She said it was good on twitter?”

“Wow...! Cheylin?!”

Hyeongyung couldn't close her eyes. Jaegun was only standing there because he didn't know who Apple Tea was."

"Writer Ha, you don't know who Apple Tea is?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

Jaegun answered.

He presumed it wasn't a drink name.

"How do you not know? Even if you don't watch Tv. there's the hottest girl group around."

"Girl group?"

"Yes, Cheylin is the leader and her hobby is reading. She was a literary major, but is on hiatus because of her girl group activities. You should search her up."

Hyeongyung said.

Jaegun searched her up feeling he was out of this generation.

4. **Cheylin Storm and Gale**

5. Ha Jaegun

6. Modern Teen Literary Contest Storm and Gale

7. Apple Tea Cheylin Recommendations.

It wasn't 1st, but 4-7 was filled with Jaegun.

Jaegun was surprised but happy as well.

It was a weird coincidence..

Out of all the writers and the projects, she picked his book.

'It increased again.;

Jaegun looked on twitter.

His twitter followers number which was about 60,000 increased to over 70,000. And there were so many tweets.

It was the people who came from the tweet link.

Jaegun searched up Cheylin on Navin. It was a face that he had seen before. Cheylin was pretty as all the girl celebrities.

“You must be happy. Being recommended by a girl group leader.”

Tewon smiled as he said

Jaegun only shook his head.

“It’s nice, but it’s weird. Maybe she heard Writer’s Night?”

“It doesn’t have to be that. It’s the Modern Literary Contest. If she reads usually, she would have taken interest. This is going to help your sales. Ah!”

Tewon continued.

“You should invite people over. Your office. All the writers are here, what do you feel like?”

“I’m fine. I’ll buy since I got recommended. Tell me if you want anything.”

But just then a call came.

Jaegun smiled as he looked at his phone.

It was a call from Dasul.

Chapter 86

“Hello.”

“Writer Oppa, what are you doing?”

“I had something to do, so I’m here at Buchun. Why is it so hard to see you? Are you busy?”

Jaegun went outside to the hallway. Dasul’s calm voice was riding the wireless line.

“I had work. Writer, how is your dad?”

“I told you. He’s better.”

“That’s good. I prayed for him.”

“You did? It must be because of you.”

“Haha.”

Silence came after the laugh.

Jaegun said carefully.

“When are you open? Don’t you want to get my first sign?”

“Of course. That’s why I called. Is today ok?”

“To...day? Yeah.”

Jaegun looked inside and made a quick decision.

It was a strange feeling.

A bad feeling that if it wasn’t for today, he wouldn’t be able to see Dasul anymore.

“Over at Hove karaoke? What time do you want?”

“About 5?”

“Ok, I get it. See you later.”

Jaegun apologized to the writers and left the office.

He turned on the engine and looked at the drawer on the passenger seat. The Storm and Gale that he signed first was still there.

Jaegun started to drive.

Before Jaegun, Dasul was already drinking. It was the place that they had drunk the first time. It was a simple place.

Jaegun's twitter was on her phone. It was Dasul who felt that Jaegun was completely distant from her as he had gotten a recommendation from a girl group leader.

She sighed heavily.

It was shameful for her to admit that she couldn't break off the temptation to see Jaegun once more. She had already drunk half a bottle.

Beep!

Her phone vibrated.

Dasul picked up.

"Hm, yeah. No. I already sent my bags yesterday. Yeah. There really wasn't anything left. Hm yea. Ah, I'll call later."

Dasul quickly turned off her phone when she saw Jaegun.

There weren't many people so Jaegun saw Dasul and came forward.

"You were drinking already?"

"I was bored. Did I tell you to come late?"

"I'm late? It's 4:50."

"It's a joke. Get a drink. I didn't order because I wanted to eat with you."

Jaegun ordered something else.

Dasul already drank another cup. There was no time to stop.

"What happened? Something happen?"

"What? I just wanted to drink. You too."

Dasul smiled and drank another cup. There was no confidence in her to say what she wanted to say.

Her vision blurred from the drinks.

Jaegun's figure that she wanted to keep in her mind was losing focus.

Finally, Dasul became drunk so quickly.

“Ah, Dasul?”

Jaegun stood up quickly and took a hold of Dasul. Only 30 minutes passed and she was already like this. He should have stopped her.

“Stand up. Not today. I’ll take you.”

Dasul lifted her head up.

Drawing a circle on Jaegun’s cheeks, she smiled.

“Take me? Where?”

“Home? I’ll take you. Let’s go.”

“I don’t have a home?”

Jaegun stopped and looked at her.

Her face was smiling, but it wasn’t a happy one. As a writer who was good at telling these things, he could tell; she was filled with sadness.

“I don’t have a home, Writer oppa.”

Dasul muttered and dropped her head.

Jaegun pulled her towards him and put her head on his chest.

He couldn’t feel any motion.

‘This is bad.’

It was a long distance from where he put his car.

Jaegun sighed and looked outside. He could see a motel on the other side of the road.

‘That might be better. I’ll take her there.’

There was nothing better.

He had no other place to take her.

Jaegun ordered and put Dasul on her back. She was lighter than he thought and it was good that she didn’t have a skirt. But people still looked at them

Jaegun went in the motel.

“Hello.”

“How much is it?”

“If it’s for once, it’s 61 dollars.”

Jaegun got a one time pass. He went towards the elevator to press the button and get on the 2nd floor. But after a while, an employee told him.

“This is the 2nd floor. The 1st is on the parking lot.”

If he had told him earlier.

It was tiring. Jaegun said to himself that he was going to work out and turned around. Dasul’s breath was tickling his ears.

‘Sigh... is this right?’

Jaegun opened the door as he arrived.

As he put his card in, he turned on the light.

It was a small room.

Smaller than Jaegun's one room.

A bed and a table filled one half of the room. A TV and a refrigerator were there as well.

Jaegun sat on the bed and put Dasul on her back. And then she put a pillow on her head and put a blanket on her.

'Maybe I should get her a hot drink.'

Dasul was sighing like she was in pain. Jaegun didn't know what to do. He couldn't leave her like this.

'I'll buy her something to eat after she wakes up.'

'It's gonna hurt when she wakes up.'

There were only cold drinks in the refrigerator.

But Jaegun couldn't leave.

Dasul had lifted herself up and was pulling him closer.

Before Jaegun could turn around, she whispered.

"Don't go."

“I’m not. I’m just going to get something to eat....”

“I don’t need anything, so don’t go...”

Dasul clasped her hands together like she wasn’t going to let go.

Jaegun only swallowed.

“...!”

Dasul’s breath was hot and wet. He could feel that it was her tears. He could tell something happened to her.

“I get it.”

Jaegun was going to stay until she slept. He was going to wait until tomorrow to ask.

“I’m not going so just lie down.”

Jaegun turned around and looked at her.

Her eyes were wet with tears.

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t you dare leave. And don’t look at my face. It’s embarrassing.”

Dasul covered her face. And then started to shiver.

Her tears were covering past her hands.

All Jaegun could do was listen to her cry.

Chapter 87 – Keep Barking (3)

“My apologies. I just received a request and am unable to focus on the manuscript. When I have some time, I will contact you. OK. Have a good day.”

His cell phone went off again as soon as he hung up the call.

He was about to share some ramen with Jeongjin. Due to constant phone interruptions, Jaegun was not even able to touch his food.

“Hello? Ah, yes..... Lecture? I am really sorry, but delivering a lecture is very difficult at this time. Also, there is a lot to prepare for it.”

While Jaegun was on the phone, Jeongjin had finished his ramen and placed the dirty dishes into the sink.

Jaegun’s ramen has become cold and expanded like that of woo-dong noodles.

“Sorry Jeongjin. I can’t believe I am being flooded with all these phone-calls at once.”

Finally hanging up the phone, Jaegun said with a sigh.

“I really think that I need to change my cell phone number.”

“Has your number been hacked somehow?”

“That’s the question I’ve been wanting to ask myself. Email is even worse.”

After the start of mass advertisement campaign for ‘Summer of a 20 year old’, the incoming call volume has increased greatly.

Most of the calls were manuscript requests for short and full-length novels, while many others were requests for lectures from business enterprises or government organizations.

Certainly, it feels great to have many people recognize your abilities by asking to work on their projects.

However, it is impossible to accept so many requests by only just a single person.

Most of all, Jaegun was fatigued.

He had exhausted all his energy to the writing of ‘Summer of a 20 year old’.

He is still reeling from the pain around the neck and wrist areas along with physical and mental fatigue.

“Try to take on a few good lecturing opportunities, if you can.”

Jeongjin said, returning to his seat.

“They are offering several thousand dollars for a few hours of lecture, why would you turn it down? If I were you, I would do it in a heartbeat. It is my month’s salary for a day’s work.”

“I found it challenging to deliver even an orientation lecture to incoming freshmen. My energy is fully depleted after writing ‘Summer of a 20 year old’. I must take it easy for a while.”

Jaegun picked up some ramen with chopsticks.

Fully expanded, the noodles broke off and fell back into the bowl before even reaching his mouth.

Jeongjin snatched away the bowl and dumped the entire content into the sink.

“They are still good to eat, why waste them?”

“Don’t be a poor ridiculous man. You can always cook a fresh package of ramen noodles. Actually, the problem isn’t the ramen.....”

Before finishing his thoughts, Jeongjin clicked his tongue in disbelief while scanning the small one room studio.

“You have made so much money, yet why do you live in this tiny, one room, rat hole? Please move.”

“This place is fine for me.”

“You are one thing, but are you not concerned about how cramped Lika would feel?”

“I don’t have a big chunk of money for that at this time. Money is almost all spent on the single residency in Soowon. I was planning to save up royalties from now on.”

“So, go tour the lecturing circuit.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to write again after a hiatus.”

“Sure. Do as you please. Anyway, I guess you are content being a popular author, who is sharing a bowl of ramen noodles in a tiny studio.....!”

Today is the book signing day to celebrate the publishing of ‘Summer of a 20 year old’. This was also the reason for Jeongjin’s visit today. Coincidentally, today’s book signing will occur at the main store of Bandy and Lunia, as it was for the signing of ‘Raging Storm’.

“Hey, just get dressed.”

Jeongjin said as he placed a pot of water on to the electric range. Unlike Jeongjin's formal attire, Jaegun was still in his scruffy sweat pants and shirt.

Jaegun said casually, as he looked on Jeongjin, who was unsealing a fresh package of ramen noodles.

“Thanks.”

“You owe me \$100.00 for cooking you a ramen.”

“Besides that, thanks for coming by today.”

“It was my day off and I had nothing else to do. Stop jiving and get dressed.”

“OK”

Jaegun took off his sweats and put on fashionable formal wears that were on the hangers.

They were Jane's presents. Jaegun wanted to wear jeans and comfortable shirt. But, he couldn't ignore Jane's kind gesture.

“That's not stylish at all.”

Jeongjin threw a light joke, after watching Jaegun sitting on the

floor and attacking his ramen noodles in his formal wears.

Taking a short pause from sucking up the ramen noodles off of the pot cover, Jaegun broke out into a chuckling laughter.

“Chaerin, stop reading and get some shut eyes.”

“I am fine. I had over 5 hours of sleep yesterday. I’m off until tomorrow for personal reasons, so I’m okay.”

In a spacious rear seat of a darting van.

Chaerin was in the most relaxed posture of all as she was reading ‘Summer of a 20 year old’.

After preordering the book, she had already read beyond the half way point.

“Wow, this author’s writing is really entertaining.....”

Chaerin murmured with admiration.

Even though she has become the leader of a top three girl group in the country, her love for reading has not been diminished. She loved to read and write to begin with. Majoring in Korean

Literature was also her own decision.

“I wonder how much writing one has to do to reach this mastery level of writing.”

The manager had never had any interests in books. Although he gave an apathetic look over his shoulders, he said nothing.

“O-ppa, when you get a chance, you should try to read this book. This author’s writing is amazing.”

“I am in the same camp with Dojoon. As soon as I open a book, I get sleepy. It will lead to an accident.”

“Always excuses.”

Feeling some stiffness in her wrists, she put down the book and repositioned herself. Then she searched for Jaegun Ha’s name on her cell phone.

She murmured while reading the profile that she had casually scanned over in prior times.

“Graduate of Myung Kyung University of Arts. I wanted to go there in the past.”

She clicked on the profile, moving over her finger that was well manicured and colored in red.

Up came on Jaegun's twitter page and filled the screen of her cell phone.

“.....!”

Immediately, Chaerin's eyes opened wide.

“?O-ppa, we are in Jamsil now, right?”

“Well, there is some traffic, why?”

“Let's briefly stop by Bandy & Lunia.”

“Do you need to buy a book? Just order it over the internet.”

“I want to get it right away. It will take some time to receive it over the internet.”

“Understood, let me park the car and I'll run over to get it.”

“No, I will go by myself.”

“What?”

The manager frowned as he looked back.

Chaerin was already prepared to leave.

As if a mask and sunglasses weren't enough, she had pulled down her hat to cover her face.

“This should help keep me anonymous, right?”

“Chaerin, even with all that, many fans will still recognize you.”

“I will be very quick. It won’t even take 5 minutes.”

At last, Chaerin has won the argument.

The manager has stopped the car in a parking lot as Chaerin, scanning the surroundings, carefully stepped out. She even put on a long coat over her to cover up a see through blouse and hot pants that she was wearing for a performance.

‘He he he, I feel like I’ve become a spy.’

Her face covered with the mask, Chaerin giggled as she hurriedly walked. And shortly, she entered Bandy & Lunia’s main store.

‘Wow, so many people!’

The book signing was being held in the middle of the book store

and it was going great.

Chaerin quickly moved to the end of a very long line.

‘It is very fortunate that the signing hasn’t been in progress for that long....’

Chaerin counted the heads of everyone that was standing in the line, ahead of her.

Approximately, 50 people.

She felt nauseated. It seemed that it would take at least 30 minutes. She couldn’t be delayed here for that long.

“Hmm?”

Then she found a second line, which was formed to her left.

It was a very short line with about 5 to 6 people.

After thinking for a short while, she cautiously asked the man who was in front of her.

“Pardon me, but what is that line for?”

“Oh, that is the line for the people trying to get their ‘Summer of

a 20 year old' book signed.”

“Ah? Then what is this line for?”

“This line is for those who want to get their books signed by the author going by the pen name Pungcheoneuro. Summer of a 20 year old has the priority, so that line is first, followed by over here.”

“Oh, okay, okay. Thank you.”

Chaerin bobbed her head slightly to say thank you and yelling in delight, she moved over to the shorter line.

The man seemed to recognize some familiarity about her, despite the sunglasses and the mask, as he stood there, tilting his head sideways and staring at the girl's back.

“Yes O-ppa? No, I think just 3 more minutes. Okay, stop rushing me. Really, I will get back in 3 minutes.”

Chaerin waited nervously after talking to her manager. Fortunately, it didn't take long for her turn to come.

“Welcome.”

“Please sign my book.”

As she handed her ‘Summer of a 20 year old’ book, she had a sweet smile behind her mask. After taking the book from her, Jaegun looked up at her face and spoke to her with a gentle smile.

“Have you caught a cold?”

“Ah, no. Just too much fine dust?”

“Ha ha, yes. What is your name, please?”

After a moment of silence, in a very quiet voice, Chaerin told her birth name.

“Chaerin Lee.”

Jaegun showed no particular response as he opened the book and signed it.

With nonstop signing, he appeared to be extremely preoccupied.

It didn’t occur to him that it is the Chaerin, the leader of Apple Tea.

‘He looks sharp for an author’

From behind the sunglasses, Chaerin's eyes were carefully examining Jaegun's face.

What her boy friend Dojoon said about looking better in person than in pictures seemed to be true.

One feature by feature, as she carefully studied his dark and thin hair, narrow chin and pointed nose, eyes that are dignifying and straight, closely shut lips in order, the signing has soon finished.

“Here, thank you very much for coming.”

“Thank you very much. I always enjoy reading your book.”

“Great, thank you again.”

Chaerin returned to the van, happily carrying the signed book.

The manager set the phone down, short of making another call, as he found Chaerin entering the vehicle.

“It is finally done?”

“Yes O-pa. All set to go.”

Soon after the engine started, the van moved as if to be sliding down the parking lot.

Chaerin removed her sunglasses and the mask then placed a call to Dojoon.

-What?

“That’s cold, really. What do you mean what as soon as you answer the phone?”

-You know that you are supposed to be at a photo shoot. Where you at?

“I am heading back to the studio. O-ppa, I just had Jaegun Ha to sign my book!”

-Jaegun Ha? Who is that?

“Kidding me? Raging Storm!”

-Oh, oh..... That author? So what?

“So, I called to brag about it. No one recognized me behind a mask. I got him to sign using my birth name.”

-Okay, you must find it refreshing to receive someone else sign your book after always signing for others.

“I am almost done with this Summer of a 20 year old? I will give it to you when we get together later this evening, so be sure to read it too, O-ppa. It’s a total treat.”

-I am not even finished with that Raging Storm or something, yet.

“Read faster. I would love to see you read more books. That way, we’ll have more conversational topics. Also, if you read lots of good books, wouldn’t it help with your acting as well?”

-Okay. Are you done? I need to run.

Dojoon responded bluntly.

Blowing both her cheeks like balloons, Chaerin spoke after aimlessly scanning the outside through the window.

“And like you said, he was good looking... I think he is my type as well.”

-Okay, so. Be sure to ask him out. Bye.

“O-ppa? O-ppa!”

Trying to make him jealous hasn’t worked as the phone went dead.

Upset, Chaerin threw her cell phone towards the back seat point her closed out pointedly.

The manager was giggling as he drove.

“What’s so funny?”

“Sorry, by the way, are you meeting up with Dojoon today?”

“All of a sudden, I don’t want to see him, so I don’t know.”

“If you are, let me know in advance. Don’t set up unplanned dates just because you happened to find some time. I get in real trouble with the CEO.”

“I got it. I got it.”

Chaerin picked up the phone that she had thrown to the back.

It was clear to her that she had something else that she needed to attend to.

She opened up the page that Jaegun had signed and took a selfie along with it using her cell phone.

This is for the ‘evidential selfie’.

“Jaegun, the signing event is going very smoothly compared to the past ones.”

“I think that’s because they have prepared it very thoroughly.”

Jeongjin and Jaegun were talking during the breaks.

Today’s signing event was shaping out to be very similar to the past ones. Over 70% of the readers were looking to get their books signed by Pungcheoneuro.

“You have to be fully ready for the 2nd half.”

Jeongjin said after seeing the long line that had formed.

Jaegun gave a narrow smile and massaged both his hands interchangeably under the table. He was signing as fluently as possible without giving applying too much pressure in his hand, but was feeling the strain already.

“Uh? What is this?”

Jeongjin’s countenance changed suddenly upon looking at his cell phone.

Chapter 76 – ‘Stop’ Is Not In My Vocabulary

(1)

‘Ok Is this it?’

Arriving at a room, Jaegun negotiated the key card to unlock and open the door with one hand.

A light came on as the key was inserted into the slot.

It was a small, ordinary room.

The room was even smaller than Jaegun’s studio.

A bed and a lamp table took up half the space of the room, a TV, a filtered water dispenser, and a small fridge, were placed as built-ins against a wall.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Jaegun gently laid Dasul on to the bed from off of his back. After placing a pillow underneath her head, he pulled a blanket over her all the way up to the top of her chest.

‘I should have her drink something warm.’

Dasul frowned and repeatedly let out weak groans as if she was in pain. He wasn’t quite sure what to do as he looked down at her. He was too concerned for her to be leaving her there alone.

‘I should go get some food and something to help her with the hangover.’

When she sobers up, she is sure to have an upset stomach.

There were only bottled water and canned sodas in the fridge.

Dropping his brief case on the floor, Jaegun grabbed his wallet and stood up.

But, he wasn’t able to take even a first step.

Already sitting up on the bed, Dasul was hugging him from behind.

Even before Jaegun, who was both surprised and embarrassed, had a chance to turn back to face her, she whispered in to his ears.

“Please don’t leave.”

“I am not leaving. I just wanted to go get some food and

“I don’t need anything, so please don’t go.”

Pressing deep into Jaegun’s chest, Dasul tightly locked her fingers.

As if to say that she will never let him go no matter what.

“Please just stay with me for a little while.”

Unable to speak, Jaegun froze nervously.

“.....!”

He felt Dasul’s warm and moist breath on his back. Immediately, he recognized that she was in tears and knew that something was obviously bothering her.

“All right.”

Jaegun has decided to stay by her side until she would fall asleep.

She was in no shape to be left alone, he concluded. He decided to put off asking what was bothering her, until after she sobered up with a good night’s sleep.

“I won’t go anywhere. So, please do lie down.”

Freeing himself from Dasul’s grasp, he turned around to face her.

As expected, her eyes were filled with tears.

“Re-all?”

“Yes.”

“Make sure you do not leave. And this is embarrassing, so no looking at my face.”

Lying down as she fell fast, Dasul covered her face with both of her hands.

Then shaking all over, she began to sob.

Through her ten fingers that were covering her face, warm tears came up like spring water. All that Jaegun could do was to listen to her crying.

Wee Woo, Wee Woo~!

The sound of police patrol car travelled through the middle of the entertainment district.

Flash!

Lying on his side, Jaegun slowly opened his eyes. The TV and fridge came into his view perpendicularly to him.

'Gosh I must have dozed off.'

Compounded with visits to his dad at the hospital and shaping his new novel, Jaegun did not get much sleep in the past few days.

With a big yawn, Jaegun sat up.

All he saw was the empty bed. There was no trace of Dasul, who was there next to him before he had fallen asleep.

Curiously, Jaegun headed to the bathroom.

But before he could proceed to knock, he froze upon looking down at the foyer. Dasul's shoes were no-where to be found.

-The called party's phone is turned off. Connecting to the voice mail

With a defeated look on his face, Jaegun put away his cell phone.

It has only been 3 hours since they checked into the room.

Where has she gone within that short time?

He was growing more concerned as her cell phone was also turned off.

‘Hmm?’

Suddenly, Jaegun’s eyes opened up.

There were a necklace and a single-folded up note on the top of his briefcase. Made out of aged silver, the necklace had many colored spots.

Grabbing the note first, Jaegun opened it.

Overwhelmed by ominous feeling, his hands were shaking even before starting to read the note.

-Novelist O-ppa.

I thought a lot after reading ‘Raging Storm’. You probably have no idea how happy and moved I was after seeing the happy ending for Haeyoung. I’ve read it three times.

But

I sometimes fear that I may not end up like Haeyoung.

You told me that I am the model for Haeyoung.

Haeyoung is the main character of ‘Raging Storm’, but I have not

even become the main character of my own life. I am lost as to what I have to do to become the main character.

I feel very happy every time I see you. You always think of me first. You listen to all my small, petty stories. I'm always happy and time seems to fly when I am with you.

. It is so good that it hurts. Being nobody that I am, I feel bad and unworthy to be near you.

So, I am running away.

Not forever though.

When I feel that I have become worthy to be audaciously standing in front of you, I will come back to collect the necklace. It is very precious to me. I have been wearing the necklace that O-ppa has bought me, so I don't have much chance to wear it. Keep it safely and return it to me later.

Where-ever I am, whenever your new book comes out, I will be sure to read it right away.

Be strong, eat well, and don't get sick!

After he finished reading the note, Jaegun picked up the necklace.

An old photo was found when he opened the worn pendant.

A woman in her 20's that looked just like Dasul was smiling.

"Is she....."

It must be her mother that Dasul had promised to find even after she becomes a star.

Hurriedly, Jaegun packed up the briefcase and ran out of the motel.

The intoxicating night streets pulled him in like a whirlpool. Dasul's smiling face, like that of the sun, couldn't be found anywhere.

"Hugh! hugh! Hugh!"

Running wildly and out of breath as he searched for Dasul, he finally came to a halt, grabbing on to a light post.

As he breathed roughly, he came to a realization.

This night's luck was not with him.

Dasul, who helped Jaegun take a giant leap toward success as an author with the release of 'Raging Storm', has vanished from his

world.

“Would you like another drink?”

“No, more alcohol will slow down my ability to talk.”

They were sitting at a dinner table in an elegant Korean restaurant.

Jaegun was having a dinner meeting with Sangwook Moon, a former forensic pathologist.

Jaegun's father, Seokjae, had helped to arrange this meeting. Seokjae and Sangwook became good friends in college through club activities.

“Yes, you already know that a death without a clear cause is called a Jane Doe. Without the authorization of the district attorney (DA), a dead body is not allowed to be buried or cremated. The government must preserve the body until it is conveyed to the surviving family.”

With Sangwook's consent, Jaegun began to type notes on his laptop, all the while with his ears perked up to listen.

They were very essential information needed for a mystery

novel.

“As your question has alluded, if it was certain that the co-ed’s death was due to suicide, the DA will instruct the police to convey the body to the surviving family, ‘barring from any evidence of a homicide from an autopsy’.”

Taking a short pause, Sangwook drank a sip of water to wet his drying mouth.

Although Jaegun grew impatient as he wanted to hear more of what happens next, he tried his best to keep his composure.

The real stories, being told by a former coroner were rich with enticing tales that were beyond the simple information that they contained.

“The cores of your question were whether it was possible to identify the person who has impregnated the dead co-ed through a series of DNA tests, and whether it was possible to expand the investigation to include that person?”

“Yes, that is correct.”

“Autopsy is based on the possibility of a homicide. The pregnancy does not weigh in, so a separate investigation is not carried out. However, the circumstance changes if the surviving family members show probable cause that unidentified man had made threats or pressured the girl to commit suicide.

Jaegun's fingers never stopped from typing.

Fixing his eyes on the laptop, Sangwook continued by speaking at a slower pace in consideration.

"The DNA test can be performed by the surviving family upon receiving the body, then requesting a university hospital to perform an autopsy and tests. However, if no suspect's DNA data exists? Ultimately, there is very little or nothing that anyone can do that such tests will most likely become useless."

Soon after Sangwook has finished making that statement, Jaegun's typing has also stopped.

Jaegun saved what he had typed and with all the signs of respect and appreciation, he bowed to Sangwook.

"you so much. With your help, I feel that I am now able to write a novel that has real substance."

"It's good to hear that I was helpful. I will be expecting an awesome novel, seeing that you are looking into such subject matter."

"Well. I will be telling a story about humanity."

Sangwook opened his eyes wide as he stopped negotiating his

chopsticks over rib pancakes.

“Telling about humanity?”

“Yes, it is not just going to be a trivial story telling. I am planning to write, as best as I can, about how the people live today through the events that led the co-ed to commit suicide and indifferences or ostracizing of the people around her.”

Sangwook nodded his head expecting great thing as Jaegun spoke with fortitude.

As Sangwook lifted up the bottle of whiskey and in response, Jaegun held his glass out in both hands to respectively receive a fill from him.

“Autopsies in our country are known to be killing the victim for the second time. Most of the surviving family members oppose autopsies.”

As if to reminisce his own past experiences, Sangwook’s eyes were shaking as he spoke.

“I have done many autopsies. As a consideration to the surviving family members, I always thought that it is also important to die in a wholesome way. I do hope that you will successfully incorporate humanity in your story.”

“Thank you very much.”

After clinking glasses in a cheer, Jaegun turned to his side and slowly downed the whiskey from his glass.

Once again, he quietly internalized his deep appreciation to his father and Sangwook.

He certainly collected much invaluable information.

Now that all the critical information has been collected, all that was left to do was to write.

Jaegun's writing has begun in full scale.

Wake up at 7AM followed by breakfast, write from 8AM to Noon, and make a trip to the library to take a break and read. Return home at 6PM, followed by dinner and write until 1AM before going to bed, were the repeated order of the day's activities.

It has been 3 weeks already.

Somewhat different activities were in Jaegun's days compared to the past when he used to write until he simply tired himself out.

It was due to the advice of Seokjae to take care of his well being. Jaegun was trying his best to keep his father's old advice, which he

used to dismiss as nagging.

Bah-doop! Bah-doop!

Bah-doop doop bah-doop! Bah-doop!

His ten fingers were turning red from hitting the keyboard.

Like other days, although he was using a notebook that can be used to produce up to 10,000 words per hour, not much writing was being done today.

‘Sucks! I can’t believe my writing was this bad! That’s improbable!’

He repeatedly retyped the scene that wasn’t up to his satisfaction.

No matter how fast he wrote, more than the amount of words that were created was being deleted.

On the count of non-stopping typing, Jaegun’s breathing has become as rough as possible.

‘Phew Break time!’

Whenever he took his break due to fatigue, the clock would

always hit right at noon.

Quickly putting on his horn-rimmed glasses, he headed to the library.

Mystery section of the library is where he always stopped at.

Here, Jaegun would read about 50 books per day.

He would sit in a corner alone, where he cannot be easily seen by others, and read like a madman. It was the miracle of Gunwoo Seo's horn-rimmed glasses that made it possible.

'Right! There were such devices! That is the trick! I remembered!'

'That's it, simply changing the narrator could turn everything around! I will alter the introduction of chapter 2 in such a way!'

'Wow, this is big ...! Was this written by a human? How did the author apply these tricks?'

Reading with passion, Jaegun absorbed all the techniques of the writer.

As if to experience learning at the speed of light, he was improving enormously at this moment.

Of course, there was no one, who could recognize it anywhere.

“Ma-am, that person is here, doing strange things again.”

Full of fear, the student temp worker reported to the public librarian.

The librarian observed Jaegun with serious look in her eyes.

“Is he reading all those books by himself?”

“Yes, it takes about 5 minutes to read a book? Last week, he was turning the pages so fast that he ripped a page out of a book. He did apologize and bought a new copy of the exact same book though. What do you suppose he does for living?”

“I am not sure either. Did he do anything to cause harm?”

“Well. He only scans books like that and leave in the evening each time.”

“Let him be. The world has every kind of person. However, he does look familiar... I just can't remember where.”

The librarian slowly shook her head side by side before turning around.

The student employee also turned back from Jaegun and returned to his duties.

Unaware that he was being observed, Jaegun was preoccupied in his reading.

He was always totally focused in reading just like when he is writing.

It is impossible to regroup once a distraction occurs.

Jaegun has employed more strict self discipline since Dasul had disappeared. When he becomes lax, his mind will be filled with thoughts about her. He would be filled with endless imaginations of where she would be and what she would be doing.

Buzzz!

His cell phone went off from inside his pocket.

He was about to open the 48th book of the day, but with annoyed look on his face, Jaegun quickly answered the phone

‘Uh? Who is this?’

An unrecognized number appeared on the screen.

He had assured to the writers in the office that he would be focusing on his writing.

After placing the books orderly fashion, Jaegun came out of the general reference room, taking hurried steps. He answered the phone on the stairway leading down to the lounge area.

“Hello.”

Chapter 77 – I Do Not Know The Word

“Stop”(2)

-Excuse me. Are you Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa)?

-“Yes, I am.”

-Hi. I am sorry you are busy. I am Jin-hyuk Baek who works as an Associate Manager in the editorial team at Haneulsaem Company.

-“Ahha, Yes, Hello.”

-Jaegun immediately understood and replied pushing the break room(=Rest Room, Staff Lounge).Heavenly Sam is a literary brand of the Woong Sung Publishing Group, in which ‘Sturm und Drang’(질풍노도) is published.

- It’s just that we are preparing to launch a new brand called ‘Misterium’.

- A new brand?

-Yes, it is a genre fiction brand that focuses on horror and mystery. That is why we are calling you to ask your intention(=your opinion), Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa).

-Mr. Ha stopped his motion while taking my wallet out in front of the vending machine.

-“My intention(=My opinion)?”

- We are asking you if you are willing to give “Misterium” your work.

-“Um.....”

- Mr. Ha understood and nodded slowly

-By the end of “Artist’s Night” broadcast, I mentioned briefly that I was designing a new mystery genre. It was clear that they

heard it and called me.

“But it is in its conceptual stage... So, did you say that you are Jin-hyuk Baek, the Associate Manager?”

- Yes, I am.

-Putting coins in the vending machine, Mr. Ha said:

-First of all, I would like to thank you very much for your interest. But, But I can't tell you in advance because it is in its conceptual stage now. Half of the planned drafts are not even completed.

- Of course we are calling you considering the situation.

-“Considering it?”

- We would like to give you a hand. We have a database. We have an accumulated database based on our long experience. In addition to capturing the goal and direction clearly so that you can improve your work, we can offer you proper marketing that is suitable for your work.

-The conversation kept going fast without any interruption.

-Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa) tumbled down and listened to the other person's story picking up his coffee can.

-We will review brief synopses and drafts and contact you as soon as possible. What do you say?

-The voice of the opponent whose question ended was overly cheerful.

-They think it's a suggestion that I can never refuse? The confidence of the opponent who seemed intentionally exposed came to Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa) a little uneasily.

-They think they are the best in Korea?

-Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa) laughed faintly and silently. Anyway, apart from the uncomfortable feeling, it is true that they are the best

publisher.

-The author, Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa), already knew how great the WoongSungPublishing Group was.

-It is a company that holds an overwhelming share of the Korean publishing market by publishing works of renowned overseas famous writers in succession.

-It is extremely rare that the works of domestic artists with relatively poor grades are published.

-Therefore, it can be a great pride to the author, even if it is published through Woongsung's Affiliated brand, regardless of sales volume.

-“I got it”

-Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa) who finished his thought quickly answered positively.

-I made a decision that I would forget the uncomfortable feeling for a while.-I decided to go ahead with laughing, although I was disgusted at helping my work get better and setting my goal and direction before they read my draft.

-Then I will send you drafts and synopsis as requested. Your email address is ...”

-We will send it to you immediately. And you should come to the company soon and meet with the editorial team once. Could you come this week?

-The can was a little squeezed in Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa)'s hand.

-Without explaining any process and step, they want me to come to the company for the meeting -I was nervous more than usual as I was focusing on writing.

-The positive mind that I had a little while ago crashed at once.

-After taking a short breath, Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa) asked.

-“Do you mean I have to go to the company?”

-“Yes, we will check your drafts and synopsis, and then we will organize team members to plan together after the internal meeting. We would you like to come and have a meeting with us ...”

-“Hold on”

-Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa) cut off his words in a firm tone.

-“I think I can’t go”

-“Yes? Mr. Ha(JaegeonHa), What are you talking about.....? -“Mr. Baek, you have not read my draft yet. In addition, I have not expressed my intention to work with ‘Misterium’ editorial staff.”

-Oh, Mr. Ha(Jaegeon Ha). I am sorry if I made you uncomfortable. The reason why I am telling you this is.....

-And unfortunately, I do not even know where Woongsung Haneulsaem editorial team is located. I will not be able to go to the company as I do not knowing the location.

-Mr. Ha. Hold on.....!

-“Have a good day. I gotta go I am busy now.”

-The phone hung up!

-Mr. Ha, who ended the call, drank the remaining coffee at once and took a breath.

-Caffeine, which is absorbed throughout the body, was gathering the scattered energy. He put an empty can in the trash bin and turned around.

-The phone vibrated!

-Within seconds, Mr. Baek called Mr. Ha back. Mr. Ha set the phone to silence and then left the break room.

-I have already forgotten the uncomfortable feeling of the call. His head was already full of thoughts about the mystery novel he was writing.

.....

-“I am sorry, Editor, Myeongseok.”

-Associate Manager Mr. Baek and Mr Kim were standing side by side gathering their hands like students waiting for punishment.

-Myeongseok was sitting on the desk with a stiff expression on his face.

-“I really did not know that he was a very accomplished artist in the genre fiction. I did not even know you won the Digital Literature Prize. There are a lot of artists who contacted me today so I do that like other new writers without knowing it.

-“How long are you going to continue this dirty excuse?

-Myeongseok shouted unexpectedly and hit the desk with his fist.

-Mr. Beak shook his body and lost his balance. He avoided falling down because Mr. Kim held him.

-Mr. Kim bowed his head and continued to apologize to him.

-“It’s all my fault. It was my job but I passed it to Mr. Baek....! He was trying to help me with my work as I was busy. I’ll take responsibility for it somehow.

-Myeongseok put down his glasses as if I took off mine. He was standing with visible marks from wearing the glasses on his nose.

-“”You said it was a manual?”

-Mr. Baek lifted his head vibrating his vocal cords.

-The moment he crossed Myeongseok’ eyes he gave him sharp glances, he closed his eyes without knowing himself.

-Myeongseok turned around the desk and stood in front of Mr. Baek. Then he asked closing his face to him like roaring.

-“You followed the manual the way you do with other new writers? Do we have a manual that deals with the artist separately? Bring it to me.

-E...Editor.... I've made a slip of the tongue.

-“Go get it”

-Myeongseok shouted pointing out the door. Mr. Baek shook his body and then fell on his buttocks.

-This time, Mr. Kim did not even have a chance to catch him.

-Have you set your own manuals and graded the artists? If he is a popular writer, then go meet him, but a new writer is not worth it?

-“I am sorry, I am so sorry.”

-“Mr. Baek is mistaken for something as I have been watching you. Are you identifying yourself with Woongsung? Do you think you are Woongsung itself because you work at Woongsung?”

-Myeongseok turned his eyes away from Mr. Baek to Mr Kim.

-“Choose someone else. Mr. Baek is going to be out of ‘Misterium’ and I will take charge of Author Mr. Ha.”

-“Yes, Yes..... Editor. I will do it.”

-Mr. Kim responded, bowing his head as if his head would fall off.

-Just then, the back door opened without notice. It was Taejin who is the representative and also Myeongseok’s father.

-He was one of the few people who could get into this room at will.

-You are here. Everybody go out.

-Mr. Kim made Mr. Baek who went white as snow stand and left the room. Looking around the closed door, Taejin asked.

-“What happened?”

-“Nothing much. It is not a big problem, but if they don’t solve it they should just report it to me immediately. I was angry that they could not solve this problem.”

-“Don’t be too hard on them. No matter what you do, they have a nature or spirit of work suddenly.”

-“Yes, Father. Could I get you coffee?”

-“Yes, please.”

-The two sat on the couch and had coffee.

-Taejin asked sipping hot coffee.

-“Is it going well to prepare for ‘Misterium’?

-“I keep searching for it. I am in trouble because I have not found a catchy work yet.”

-Finding good words is not easy. But do not put too much pressure on yourself. I understand your mind enough to think of this company.

-“I know. But I want to do my best. After getting good achievement of ‘Misterium’, I will make place for Myeonghun.”

-“Yes, I am glad that my eldest son now has a heart for this business.”

-“As encouraging as it is to him, Tae-jin touched his thigh. A wrinkle-filled hand came into eyes of Myeongseok who lowers his eyes.

-Myeongseok’s heart felt a dull pain. My father was getting older.

-“How about dinner today? Calling Myeonghun too.”

-“I can not say it now. Maybe I’ll go see a writer.”

-“To see a writer?”

-“Yes, for Misterium.”

-“Who? A new writer?”

-“Maybe you know him. Mr. Ha who was the writer who won the Contemporary Youth Literature prize.”

-“Ahha.... Yes, I know.”

-Taejin nodded his head with his surprised eyes looking at the air
-He remembered clearly if it was Mr. Ha. It is hard to forget his name personally because he was the winner of the Grand Prize in Digital Literature under the pen name of Seo Gon-woo.

-“He is also writing mystery?”

-“When he appeared on the Artist’s Night, I heard the broadcast by chance. He said he was planning a new mystery. Originally, he was a writer who devoted himself to the genre. I’m looking forward to meeting him personally. I need to meet him once.

-“Okay....yes, we should not miss a good writer. A really good writer is always in hiding.”

-Looking at TaeJin, who was murmuring, Myeongseok felt doubts.

-It is clear that Mr. Ha is a new writer like a monster -However, Taejin has known a lot of great artists and has been acquainted with many of them until now.

-It was surprised because Taejin showed such a reaction to Mr. Ha(JaegonHa). Myeongseok could not help but wonder.

-“Do you know that Jaegon Ha and Myeonghun are in the sale class?”

-Myeongseok could not get it out of his mouth at first, but he was thinking within himself.

-In the meantime, Taejin drank the remnant coffee with the expression that awakened him from the thought and got up.

-“Are you going?”

-“I know you are busy. I should not interrupt you. Good luck.”

-“I will call you later.”

-“Okay.”

-Shortly after Taejin left, Myeongseok called Myeonghun.

-He did not take the call.but when he kept calling without giving up, Myeonghun received the call with a sullen voice.

-Yes

-“You’re not coming home?”

-I go to my home every day.

-“Father wants to see you. Even if you do not come often, get in touch with you. It’s not hard to make a phone call.

-Is that all you want to say? I’m busy.

-There was a bitter laugh at the mouth of Myeongseok.

-It’s been like this all the time because Myeongseok did not help Myeonghun in the Contemporary Youth Literature.

-“Are you really not going to give the manuscript to ‘Misterium’? I called to ask about this.

-As I said before, I do not care. There is no time.

-“It is a new release, Myunghun. It is a good career in your writer’s life. The editor is not nobody but your brother.”

-Over the phone, Myeonghun was having a short snorting.

-So, what? You could not help me when I’m in despair.

-Just tell me one more time about the Contemporary Youth Literature.

-So, I am ok. It’s too much to write game scenarios, as my novel is dramatized.

-Myeongseok could not bear it anymore this time and replied to it.

-“Too much? The drama is still being postponed, and I heard from sister that Production seemed poor.

-He felt the breathing of Myeonghun getting rough. Myeongseok added it to that clearly.

-“Are you doing something well?

-I am busy so hang up...!

-The phone hung up!

-Myeongseok held the phone which got disconnected and bent his head backwards -His two eyes squinted in front of dazzling light emitted by LEDs.

-After some thought, Myeongseok picked his cell phone again. Before he was a brother, he reminded himself that he is an editor.